Collier's

TEN CENTS

OCTOBER 13, 1945

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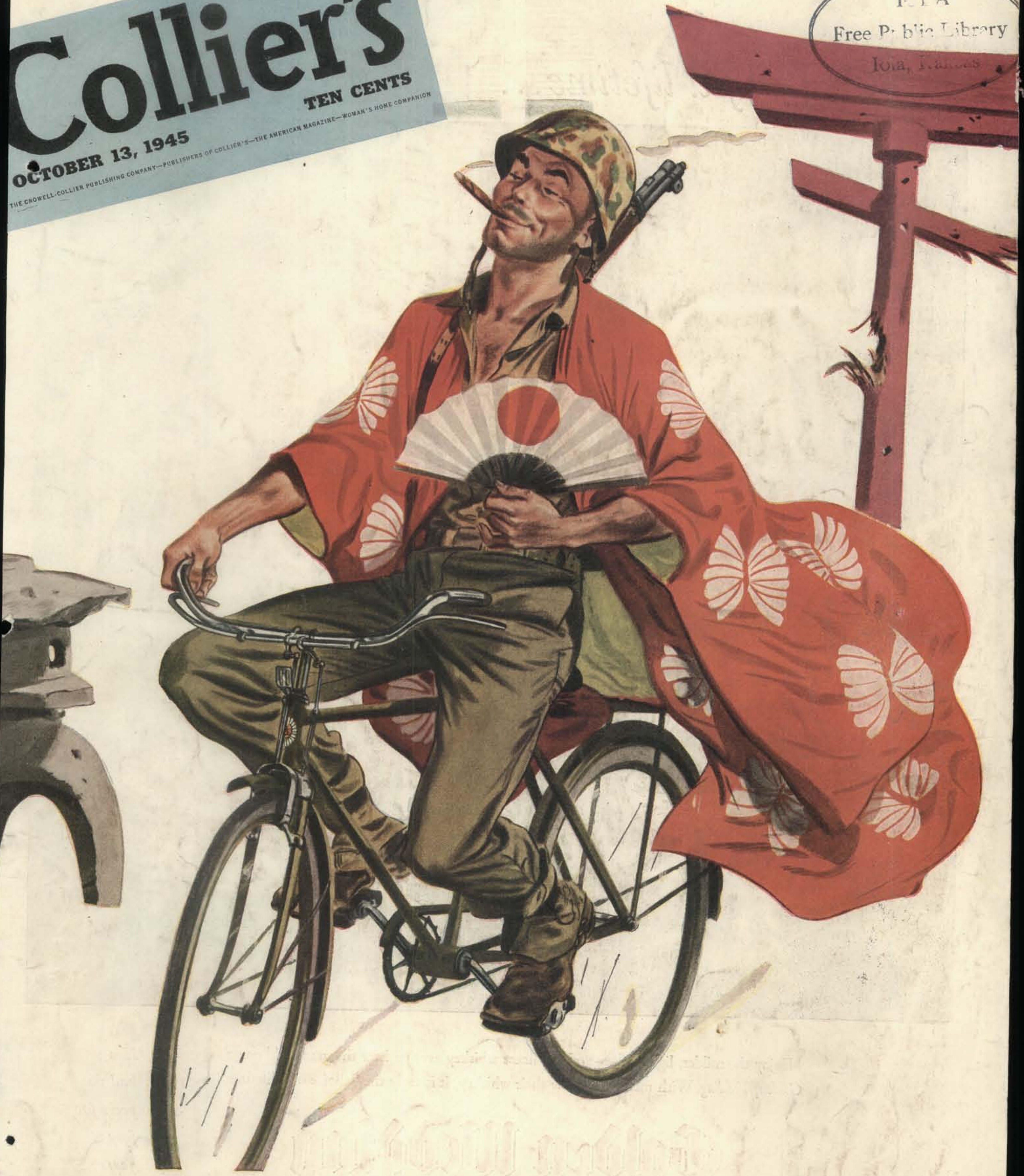

WAR CRIMES— PUNISHMENT FOR TODAY— PRECEDENT FOR TOMO

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Enjoy the milder, lighter flavor of the finest whiskey ever to bear the grand old name *Golden Wedding*. With men who know their whiskey, it is truly the "choice of a lifetime."

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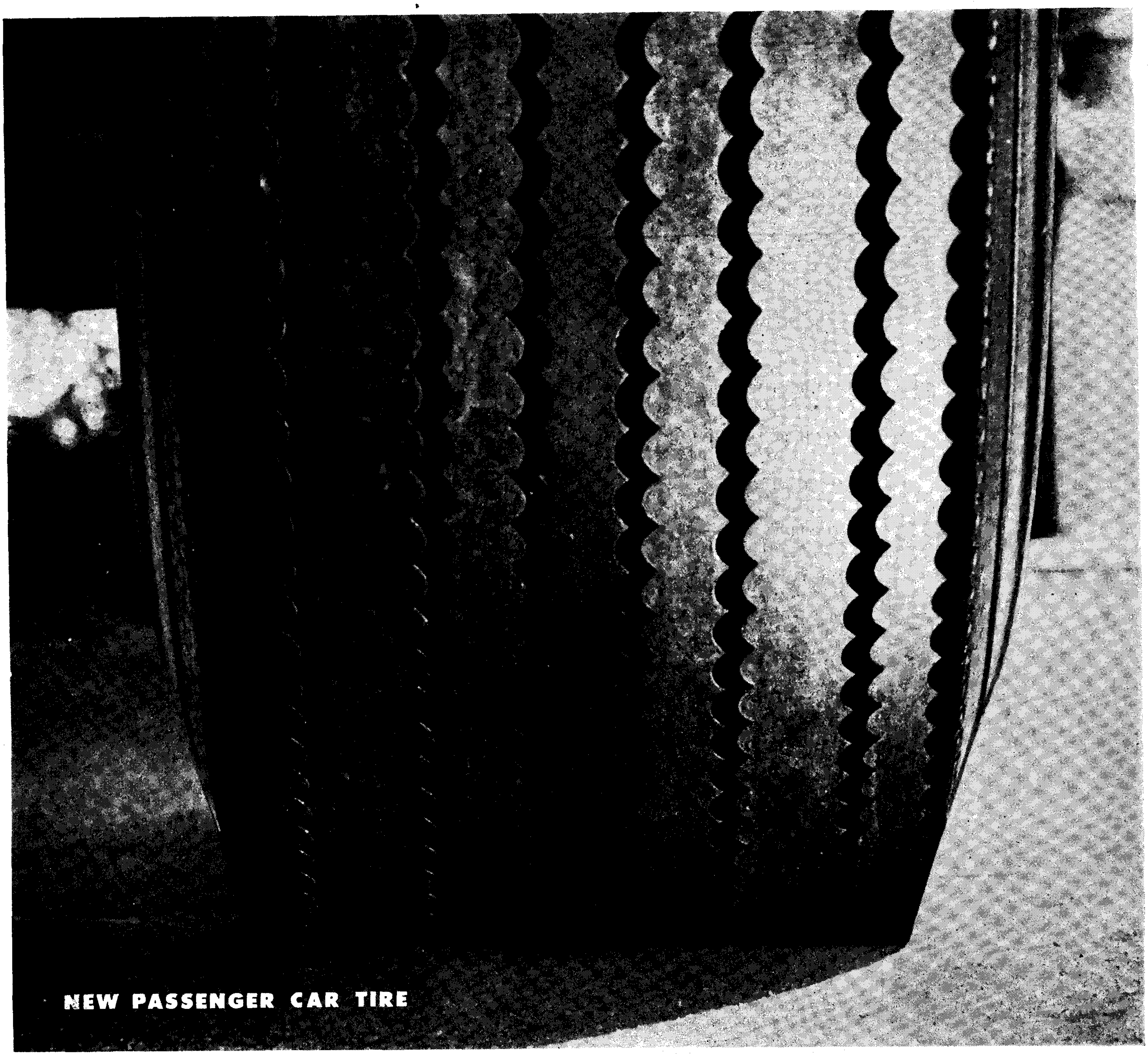

COMING SOON: A SYNTHETIC TIRE THAT WILL OUTWEAR PREWAR TIRES

THIS isn't a guess. A new kind of tire has been developed, and tests show that *it will outwear prewar passenger car tires.*

It is made of a new kind of synthetic rubber developed by B. F. Goodrich—different from the ordinary synthetic rubber in general use by the tire industry.

The new tire has had more than 2,000 separate tests. Taxicab fleets, state police departments and the B. F. Goodrich test fleet have run it 16,800,000 test miles. Not only does it give longer tread wear than prewar tires, but it has more resistance to bruising or damage from accident.

A new, slightly different shaped tread—we call it the "road level" tread—is another feature that means longer wear. Engineers had wished for years to make a tread just slightly flatter. But that more desirable shape always set up strains in the tire body, or "carcass," as it is called. B. F. Goodrich developed an entirely new and stronger cotton cord, designed it into a carcass that stands all these strains and permits the use of the new flatter, longer-wearing tread.

In a few weeks these new tires will begin to be produced in large volume for shipment to our dealers, but supplies may be limited for quite a while. So take good care of the tires you have—make them last until you can replace them with these new, better B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

More miles with

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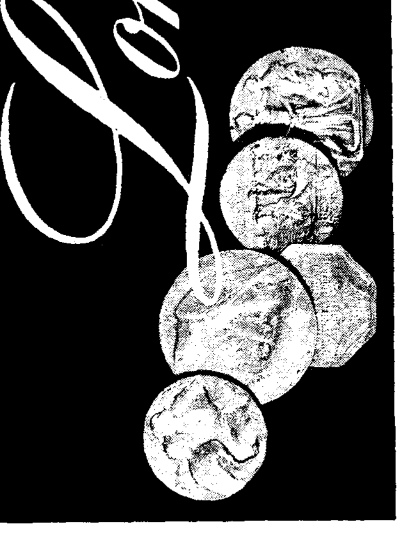

Collier's
FOR OCTOBER 13, 1945

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IFOR THOMAS *Studio*
HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
ELIZABETH BOUTELLE *Fiction*

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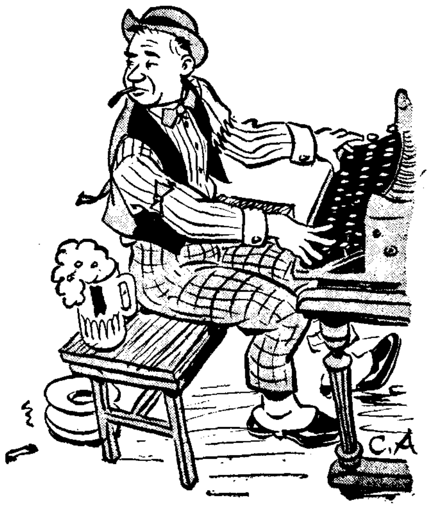
COVER By *GILBERT DARLING*

any week

IN THE lives of all of us there inevitably comes that time when the old mask is snatched off and we stand revealed horridly to a jeering world. It has just happened to us. Mrs. Ida M. Darden of Austin, Texas, a lady of great energy, does the revealing in two closely written pages. Mrs. Darden's last two paragraphs are sufficient to give you the facts: "It is my definite conviction," writes Mrs. Darden, "that the male pervert who used to play the piano in an old-fashioned bawdy house was the moral prototype of writers like you whose depraved efforts to amuse the reading public constitute the same form of low-class entertainment. You have the ethics of a polecat and the morals of a chicken thief."



THIS left us pretty much in a heap and our secretary said that she'd take on the job of replying to Mrs. Darden. But she, too, was unequal to it. After an hour's work all she could think to write was: "Dear Mrs. Darden! Why, Mrs. Darden! Sincerely yours."

SUMMONING all our courage we trudge ahead, anyway. Mr. Josef J. Hayes of Baldwin, N. Y., wanted to write a letter to the Secretary of the Navy. The Pearl Harbor report had just been released—which has nothing to do with what Mr. Hayes was going to write about. He asked his secretary to find out what Mr. Forrestal's middle initial was. So she called up the nearest naval station. They didn't know. The man at the naval station merely said: "Sorry. Is he connected with the Navy?"

MR. GEORGE W. OLSEN, too, is carrying on with courage. Mr. Olsen who was a candidate for governor in the Nebraska primaries last year was a bus boy in a war plant cafeteria but got 128,760

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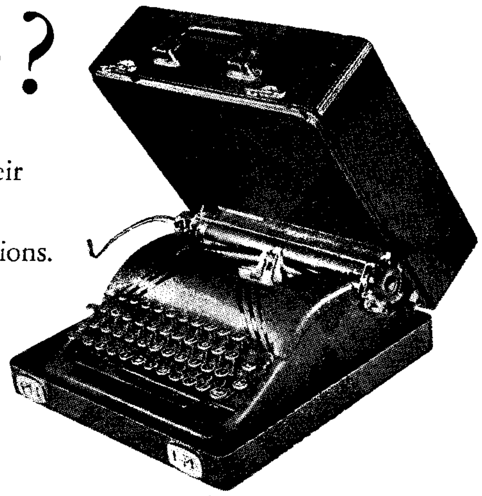
...which portable?

Among students, *new* portables have been conspicuous by their absence during the war years. In their place, students have resorted to old machines, already hard-used by previous generations. Many of these "old-timers" have stood up well, as anyone who has used a veteran Corona well knows. Perhaps this is learning the merits of a machine the hard way, but to thousands of students it is convincing proof that no portable has a sounder record of service, of sturdiness, dependability and speed than the Smith-Corona. See it first at your dealers.



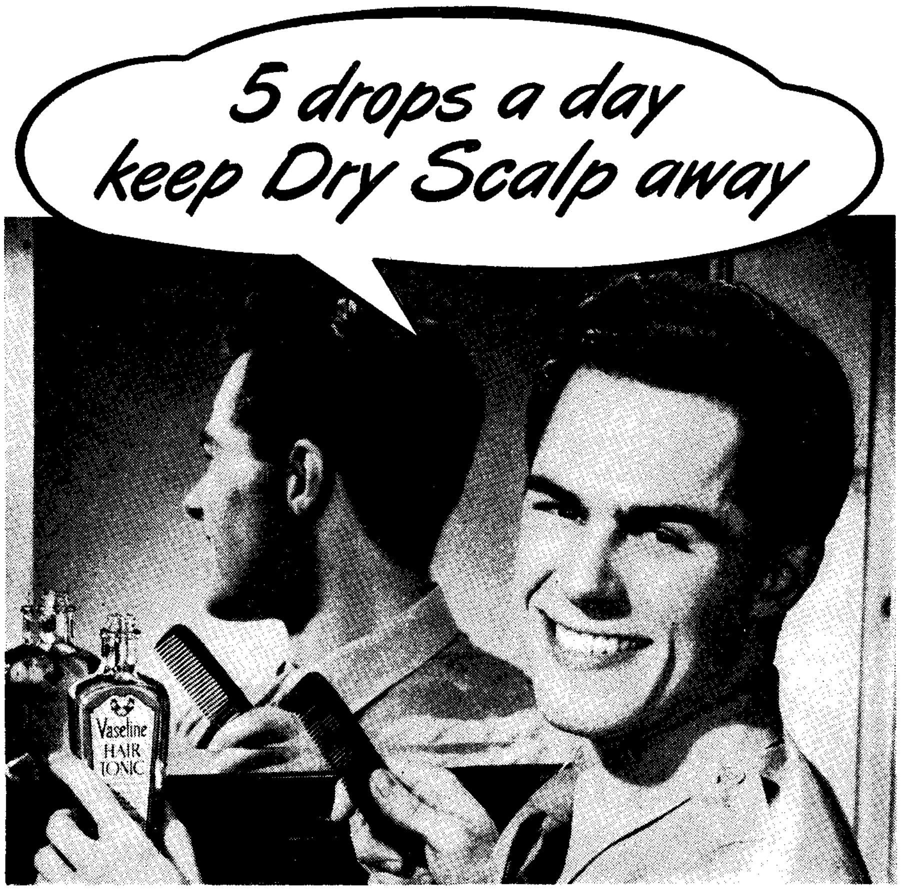
Limited Number of Smith-Coronas now available at dealers.

Smith-Corona

Groton Plant

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

WARNING SIGNS appear when nature fails to supply enough essential natural scalp oils. Your hair loses its lustre, becomes hard to comb. Loose dandruff appears. You have Dry Scalp. You need the daily help of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.


5 drops a day keep Dry Scalp away
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

HAPPY ENDING! Five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day check Dry Scalp by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Loose dandruff disappears . . . Your hair *looks* better . . . your scalp *feels* better . . . 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with nature . . . not against it. It contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before shampooing. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
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More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

RODNEY DE SARRO

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

As virtually all American automobiles are equipped today with four tires having different treads, each set of tires forms a combination of patterns that is as unique as a fingerprint and may be traced through the tire classification system employed by criminal investigators. There are 333 patterns now in use in this country which would give, theoretically, an individual combination of four different treads to each of 503,167,995 cars. —*By John L. Cooney, Van Nuys, Calif.*

The aye-aye, a rare lemur found only in Madagascar, sometimes drinks liquids by lapping them up in the usual manner. But at other times, this monkeylike beast consumes his milk or water by dipping his long-fingered hands in it and then licking them clean, a method never employed by any other animal.

Of the 322 persons recorded as having received the stigmata, the supposed supernatural infliction of wounds that resemble those of Christ, 47 were men and 275 were women; while 29 were laymen and 293 were nuns, monks or priests. The first case was that of St. Francis of Assisi, who received his wounds in 1224 on Mount Alverno, Italy. The last case is that of Theresa Neumann, who received her wounds in 1926 in Konnersreuth, Germany, where she still lives today.

Although the Swedes have not been at war since 1814, they were once the most bellicose and successful warriors of Europe. Consequently, Sweden owns some 3,500 captured battle flags, the largest collection in existence, which still may be seen in the Swedish Army Museum in Stockholm.

The only newspaper in the world that published the complete text of the Versailles Treaty was the New York Times, which printed the some 70,000 words of this famous document on June 10, 1919.

America today has a sizable number of mail-order universities which specialize in conferring academic degrees on anyone, irrespective of his age and education, within a few weeks or months after he has purchased the necessary correspondence course. Besides the well-known degrees such as Ph.D., D.D., and Litt. D., certain of these institutions grant special degrees, including Practitioner of Truth (P.T.), and Doctor of Bio-Psychology (BP.D.). And they range in cost from $10 at fly-by-night outfits to more than $200 at state-chartered schools. These latter schools operate within the law as they do not claim that their degrees, although legal, give the possessor any particular rights or privileges.

While the skin area of the average adult is only about one square yard, his lung surface, which is also exposed to the air, amounts to 90 square yards.

The cause of the clicking sound made by the hoofs of reindeer and caribou, which can be heard as far as 35 yards, is still a matter of controversy among zoologists. Some claim that the two halves of the hoof spread apart under the weight of the animal and, consequently, when the weight is lifted, snap together with sufficient force to produce the sound. Others claim that the sound is heard, not when the foot is raised but when the animal bears down on it, and is produced by the knuckle-cracking movements of the bones within.

Since 1889, the line-up for the All-America Football Team has been published each fall, except in 1917, in Collier's, the first 34 teams having been chosen by Walter Camp and the other 21 by Grantland Rice. While the lists contain 605 players, the actual number of names totals only 510 because a number of the men were selected two or more times. Of the 72 colleges represented, five account for 225 of these players, Yale having 67, Harvard 56, Princeton 43, University of Pennsylvania 32 and the University of Michigan 27.

The newest commercial transport glider, whose loaded weight approximates ten tons, is equipped not only with an automatic pilot to hold it in its proper position behind the towing plane, but also with six motors to operate its flaps and landing gear. The electric power is supplied by a battery which in turn is recharged in flight by a small outside propeller actuated by the wind.

The drawing of comic strips is one field in which few women have ever achieved even a modicum of success. Of some 250 comic strips published in the United States today, women produce no more than five and only one or two of these have any appreciable circulation.—*By R. Stanley Gray, Havre de Grace, Maryland.*

The executioners of France, like kings, have run in dynasties for generations. For instance, the 1,810 persons guillotined in that country in the past 73 years were executed by five men all related to one another by blood or marriage.

No federal or state prison, reformatory or jail in this country permits a guard who comes in direct contact with the inmates to carry a gun for fear they might attempt to get it by "ganging up" on him.

Thirty-two of the 92 chemical elements, which compose earthly substances have been found in meteorites. . . . A jockey's racing clothes, including his boots, seldom weigh more than 30 ounces.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

Day after day our air forces live with equipment by Bendix —greatest name in aircraft radio—witness its advanced performance . . . trust their safety to its dependability.

Take it from men who know Bendix best . . .

the first in war will be first in peace

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What's new about postwar radios? What effect has war had on performance? Has appearance kept pace with advances in home design? For the final answer to these important questions see the Bendix Radios and Radio Phonographs to be displayed by better dealers everywhere. There is a style for every home, a model for every room—introducing scores of fresh new notes in cabinet design to make your new radio more *practical* as well as far more beautiful! Tone is enriched to intensify immeasurably your pleasure in everything broadcast or recorded. Experience gained as a foremost creator of advanced radio and radar equipment for the armed forces is mirrored in greater reliability, longer life, vastly finer F.M. In the products built for you, as in those which have won it recognition as the greatest name in aircraft radio, Bendix Radio has *planned* ahead and *built* ahead. Ask any airman about the Bendix record in radio—*then see and hear the reasons for his glowing words.*

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GARAGE
FOR
RENT

He'll probably rent it, too, because a lot of people are without garages for their cars this winter.

However, having a car and no garage is nothing compared to his problem: He has the garage but not the car . . . *and you can't get where you want to go in a garage!*

What happened to his car? It's the old, sad story of carelessness and neglect. He thought it would "hold out" without regular service and attention. Now it's on the junk pile, and he is going to fight for room on public transportation facilities that are already taxed to the limit, and, incidentally, doing a swell job.

You never know how much you need your car until it fails you. *Take good care of yours.*

Suggestion on Car Care: Your nearby United Motors Service station has the *original-equipment parts* and *trained mechanics* to keep your car "on the job"—safe, dependable, economical. Make it your headquarters for automotive service of all kinds.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

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United Motors Service is a nationwide organization of selected independent service stations authorized to sell and service these products:

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DELCO Auto Radios
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY

Scrapping Sisters of the Navy's Fighting Ladies are the smaller, Kaiser-class jeep carriers, whose pilots fought tedium and monotony—and Japs

TOWARD sunset, the wind died completely. The air officers of the two jeep aircraft carriers suddenly became very unhappy, although up until then they had been jubilant over their successful attack on the important Japanese base at Kavieng, New Ireland.

The last flights of the day were returning to the CVEs and the planes were visible on the radar screens. But the sea remained unruffled. There wasn't air enough even to stir the signal flags hanging limply from their halyards. And a 25-knot wind across the flight deck was the minimum required for safely landing the returning fighters and torpedo bombers.

The jeep carriers, their bottoms fouled with sea grass and barnacles, and with engines designed to make no more than 18 knots under ideal conditions, could muster up only enough speed to produce 17 knots of wind over their flight decks. There was nothing to do but settle down to the grim task of bringing aboard the planes that were now overhead. Darkness was near and the planes were reaching the limit of their gasoline.

It wasn't a pleasant prospect. A 14,000-pound Grumman Avenger torpedo plane flying down upon a baby flat-top with insufficient wind pushing against it to retard its speed can be very dangerous.

But one half hour later the two carriers, with only 17 knots of wind over their flight decks, had landed 24 fighters and 18 torpedo planes without so much as a barrier crash! And the kids who flew those planes in safely—a day when they really had to *fly* them in—were called "the second team" of naval aviation.

The American boys on the small jeep carriers are the forgotten pilots of naval aviation. It fell to their lot to do most of the monotonous, tedious jobs in our aerial attack on the Japanese Empire. This freed their more fortunate brothers on the big carriers for the glamor jobs, the fat press books and the Hollywood contracts. No one in his right mind would attempt to detract from the glory of the Navy's Fighting Ladies, but a bit more consideration should have been given to the Navy's little Scrapping Sisters and the men who flew off them. They fought at Guadalcanal, the Gilberts, the Marshalls, Emirau, Aitape and Hollandia, the Marianas, Morotai, Palau, Leyte, Mindoro, Luzon, Iwo and Okinawa—which is practically a list of our offensive operations against the Japs.

There are many reasons why flying from a jeep carrier is different from flying off a large carrier—and none of them good. The Essex-class carriers are 27,000-ton jobs, capable of 34 knots, and with a flight deck 880 feet in length. The CVE Kaiser class is 4,000 tons, with a speed of 18 knots and a flight deck of 480 feet.

The differential of 16 knots is very significant. An aircraft carrier without a sufficient wind flowing over its flight deck is useless and helpless. With the short take-off run available on even the largest carrier, something more than a plane's own power plant is needed to get it into the air. The wind over the flight deck provides the necessary additional lift to enable a plane to become airborne. When the necessary wind is 20 knots, a carrier capable of turning over 34 knots is never going to experience any grave launching problems. But if a ship can turn over only 17 knots, launching problems could—and do—arise.

THE frequent inability of the small carrier to build up the required amount of wind forced their pilots to rewrite the book of safety factors. When their ship was within range of land-based Jap planes, they had to get their planes up in self-defense, wind or no wind. So, at first prayerfully and experimentally and later as a matter of routine, jeep pilots learned to take off in winds that their plane's designers had never dreamed were sufficient to get them up into the sky.

The flight deck of the large carriers permits the installation of more arresting gear wires and more crash barriers than can be installed on the CVEs. The small carriers have three barriers and nine wires, the large ones have six barriers and twelve wires. The greater the number of wires the greater the pilot's chance of catching one with his tail hook, despite a bad or sloppy landing. And catching a wire may mean the difference between staying aboard and getting to chow on time or plunging over the side.

The small carrier's lack of stability is another reason her pilots quickly lost their boyish gaiety. Unlike her larger sister, the CVE lacks the wherewithal to ride through the waves but must nevertheless ride with them. She is much given to pitching and rolling and has an unholy ability to combine the two, in the manner of a seagoing corkscrew. When her hull really starts giving with that old CVE rhythm, even the gulls close their eyes and shudder when planes come in to land.

Air groups from the large carriers, upon

(*Continued on page* 51)

It's the Pattern of cars to Come

We're building automobiles again. And in the first Nash "600" that comes off the line . . .

In a car that you can own as soon as production permits . . .

You're going to find the basic design of future automobiles—the pattern of cars to come!

It's the first truly lightweight big car . . . delivering 25 to 30 miles on a gallon of gas at moderate highway speeds . . . yet it's a roomier car . . . easier to drive, steer and park . . . with independent coil spring suspension on all four wheels . . . offering the finest system of conditioned air ever developed for an automobile . . . and even designed to accommodate a built-in convertible double bed, for camping in style!

Instead of a separate body and frame, bolted together, like most cars you have owned and driven, the structure of this car is a single integral unit of welded steel, saving a quarter of a ton of useless weight, adding strength and safety, ending any possibility of body squeaks and rattles.

And this car—with its clean, trim, modern design—its fast accelerating, easy handling, quiet operation—is actually in the low-price field.

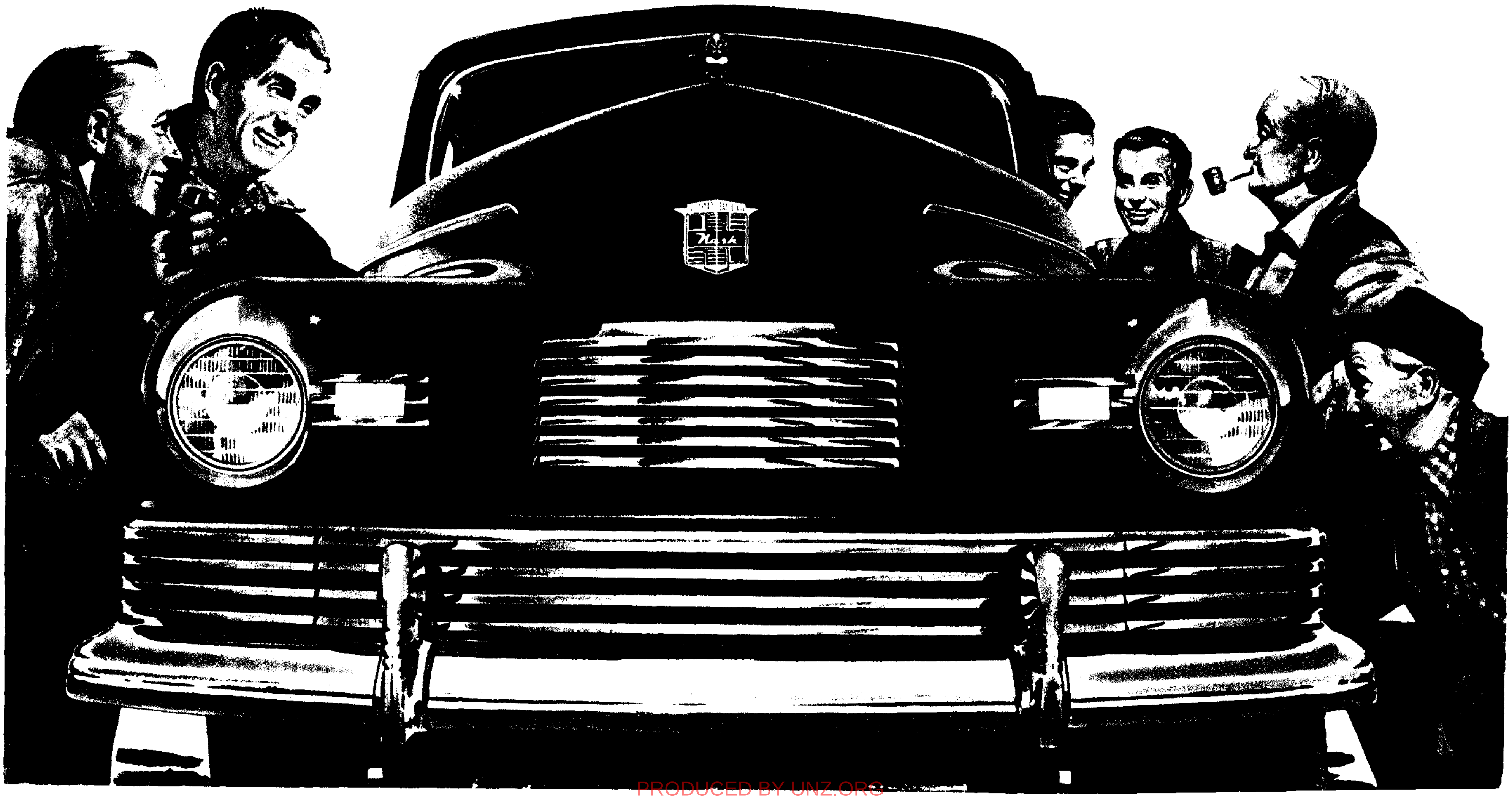
As soon as possible, the Nash dealer in your city will be showing the Nash "600" and its famed running mate, the Nash Ambassador. Better get in touch with him.

Nash Motors

Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH Nash

Tune in Nash-Kelvinator's hit musical program Wednesdays 10:30 p. m., E. W. T., Columbia Broadcasting System.



U.S. NAVY
WESTERN ELECTRIC

IT HELPED SINK SIX JAPANESE WARSHIPS

A little over a year ago we told you how a secret device had helped win a great battle. The device came back from the wars, was sealed in a box, and placed in the vaults at Bell Telephone Laboratories.

We couldn't tell you the full story then for security reasons, but now we can open the box and let you know what was inside. It was a magnetron, a kind of electronic tube, installed and operated in Radar equipment on the famous *U. S. S. Boise*.

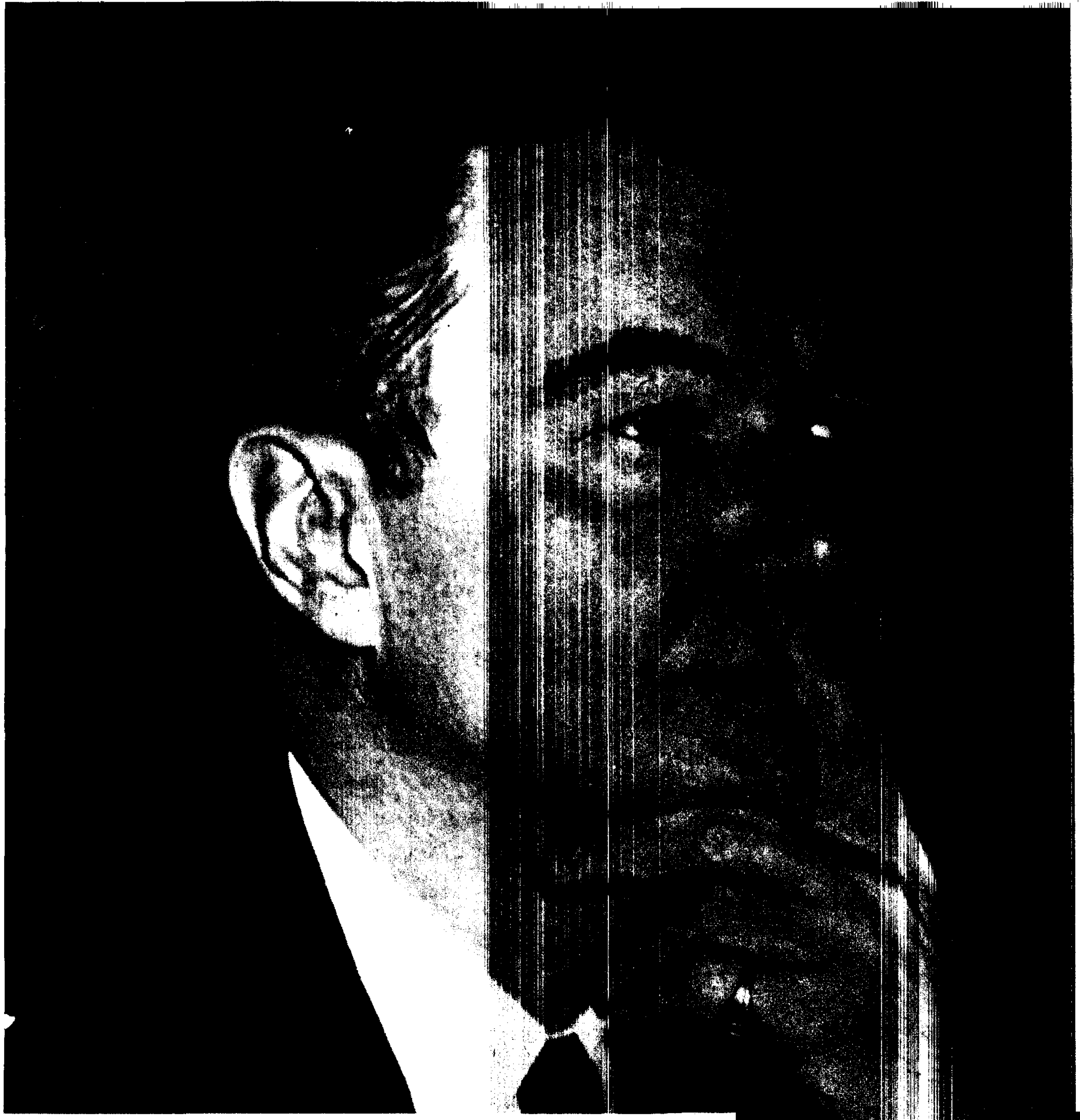
The Radar was used in night action off Savo Island in the Solomon Island group on October 11-12, 1942. During the engagement, six Japanese warships were sent to the bottom.

Long before Pearl Harbor the Government asked Bell Telephone Laboratories to put its wide experience and knowledge of electronics to work in perfecting Radar as a military instrument. Through Western Electric Company, its manufacturing branch, the Bell System became the largest source of Radar for our fighting forces.

This is not surprising for Radar development and production stem from the same roots that produced and continue to nourish this country's telephone system.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR OCTOBER 13, 1945



U.S. Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson defined the law that made it possible to prosecute German war criminals

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WAR CRIMES

PUNISHMENT FOR TODAY—PRECEDENT FOR TOMORROW

Germany's ex-leaders are called before a bar of justice—brought to judgment by nothing less than a new concept of world morality

BY JEROME FRANK

AT NUREMBERG, Germany, for the first time in history, former rulers of a powerful nation have been haled into an international criminal court to be tried on charges of crimes against international law. Legal precedents are being vaporized.

This trial puzzles many Americans. To punish men like Hermann Goering for horrors such as Lidice, Lublin and Buchenwald seems like plain horse sense. No one doubts their moral guilt. But what legal crimes have these Nazi leaders committed? Some of their misdeeds were wrongs done to Germans. Others occurred in the course of waging a war, and any war inevitably means grave injuries to the innocent. How, then, as a matter of law, can these German leaders be individually punished in an international court? Is the launching of an "aggressive" war a legal crime? If so, why was not President Polk a criminal when America began the Mexican War in 1846? Or President McKinley when we declared war on Spain in 1898?

No wonder the ordinary American is puzzled. For many international lawyers, during the past few years, have been arguing against the holding of such trials as these. This, in effect, is what they said:

"War has always been recognized in international law as a lawful enterprise. Since a nation has a legal right to commence a war, its rulers can't be legally guilty of any crime in declaring and prosecuting one.

"Of course, it's proper to try, in a military court, a soldier who flagrantly violates any of the well-settled rules of warfare—such as firing under a flag of truce or killing prisoners of war. But not the higher-ups who do not personally commit those acts. The Nazi overlords are innocent of legal wrongdoing. We could properly, without a trial, execute them, as an 'act of war.' We might properly, again without a trial, jail them for life. There we have the precedent of what England and her Allies did in the case of Napoleon. However"—and here these lawyers zoomed into the legal stratosphere—"were a fair trial to be given these 'captains general of iniquity,' were they to be found guilty and punished as criminals, then we ourselves would be acting unlawfully, criminally and would write ourselves down as guilty of the very wrongs with which we charge them. For, much as we may denounce their conduct, it wasn't criminal when it occurred; and it offends basic notions of all civilized legal systems to convict any person 'ex post facto' for acts which were not illegal when they were committed."

These legalists advanced what seemed even more powerful objections. "When," they asserted, "a nation does a legal wrong to another nation, there is only one approved method, except through going to war, of obtaining satisfaction. That method is the payment by the malefactor nation of an indemnity, in cash or goods, or a cession of some of its territory or colonies. The men at the head of a wrongdoing nation cannot be held individually responsible by the injured nation. Their own country may try these men for wrongs against the law of nations or against its own laws. But to try the rulers of a sovereign state in any other court is unthinkable. Moreover, if they have ordered any of their own subjects to do an act, then (except in the case of soldiers directly violating rules of warfare) the subordinates are legally protected, even if the act infringes international laws. So the rulers are legally immune because they're rulers, and the subordinates because they obeyed superior orders. International law, as it now stands, contains that legal vacuum.

"What's more," these lawyers added, "if we punish any Nazis for the 'crime of aggressive war,' we will furnish the ugly spectacle of the victor sitting in judgment on the vanquished. The victor in every future war will follow that example. To make matters worse, no one can define the slippery word 'aggression.' Such a trial would be a farce, a mere 'political' trial. It would be even more outrageous for an international court to interfere in German domestic affairs and to proclaim Nazi treatment of Germans international crimes.

"If we want to hang, shoot or imprison certain of our defeated enemies by way of vengeance, let us do so promptly, without fuss and feathers. But don't let's pretend that we are administering justice according to law. That's hypocrisy. Let's leave the courts out of the business. Otherwise we shall bring law and courts into disrepute. For law and courts represent impartiality; and any such trial would be as impartial as a lynching bee."

In spite of all these arguments, the United States, Russia, England and France arranged a trial of the top war criminals in accordance with an agreement signed by those governments on August 8th of this year. They did so largely on the basis of a report to President Truman, made last June 7th, by America's chief representative on the War

(Continued on page 73)

To General Groves, shown holding a chunk of uraniu
ore, was entrusted the responsibility of building tl
atom-bomb plants, and of keeping the great secr

THE MAN WHO MADE MANHATTAN

BY ROBERT DE VORE

Here is the story—as much of it as can be told—of Maj. Gen. Leslie Richard Groves, and of the Manhattan Engineer District, the gigantic project which made the atomic bomb

THE atomic bomb was made by an American home-front army composed of international scientists, officers and enlisted men of the Army and the Navy, and American industry backed by the world's most abundant resources. These elements were all under the command of Major General Leslie Richard Groves of Washington. The final victory was a personal triumph for General Groves, just as the liberation of Manila was a personal triumph for General Douglas MacArthur.

General Groves was forty-six years old when he was given his command. He had been able to restrain his waistline by playing tennis, a game in which he handled himself strenuously and well. Fourth in the class of 1918 at West Point, second-string center on the football team, he had been known at the Academy as "Greasy" Groves because of his thick, black hair. During the three years he commanded the Army, the waist got out of bounds and the black hair turned gray.

As deputy chief of construction in the Corps of Engineers from 1940 to 1942, General Groves was in direct charge of building training camps and the Pentagon Building. Although the Pentagon cost about $64,000,000, and the camp program, at its peak, spent money at the rate of $600,000,000 a month, Groves was not well known outside the War Department before the atom bombing of Japan.

He took command of the atom bomb army on September 17, 1942. One morning earlier that month he was walking down a corridor at Capitol Hill debating whether to take an assignment overseas or continue to fight the war from a desk in Washington. All his military life his assignments had been noncombatant. He had until noon that day to accept a combat assignment he had been offered. Here
was opportunity. He was trying to decide whether to take i

Decision was at that moment walking toward him in tl
person of General Brehon B. Somervell, commander
the Army Service Forces. The officers met. Somervell to
Groves:

"You've been picked for the biggest job of the war—tl
job that can win it!"

Groves momentarily was heartsick over the prospect
more drudgery and obscurity at a desk. For sixteen yea
he had been a lieutenant. Even now he was only a temp
rary colonel with the permanent rank of lieutenant colon
and he was discouraged. He reported, as directed by Son
ervell, to Lieutenant General W. D. Styer, Somervell's chi
of staff, who told him he was to take responsibility for mal
ing the atom bomb.

Before there could be a bomb, the scientists had to lear
how to cause billions of uranium atoms to split with a bla
of power surpassed only in the stars and the sun. That
called a chain reaction. In September, 1942, they were a
far from producing a chain reaction, and controlling it, a
they were when a single atom was split for the first time i
1939. Even if the problem of producing a controlled chai
reaction had been solved, there would have been no gua
antee whatsoever that an explosion could be caused, muc
less that atomic material could be made to go off in a bomb

The technological gap between the controlled chain reac
tion and an atomic explosion was wide. Doctor H. D
Smyth, head of the Physics Department at Princeton Uni
versity, said in his scientific report on the atomic bomb, tha
it was "comparable to the gap between the discovery o
fire and the manufacture of a steam locomotive."

Three Years to Make the Headlines

General Groves commanded the Manhattan Enginee
District. That was the name given the administrative or
ganization that managed the atom-bomb project. It was thu
named because, in September, 1942, it was so small that it
name and secrets could be hidden in five and a half column
of names, starting with Manhattan, in the Manhatta
Telephone Directory in New York City. But within thre
years, on August 5, 1945, an atom bomb seared Hiroshima

Within that period of time, baby Manhattan grew int
giant Manhattan with enormous plants, laboratories an
towns in Tennessee, Washington and New Mexico. Gen
eral Groves was the boss of this gigantic organization,
which these were the principal parts:

1. The Clinton Engineer Works, covering 59,000 acre
about twenty minutes by auto from Knoxville, Tennessee
Here plants separated from natural uranium, by differen
processes, the tiny and precious fragments of U-235, whicl
produce atomic explosions. Here were more than 425 in
dustrial structures, many of them large, some of them ove
two miles long, few of them resembling factory building
men had ever seen before.

2. Not far from Clinton was Oak Ridge, a city of 75,00
population, and the fifth largest in the state.

3. Along 20 miles of the Columbia River, 45 miles nortl
of Pasco, Washington, stretched the Hanford Enginee
Works. Scattered over 631 square miles of a hitherto largel
unsettled region of gray sand and sagebrush were struc
tures, some of them giant rectangles 800 feet long, that, i
anything, were more preposterous than those in Tennessee
From them came plutonium, an element unknown to scienc
eighteen months before. Plutonium also produces atomi
explosions.

4. Fifteen miles northwest of Pasco was a town of 17,
000 Hanford workers that in the spring of 1943 had bee
the tiny community of Richland Village.

5. Forty-five miles from Santa Fe, New Mexico, was th
Atomic Bomb Project Laboratory, and Los Alamos, a tow
of 7,000 persons. Here the U-235 and the plutonium wer
assembled into bombs.

Some of the decisions that successfully put and kep
Manhattan together were made by General Groves. He wa
responsible for the rightness of all decisions. For the suc
cess of the project he shared responsibility to the people wit
Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, Secretary Stimson, Gen
erals Marshall and Somervell; and members of the Militar
Policy Committee, composed of Vannevar Bush, head o
the Office of Scientific Research and Development; James B
Conant, president of Harvard University, Rear Admira
William Purnell and General Styer.

The first major decision that Groves had to make was t
select industrial concerns whose vast capacities might mini
mize the gamble at the start of an engineering and scientifi
project in which no man and no corporation had any previ
ous experience. He thought first of the Du Pont Compan
of Wilmington, Delaware. The Stone & Webster Engineer
ing Corporation had been selected as the over-all engineer
ing and construction firm. But it was realized that the mai
parts of the work were to be too widely separated and fa
too complicated to be handled by one company. So Ston
& Webster were retained only for the construction wor
at Clinton.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

Ultimately, the entire Hanford project was given to Du Pont to build and run. The M. W. Kellogg Company, through a new subsidiary, the Kellex Corporation, already was groping for plans for large-scale separation of U-235 in a Clinton plant whose operation was to be assigned to Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Corporation, a subsidiary of Union Carbide. The contract for operation of the second plant at Clinton was given to Tennessee Eastman Corporation, a subsidiary of the Eastman Kodak Company. These were the larger Manhattan companies. There were hundreds of others with lesser but nonetheless vital roles.

Groves felt that if he could get Du Pont "to take the gamble," any reluctant industrial giant would go along. If it seems strange that any American company should have hesitated, it should be remembered that as yet the scientists had found no way to cause the splitting of more than one uranium atom. The chain reaction was not discovered until December, 1942, three months after Groves took charge. Furthermore, so indispensable was secrecy to success, that Groves had to sign up his companies without telling them what he wanted them to do. The chances were good, he knew, that their top officers would guess that the production of an atom bomb was to be attempted, but until they agreed to go along and had been sworn to secrecy, he dared not mention the bomb.

Negotiations with Du Pont began in Groves' office in Washington with two of the company's vice-presidents, C. M. A. Stine and W. F. Harrington. At first, the conversation was in engineering and scientific double talk.

"I pushed big words around," Groves recalled. "Soon, you could see in their faces, the truth began to dawn. They were aghast. I swore them to secrecy. I was still gambling because they had not yet agreed. They wanted absolute assurance from me that, in the opinion of the War Department, this was an important job for them to do. I did not need to tell them how enormous were the odds against success. They knew that failure in an undertaking where the enormity of the risks seemed almost to exceed the magnitude of the gains would destroy the reputation of them and their company. I told Stine and Harrington that President Roosevelt, Secretary of War Stimson, General Marshall and I could assure them that the job was very important."

Du Pont agreed conditionally upon these terms: That neither profit nor patent rights accrue to the company and that the government guarantee maximum protection against losses. Groves thought he was over his first big hurdle. A few days later he was asked by Walter S. Carpenter, Jr., company president, to come to Wilmington. Carpenter took him into a board room where, sitting around a big table, were most of the top officers of the company.

Who'd Use the A-Bomb First?

"I swore them all to secrecy," said Groves. "I told them we were afraid the Germans might find the secret before we could. I said, 'If any nation in the war can drop one of these things and indicate to the enemy that it can follow with more, the war will be over.' "

On the wall of one of Manhattan's offices in Washington is a drawing of a turtle, head strained forward and trying hard to get up speed. Beneath the drawing are the words: "Behold the turtle! He makes progress only when his neck is out." That is one of several reminders in Manhattan's Washington offices that everyone from Groves down was expected to keep his neck out regardless of the consequences.

The scientists, however, stood to achieve a partial triumph without making the bomb. In the field of pure science, you can win at least a moral victory if you can prove that any likely-looking method is not the right method. It would have been a scientific achievement if the scientists had been able to prove—as many of them in the beginning hoped they would—that the bomb was impossible to make.

In the days when he was building Army camps, Groves insisted upon quick decisions. It was a standing rule that all questions on the sites had to be answered in twenty-four hours or an explanation given. In Manhattan, Groves cut the time for decisions down to one hour or less—even for the most complicated ones. He can remember only one occasion when it took longer to reach a decision. That was when they had to put up at Hanford Engineer Works "things" (someday the world may know the secret of those "things") that they couldn't be sure would be needed. They only knew that they either were building essential parts of the plant, or, said Groves, "monuments to a bad guess."

At Clinton Works in Tennessee, $100,000,000 was spent before they knew how to make a key part of the equipment that many of the scientists involved in the problem said could not be made and advised against making.

Groves had to assume that every man on the project was not above suspicion. Movements of people had to be watched. Every rumor had to be run to earth. Every indication that someone was talking had to be searched out and the talkative one silenced. A counterintelligence corps, therefore, was organized under Colonel John Lansdale, Jr., Cleveland, and Lieutenant Colonel William A. Consodine, Newark, New Jersey, both lawyers.

The bulk of the corps was made up of 500 soldiers in mufti. Twenty-five of them were later commissioned. The balance were enlisted men. In civil life, they had been newspapermen, lawyers, police detectives. All were young. They were hand-picked for the job, and, Groves believes, constituted one of the sharpest units in the Army. Thousands of persons working for Manhattan never knew who the agents were. There were dozens of them in the rooms and hallways of the New War Department Building in Washington where General Groves has his offices behind a blind corridor on the fifth floor. Such was the arrangement that no one could enter or leave this suite of offices without being seen.

They spied with neither fear nor favor. They investigated everything from security leaks and suspected sabotage to the man at Hanford who counterfeited and sold meal tickets. They arrested the man. They even shadowed the general. But not to spy. They had to see that no harm should come to him, that he had a courier when he needed one, and someone to stand by the nearest telephone so that he could be reached immediately.

Shadowing a Famous Dane

They also shadowed the scientists to be able to provide similar services. The British spirited Doctor Niels Bohr, the great Danish physicist, out of Sweden in a Mosquito bomber, and they intended to see that there would be no chance for Nazi agents to capture him. When Bohr reached America with his son to work on the bomb, two British agents arrived with him. Unknown to the British, two Manhattan agents picked up the trail. Unknown to the others, two Federal Bureau of Investigation men joined the parade. Before the question of who was going to watch whom could be straightened out, Bohr grew very tired of the whole business and sought to escape his shadowers in a dash through Washington traffic.

Workers at Los Alamos agreed to accept censorship of their mail before they were hired. A censorship method suggested at a workers' meeting was used by the authorities. It called for neither scissors nor red pencil. If a letter contained any clue to the nature of the activity, it was sent back to the writer with the suggestion that it be rewritten with the clue eliminated. Thus there was no evidence of censorship, nothing to arouse the curiosity of the recipient.

Meantime, the men of Manhattan safeguarded the secrets of their conversations and reports in improvised code words. Names of major-league baseball teams—a measure of the general's addiction to sports—frequently were used to indicate degrees of progress. For example, Red Sox might mean good progress, Dodgers fair, and Cubs poor. Every time a member of the organization made a trip for inspection or any other purpose, new code words were made up.

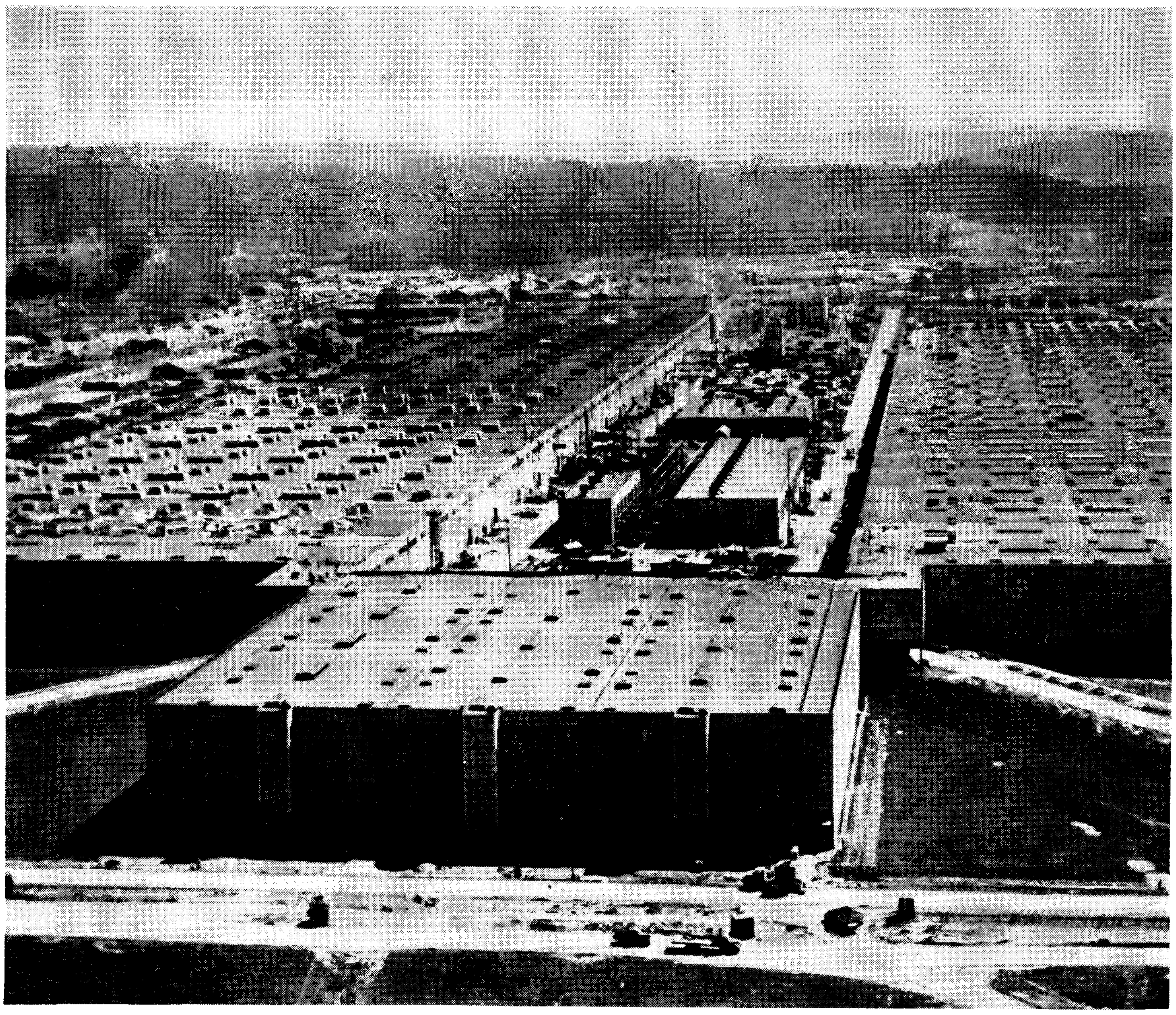
The scientists sought to conceal their comings and goings from newspaper reporters and other curious folk by registering at hotels under assumed names. Enrico Fermi, the great Italian physicist registered as "Farmer." Doctor Ernest O. Lawrence, inventor of the cyclotron, was "Lawson." Doctor Arthur H. Compton, who had charge of the "Metallurgical Laboratory" in Chicago, where the problem of the chain reaction was solved, traveled as "Comas." Doctor Bohr was "Nicholas Baker," and everyone called him "Nick." Groves has been a number since that day many months ago when a clerk misread his signature "GG" as "99."

In the offices of Manhattan in Washington hangs a printed slogan that is identical—with one conspicuous difference—with little signs that hang in many war offices. It says: "Daily Prayer: O Lord! Help me to keep my big mouth shut until I know what I am talking about. Amen!" What makes Groves' sign conspicuously different from the others is this: A red line has been drawn through the words "until I know what I am talking about."

When the men of Manhattan Engineer District traveled, they could tell no one where they were going. When they met on trains, they sat alone and tried to act like strangers. That's the way they traveled to the barren expanse of the Alamogordo Air Base 120 miles from Albuquerque, New Mexico. There, on July 16th, the first atomic bomb went off.

Shortly after midnight General Groves lay down on a cot in an Army tent at the base camp of this expedition of soldiers and scientists who soon were to know if they had succeeded in bringing the power of the stars down to earth for man. General Groves fell asleep. On a cot near him lay Doctor James B. Conant, president of Harvard, another of those very great men who pooled their knowledge to make this thing happen. Ten miles away on a 100-foot steel tower there was to be a bomb whose size contrasted with the power it was to loosen in the way the world is small in comparison with the universe. Presently a storm blew up.

(Continued on page 64)



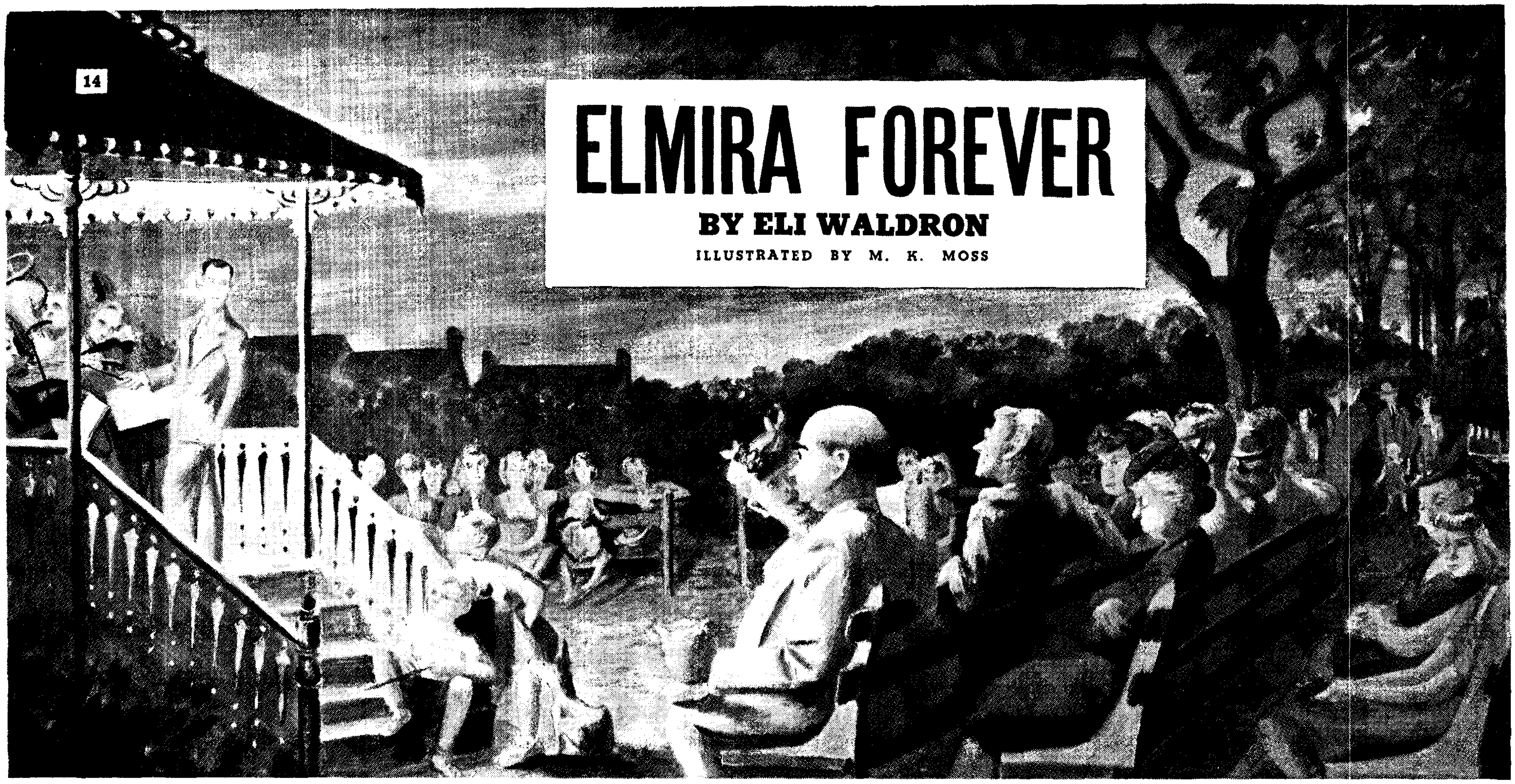
These great buildings at Oak Ridge were factories of a type never before seen on earth

ACME

ELMIRA FOREVER

BY ELI WALDRON

ILLUSTRATED BY M. K. MOSS



Milton Wilcox faced the audience. "I wonder if Mr. Simmons would do us the honor of conducting the next number," he said. "Go ahead, Oscar," said Mrs. Simmons

OSCAR SIMMONS didn't pretend for a minute that he liked what had happened. When the Elmira City Band opened this particular Saturday-night outdoor concert with The Star-Spangled Banner, he stood straighter than anyone and stared with great displeasure at the scrawny neck of the new director, Milton Wilcox.

He did not like Milton Wilcox. At the moment, he, Oscar Simmons, did not like anyone, not even his wife who kept looking at him anxiously, the large cluster of blue plums on her hat drooping in a dangerous, top-heavy fashion every time she turned her head. How could he like anyone when, after all these years, he had been retired as leader of the Elmira City Band? And had been replaced by this Wilcox who didn't know a tremolo from a yardstick? And all because Wilcox was the new cashier of the Elmira Farmer's and Merchant's Bank whereas Simmons was merely a storekeeper.

They had spoken vaguely of "age" and "changing times," but the real reason for his removal was clear to Oscar Simmons. It was political—even if his wife didn't agree.

Therefore, at the conclusion of the anthem and without excusing himself, he left his place in the front row of seats that had been drawn up on the grass and made his way through the tangle of children and dogs that hung just out of the circle of light that came from the bandstand. He bought two bags of peanuts, one of which he gave his wife to hold when he returned. These peanuts he shucked loudly and flourishingly, especially during the pianissimos, and he sat erect, his pink head glistening in the light and his face registering disapproval of practically everything that went on. Not that he was mean, Oscar Simmons, but that he was unhappy and had to hide it with this forced rudeness.

"Hah!" he said while the Washington Post March was played. "The cornets are flat! Hear them?"

"Shhh," his wife said, the plums on her hat looking as though they were ready to fall any minute.

"Shhh! Why shhh?" said Mr. Simmons, cracking a peanut sharply. "If the cornets are flat they are flat." Turning around, he eyed the row in back of him, a row that included John Hertman, the druggist, Mr. and Mrs. Park and Mr. and Mrs. Stimson. "Isn't that right, Mr. Stimson?" he asked pointedly. Mr. Stimson was a member of the band committee which had retired him.

Mr. Stimson swallowed and did not reply. His wife was holding the point of her umbrella against his ribs like a pistol.

The Washington Post March came to an end and there was a smattering of applause that trailed off through the trees in the darkness. The applause was nothing like it should have been, nothing like when Simmons conducted. He took some more peanuts and cracked them disrespectfully.

"Oscar—" his wife said.

The next item on the program was The Stars and Stripes Forever which sizzled and sizzled and never exploded. Milton Wilcox strove valiantly with his baton but it was too much for him. The trombones came in two beats behind the cornets and the clarinets were two beats behind that. Oscar Simmons snorted. "You can tell by the kiddies," he said nudging his wife. "If the kiddies shout and the dogs bark, then the music is good. That is the way I always knew. Look at them now. . . ." He pointed.

She followed his gesture and nodded. The boys were sprawled on the grass, listlessly punching sticks into the sod or looking at the stars that swam in the darkness above the village of Elmira.

"You see?" Oscar said. "There is no feeling in it. No life." He looked over his shoulder at Mr. Stimson, and Mr. Stimson swallowed and stared straight ahead. The umbrella was still in his ribs.

THE music came to an uncertain conclusion. Milton Wilcox's shoulders sagged a little and he faced the audience with a wan smile. He cleared his throat.

"We have—" he said, and he paused to clear his throat again. "Tonight we have with us the former director of the Elmira City Band, Oscar Simmons. . . ." He nodded gracefully in the direction of the front row of seats. "I wonder if Mr. Simmons would do us the honor of conducting the next number." He clapped his hands and it was taken up enthusiastically among the listeners, excluding the Parks, the Stimsons and John Hertman who raised their hands limply, patted them once and let them fall back into their laps again.

Oscar Simmons looked at his wife in surprise and she smiled and gently removed the bag of peanuts from his hands.

"Go ahead, Oscar," she said.

"Harrumph!" said Oscar, but he stood up and walked to the bandstand, his short legs moving with determination.

He disdained the baton that Milton Wilcox offered him and took his own from an inside pocket where for some reason—habit probably—he had placed it earlier that evening. Facing the people he announced, "I will conduct the march Elmira Forever." Then he turned to the band, raised his baton and brought it down with a *whoosh*.

It acted like a detonator, that baton. The air seemed to split wide open and the ground to tremble. The cornets came blazing out of the smoke with the trombones charging after, for all the world like stampeding horses breathing flame from their distended nostrils. Behind them the artillery crashed and thundered and, riding high, the piccolos like lances held aloft.

The citizens reacted strongly at the first note on this occasion. The kids began to swarm over the bandstand, hanging by their toes from the roof and staring goggle-eyed at the sweating players and the flailing arms of Maestro Simmons. Those who couldn't find room on the bandstand ran around it in frantic circles, yelling crazily, stumbling over dogs and one another and getting up to continue the wild chase.

Upward into the night air surged Elmira Forever and faster and faster the music went, reaching climax after climax as Oscar Simmons hammered out the tempo with ever-increasing ardor and the players' necks reddened while they fought for air to keep up with him.

Then, at the very last there was a blaring, shattering explosion that outdid all the others—and that was the end.

Absolute silence. Then applause that broke like a wave over the park raised Oscar Simmons high. For a moment a proud little smile twitched at the corners of his mouth, then it vanished. He bowed right and left, nodded curtly to Milton Wilcox and descended from the platform.

Going up to his wife he said, "Come," and she rose obediently from her chair.

"Good night, Mr. Stimson," he said pointedly.

Mr. Stimson's mouth opened—and closed with a snap when his wife dug the point of her umbrella into his ribs.

Oscar Simmons, the former director of the Elmira City Band, and his wife left the park and strolled home slowly through the soft, sweet evening air. Behind them the band struck up again, and though the tune was different, the spirit of Elmira Forever and of Simmons was with them. The cornets were no longer flat and the trombones no longer disconsolate.

"You did something to them," Mrs. Simmons murmured happily.

"Harrumph," he said, not unpleased.

"They—they *play* for you—" she said.

"It's all in being firm," he said. "A director must never relax his hold on the musicians, not for a second. Now that Wilcox . . ."

"But he is young," she said. "And things have changed. For thirty years you led the Elmira City Band—and you did a good job. But now it is time for you to rest."

"It's the band I'm thinking about," said Oscar Simmons, raising his head and with the fierce pride of Elmira in the set of his jaw. "The Elmira City Band has always been a good band."

"Yes," she said quietly. "That is true."

"Give me some more peanuts," he said. But his voice was not so gruff as he thought.

HE RELAXED somewhat when he reached home. They stood on the steps and listened to the last strains of The Star-Spangled Banner and after that they sat down in the living room and took off their shoes.

A little later a car stopped in front of the house and Milton Wilcox came in.

"I—excuse me for dropping in like this," he said a little uneasily. "But I—well, that is, I wanted to thank you for your kindness this evening. It—well, it was an inspiration to all of us and I believe we played much better after that."

"Hmmmm?" said Oscar Simmons slowly, noticing that perhaps the young man's neck was not so scrawny after all.

"What I mean is"—Milton Wilcox went on earnestly—"is that we'd like to have you help us at rehearsals. There's a lot you can teach us—and be guest conductor whenever you, and . . . well, you know what I mean."

"Hmmm?" said Oscar. "Guest conductor? Mmmmmm."

"Yes. And rehearsals, too, if you would be so kind. Next week we'd like to have you explain what was wrong tonight."

Oscar rubbed his chin and said in a low voice, "Guest conductor, mmmmm. . . . I hadn't thought of that." He looked up at Wilcox and seemed to weigh his words carefully: "Well—the cornets were a little flat . . ."

"I—I guess they were. . . ." Wilcox admitted with an embarrassed laugh.

"But it's nothing to worry about," Oscar said quickly. "It happens in the best of bands. Don't worry about it, Mr. Wilcox."

Mrs. Simmons had risen and picked up her shoes. She started toward the kitchen and as she passed through the door, she noticed that Oscar was leaning forward and smiling.

"Have some peanuts, Mr. Wilcox?" he was saying in a most friendly way.

a short short story complete on this page

America's "Official Spokesman," whose weekly broadcasts helped prepare the Japs for surrender, now tackles the more difficult tasks of preparing them for peace and the establishment of democracy

ON CAPTURED Okinawa a few weeks before the surrender of Japan, a group of Japanese prisoners of war were marched into a room containing nothing but a playback machine and a recording. The prisoners were frightened. They didn't know what was going to happen. But then a G.I. came in and simply played the recording. The prisoners were only required to listen. After they had heard a part of the recorded talk in Japanese, all were asked a single question: "Who do you think that was?" Nearly 100 per cent answered, "A well educated gentleman from the Tokyo area." One man said, "The Premier."

The strange thing about all this is that the recording was actually an official U.S. government broadcast to the Japanese people. The speaker was Captain Ellis M. Zacharias, U.S.N., a very American gentleman from Jacksonville, Florida, with an unmistakably Caucasian complexion and a distinct Southern accent when he speaks English, which is most of the time. Until recently he was one of the Navy's best-known cruiser and battleship commanders in the Pacific fighting. He delivered these highest-level talks to the Japanese people once a week and on special occasions during the hectic three months between V-E Day and V-J Day. As one general put it, Captain Zacharias was "the spearhead of the greatest, best co-ordinated and most effective use of psychological warfare in history."

Today Captain Zacharias must move on to the equally important task of reorienting the Japanese to peace along the lines which democracy demands—a headache which some people think should be the principal task of the occupation and under the direct control of the White House. As Captain Zacharias points out, we must accommodate the intricate Japanese mind to defeat. That is a terrific psychological job, because the Japanese mind is unlike anything either here or in Europe.

It is easy for us to understand that the German leaders wanted personal power, and that to get it they took their country into war. But *it is not easy for us to believe that the Japanese leaders were honestly unselfish and that whatever they did was for the state out of purely patriotic motives.* By the same token the Japanese masses committed atrocities and other excesses in Asia and the Pacific simply because their leaders told them to do so. They automatically, and without question, took what their leaders said as something that was for the good of the state (to them the state was represented by the Emperor). They can't understand how we can classify as a crime anything done for the state.

When he is asked to explain this difference in Japanese and American thinking, Captain Zacharias often illustrates it with a little story. At Yokohama in 1928, he asked the commander of a Japanese destroyer for the secret of the iron discipline of the Japanese sailor.

"That is simple," the Japanese officer said. "If a sailor is brought before me charged with misconduct, I say to him: 'You have been unruly on the following named occasions—but mind you, I'm not blaming you for that. The fault, of course, lies with me. It is my duty to inspire you to a proper mode of life and a high standard of thinking. In some way I have failed. I have not properly inspired you. So, inasmuch as punishment must be meted out for misdeeds, I shall take the punishment myself. I shall deprive myself of leave from this ship for six weeks. And meanwhile, I shall devote my enforced leisure to a study of how, in the future, I can better carry out my obligation to you.' "

According to Zacharias, this works. Rather than lose face by seeing his commanding officer go through with this, the sailor would jump overboard.

This, then, is the kind of thinking we have to deal with in Japan. Many of the things the Japanese do appear to us to be unusual. To them, they are not in the least unusual. We can't understand why they say the things they do. To them, the double talk that preceded Pearl Harbor and the surrender was perfectly clear. There is no innate instinct for treachery in the Japanese. If it is for the

(Continued on page 54)

HE TALKED TO Japan

BY BILL DAVIDSON

No. 12

Watakushi wa Beikoku Kaigun Taisa Zacharias de shufu Washington yori hōsō shite orimasu.

Zen sūkai no hōsō de watakushi wa senshin mujōken kōfuku no heiwa kōshiki ni tsuite mōshi-nobemashita ga, konnichi wa sono sude-ni teikyō-zumi no kencho na shoten wo kaiko shite mitai to omoimasu.

Dai ichi ni, genji senkyoku wa meihaku ni natte kimashita. Shokun wa fukaheki-na haiboku ni menshite oru no desu. Nippon wa sude-ni haisen shimashita. Kikoku no rensen renpai, shitagatte waga rensen renshō wa kono sensō wo Nippon no omote genkan to yū tokoro made tsume-yosemashita.

Dai ni ni, kakaru keisei wa sensō kaishi-zen oyobi kaisen-chū ni arawareta mesaki kanjō bakarī na mata musekinin na shidō ni motozuita mono desu.

Dai san ni, kikoku no shidōsha wa kikokumin *ni sono genkyō no* shūketsu wa shōri ni arazunba zenmetsu nari to tsugemashita ga, Daitōryō Truman Kakka ga kore wa jōki wo isshita gosetsu de aru koto wo kanzen ni bemmei saremashita.

Dai shi ni, waga mujōken kōfuku no kōshiki ga Nippon kokka wo kyūsai shi-u-beki yuiitsu no hōhō de aru to yū koto wa giron wo suru yochi no nai jijitsu de arimasu.

TRANSLATION

This is Captain Zacharias of the United States Navy speaking to you from Washington, D. C.

In several of my previous talks I devoted myself to our unconditional surrender peace formula; today, I propose to review some of the salient points which I have already presented:

First, your present war situation is clear: You are facing inevitable defeat. Japan has *already* lost the war. Your progressive defeats and our progressive victories have brought the war to Japan's very doorstep.

Second, this situation is the result of the shortsighted and irresponsible leadership of Japan before and during this war.

Third, Japanese leaders have told the Japanese people that their present alternatives are victory or extermination. But President Truman has made it perfectly clear that this is a gross misrepresentation.

Fourth, it is an undisputed fact that our unconditional surrender peace formula is the only way by which you can make possible the salvation of Japan.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN—PIX

Arch of Triumph

By Erich Maria Remarque

The Story:

RAVIC, a famous Berlin surgeon hiding in Paris from the Gestapo, lived in a world conditioned by hate and death. As a refugee with no papers he existed under the menace of deportation and imprisonment, was forced to make a bare living by operating without license for two French doctors, VEBER and DURANT; as a fugitive from Germany he looked forward only to hunting down and killing HAAKE, the Gestapo official who, in 1934, had tortured him before his escape. His love for JOAN MADOU brought some sense of hope to RAVIC—but only for a short while. Deported by the French official DUVAL, RAVIC returned to France three months later to learn from MOROSOW, doorman of the Scheherazade night club, that JOAN had taken up with another man. Disillusioned and hopeless, RAVIC recommended his work for VEBER, once more sharply recognized his affinity with death when he found his friend KATE HEGSTROEM back in Paris, aware now of the thing RAVIC had refused to tell her—that she was dying of cancer. Unconvinced by JOAN'S affirmations of love when he saw her again, RAVIC now lived more than ever only to revenge himself on HAAKE. The opportunity came unexpectedly: sitting in a restaurant, RAVIC saw the German near by, was planning to follow him unobserved, when HAAKE came to his table, asked if he might sit down.

V

RAVIC nodded when Haake asked if he might share his table; he was unable to say anything. His blood drained from his head. It drained and drained as if it would run under the chair and leave his body behind like an empty sack. He pressed his back close against the back of the chair. There was still his glass. The milky liquid. He lifted it and drank. He looked at the glass. It was steady in his hand. The trembling was in his veins.

Haake ordered a *Fine Champagne.* An old *Fine Champagne.* He spoke French with a heavy German accent.

Ravic called a newspaper boy. The newspaper boy looked cautiously toward the entrance. The old woman who had the concession stood there. He handed Ravic the newspaper, folded, as though accidentally, grabbed the coin, grinned and quickly disappeared.

Haake must have recognized me, Ravic thought. Otherwise why would he have come? He had not counted on that. Now he could only stay and see what Haake wanted and act accordingly.

He casually picked up the newspaper, read the headlines and put it back on the table. Haake looked at him. "Fine evening," he said in German.

Ravic nodded.

Haake smiled. "You have a keen eye, eh?"

"Apparently."

"I saw you with that woman while I was still inside."

Ravic nodded attentively and indifferently. He was anxious about what would come of this. He could not imagine what Haake's intentions were. He could not know that Ravic was in France illegally. But maybe the Gestapo had known even that long ago. After all, there had been plenty of time for them to find out.

"I recognized you at once," Haake said.

Ravic looked at him. "That scar," Haake said and pointed at Ravic's forehead. "Member of a student corps. Therefore you must be German. Or have studied in Germany." He laughed.

Ravic was still looking at him. This was impossible! It was ridiculous! He breathed deeply in sudden relaxation. Haake had no idea who he was. He thought the scar on his forehead was a scar from a duel. Ravic laughed. He laughed along with Haake.

"Is that correct?" Haake asked with jovial pride.

"Yes, exactly."

Ravic was still laughing. The scar on his forehead; he had gotten it when they had beaten him in the cellar at Gestapo headquarters before Haake's very eyes. Blood had run into his own eyes and mouth. And now Haake sat here, mistaking it for a dueling scar and was proud of himself.

The waiter brought Haake's *Fine.* Haake sniffed at it like a gourmet. "That's one thing they have here!" he declared. "Good cognac! Other than that—" He winked at Ravic. "Everything's rotten. A people of stockholders. They don't want anything but security and a good life. Helpless against us."

Ravic thought he'd be unable to talk. He thought if he talked he would seize his glass, smash it against the edge of the table and throw the sharp splinters into Haake's eyes. He took the glass, emptied it and put it calmly down again.

"What is that?" Haake asked.

"Pernod. A substitute for absinthe."

"Yes, absinthe. The thing that makes the French weak, eh?"

"Absinthe is prohibited," Ravic said. "This is a harmless substitution—anise. It tastes like licorice-water."

It's working, he thought. It's working and without too much excitement on my part. He could answer, easily and smoothly. There was a turmoil deep in him, roaring and black, but the surface appeared calm.

"Do you live here?" Haake asked.

"Yes."

"Have you lived here long?"

"Always."

"I understand," Haake said. "An expatriate German. Were you born here, eh?"

Ravic nodded.

Haake drank his *Fine.* "Some of our best men are Germans born in foreign countries. It's the political conviction that counts, eh?"

"Only that," Ravic replied.

"I thought so." Haake's face radiated satisfaction. Then he bowed slightly across the table, and it seemed as if he clicked his heels under the table at the same time. "By the way—permit me—Von Haake."

Ravic repeated the ceremony. "Horn." It was one of his former pseudonyms.

"Von Horn?" Haake asked.

"Yes."

Haake nodded. He became more intimate. He had met a man of his own class. "Surely you know Paris well, eh?"

"Fairly."

"I mean—not the museums." Haake grinned like a man of the world.

"I know what you mean."

THE Aryan superman would like to go slumming, Ravic thought. Typical. If I could get him into a hidden corner somewhere, a lonely bistro, an out-of-the-way dive— He deliberated on all the possibilities; some place where he wouldn't be disturbed and hindered.

"You've lots of interesting things here, eh?" Haake asked.

"You haven't been in Paris long?"

"I come here every other week for two or three days. Sort of a check-up. Pretty important. We have built up quite a few things here during the last year. It's working out wonderfully. I can't talk about it—but"—Haake laughed—"you can buy everything here. A corrupt crowd. We know almost everything we want to know. We don't even have to look for information. They bring it themselves. Treason as a form of patriotism. A result of the party system. Every party betrays the others and their country for their own profit. That gives us the advantage." He lifted his glass, examined it, found it empty and put it down again. "They don't even arm themselves. They think we won't demand anything from them if they are unarmed. If you knew the number of their planes and tanks, you would roar with laughter at these candidates for suicide."

Ravic listened. He was fully concentrated but, nevertheless, everything swam around him as in a dream just before the awakening. The tables, the waiters, the sweet night uproar of life, the gliding rows of automobiles, the moon above the houses, the multi-colored electric signs on the fronts of the buildings—and the garrulous multiple-murderer opposite him who had ruined his life. It was improbable as only life can be.

TWO women in tight tailored suits passed by. They smiled at Ravic. He knew them.

"Chic, Donnerwetter!" Haake said.

A side street, Ravic thought, a narrow empty side street—if I could get him there. Or into the Bois. . . . "Those are two ladies from Vienna," he said.

Haake looked after them. "Chic," he repeated. He ordered another *fine.* "May I offer you a drink?"

"Thanks, I'd rather stick to this one."

"They are supposed to have fantastic places here." Haake's eyes glittered. They glittered as they had years ago in the stark light of the cellar.

I must not think of that, Ravic thought. Not now. "Have you never been in one?" he asked.

"I have been in several. For observation, naturally. To see how low a people can sink. But surely not in the right ones. Naturally, I've got to be careful. It could be wrongly interpreted."

Ravic nodded. "You needn't be afraid of that. There are places where tourists never come."

"Do you know about them?"

He is on the prowl, Ravic thought. A bourgeois who wants to talk about it at his regular beer table. A sophomore with repressions. And this man has killed thousands of decent humans—he drove away these thoughts. "Yes," he said.

Haake drank his second *Fine.* He became friendlier. The inhibitions he had had in Germany fell from him.

Ravic felt that he was completely unsuspecting. "I intend to stroll about a bit tonight," he said to Haake.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I do it now and then. One should learn everything one can."

"Right! Absolutely right!"

Haake stared straight at him for a moment. Get him drunk, Ravic thought. If it does not work any other way, get him drunk and drag him off somewhere.

Haake's expression had changed. He was not tipsy, he was only lost in thought. "It's a pity," he finally said. "I would have liked to come with you."

Ravic did not reply. He wanted to avoid everything that might make Haake suspicious.

"I must go back to Berlin tonight." Haake looked at his watch. "By the Nord-Express."

Ravic sat there completely calm. I must go with him, he thought. Perhaps he lives in a hotel. I must go with him to his room and kill him there.

"I'm just waiting for two acquaintances of mine," Haake said. "Should be here any minute. They are traveling with me. My things are at the station already. We are going straight from here to the train."

I've lost, Ravic thought. Why haven't I a gun with me? I could shoot him and try to escape through the subway entrance.

"It's a pity," Haake said. "But perhaps we can make it some other time. I'll be back again in two weeks."

Ravic breathed deeply. "Fine," he said. "Where do you live? I could call you up then."

"In the Prince de Galles. Just across the street." He would move there for a short time when Haake was due to return: it was important to impress him with a good address, and also he did not want to endanger the other refugees at the International.

Haake took a notebook out of his pocket and put down the address. Ravic looked at the elegant notebook in flexible red Russian leather. The pencil was a thin gold one. What must be in there, he thought. Information leading to torture, death, to the capture of hostages—

Haake put his notebook back into his pocket. "Charming woman you were with before," he said.

Ravic tried to remember for a second. "Ah, so— Yes, very."

"In the movies?"

"Something of that sort."

"Good acquaintance?"

"Just that."

Haake looked straight ahead, meditatively. "That's the difficulty here—to make the acquaintance of someone nice. I don't know why, but it is difficult."

"That can be arranged," Ravic said.

"Really? You aren't interested?"

"Not in the least."

"Donnerwetter, that wouldn't be bad. Is she French?"

"Italian, I think. And a mixture of a few other races."

Haake grinned. "Not bad. Naturally, at home we can't have that. But here one is incognito, so to speak."

"Are you?" Ravic asked.

Haake faltered a second. Then he grinned. "I understand! Naturally not for those in the know, but otherwise, strictly incognito. Besides, it just occurs to me—have you any contact with refugees?"

"Very little," Ravic said carefully.

"That's a pity! We would like to have certain—you understand, information. We even pay for it—" Haake raised his hand, "naturally out of the question in your case! Nevertheless, the smallest item of news—"

Ravic noticed that Haake went on looking at him. "Possibly," he said. "You can never tell—it may happen sometime."

Haake moved his chair. "One of my tasks, you know. Connections from the inside to the outside. Sometimes it is difficult to get at them. We have good people working here."

Haake grinned. "With us it is something else, of course. It's the fatherland, isn't it?" He looked up. "My acquaintances are arriving." He put a few notes on the china plate after he had figured the amount. "It's convenient that the prices are always on the plates. We might initiate that at home."

He stood up and extended his hand. "Auf Wiedersehen, I was very pleased to meet you. I'll call you in two weeks." He winked. "Discretion of course."

"Of course. Don't forget."

"I never forget anything. Not a face or an appointment. That's my profession."

Ravic saw Haake's outstretched hand. He felt as if, in order to grasp it, he would have to push his arm through a wall of cement. He felt it in his. It was small and surprisingly soft and flabby.

He stood there undecided for another moment and followed Haake with his eyes. Then he sat down again. Suddenly he felt his veins quiver. After a while he paid and left. He went in the direction in which Haake had gone. Then he recalled that he had seen him and the other two step into a taxi. There would have been no point in driving after them. They had gone to the station. He returned and paid the taxi which he had kept waiting.

"YOU were being sensible," Morosow said. They were sitting in front of a café on the Rond Point.

Ravic looked at his right hand. He had washed it with alcohol a number of times. He had thought himself idiotic for doing so, but he could not help it. Now his skin was dry as parchment. "I feel like vomiting," he said.

"You would have been crazy if you had

(Continued on page 41)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

It all looked like a Watteau painting come to life. "Nice?" Kate asked. "Yes, I only hope it doesn't rain," Ravic said

O.S.S. behind-the-lines saboteurs, the first U.S. ski paratroopers in combat, pause to rest in their flight from pursuing Nazis after dynamiting a mile and a half of the north-south railway near Snaasa, Norway

CLOAK AND DAGGER

By Lieut. Col. Corey Ford and Major Alastair Mac Bain

O.S.S. infiltration teams met the enemy on his home grounds. They blasted, burned and harassed him while they dug out facts and made contacts vital to winning the war. Their tail-twisting tactics left the Supermen swinging wildly at the little men who weren't there

II

WAR behind the lines is a silent war. There are no big campaigns, no frontal assaults of a million men and machines; there is only a battle of shadows, of clandestine intelligence and spies and sabotage, of lonely and hunted men. A submarine lands a group with tiny portable radios on a dark Italian shore. A handful of white-clad figures with skis parachute into Norway during a blizzard on Easter morning. Their mission is secret, their capture means death by a firing squad. Their citations read: "Missing . . ."

That handful who dropped out of the snow-filled Norwegian skies—the first American ski paratroopers ever to engage in combat—were a special operation unit of America's top-secret intelligence agency, the Office of Strategic Services. They had been handpicked for their perilous assignment. Five hundred thousand Germans in Norway, General Eisenhower had warned, must be prevented from shifting to the Western front. The tiny O.S.S. group was to have the David-and-Goliath task of cutting the vital north-south transportation lines and forcing this German army to run the gantlet of the British navy at sea.

All fall and winter, they had been given special ski training in Scotland on the slopes of Ben Nevis and at last, in January, 1945, they were ready for their bold strike. Leader of the group was 25-year-old Major William Colby of St. Paul, Minnesota, a former law student at Princeton. With him were two other officers, Captain Tom Sather of Los Angeles, an arctic explorer, and Lieutenant Glenn Farnsworth of Baltimore, a demolition expert. Eleven of the enlisted men were from Brooklyn; some of them had never been up in a plane before, and, prior to their training in Scotland, their previous experience in winter sports had been confined to skiing in Prospect Park on Sundays.

Their first attempts to parachute into Norway were dogged by bad luck. A storm forced the transport planes to turn back on their initial try. Again, in February, they flew ten hours through driving sleet and snow before they had to quit. In March, on Easter Day, thirty-nine men and three officers made another attempt. Two planes crashed in the severe blizzard, twenty-one of the pathetically small group were killed outright. Five more landed in Sweden. Only Colby and the remaining fifteen dropped successfully into Norway: sixteen men against a half million Nazis.

They landed in a mountainous, spruce-timbered region of northern Norway, sparsely inhabited. The snow was four feet deep, the temperature twenty below zero. Scattered over the unfamiliar terrain, afraid to raise their voices to call one another, they floundered through drifts for eight hours before they all got together. That night they set out for the mountain lake which was their rendezvous with the Norwegian underground.

Once again the operation nearly ran into disaster. The password, previously established by radio from Scotland, was to be the question: "Is the fishing good in this lake?" The proper answer was: "Yes, particularly in winter."

Unfortunately, the Norwegian leader was an avid angler, and when the query was put to him he was compelled to answer honestly: "To tell you the truth, it's no damn' good at all." It was not until he felt the muzzle of Major Colby's gun prodding his belly that he remembered and identified himself.

Swiftly they organized the underground resistance groups, sent out short-wave radio messages on enemy strength and disposition of troops in the vicinity, laid their plans for sabotage.

Their first assignment was to dynamite a bridge on the Northland Railway, the single line connecting north and south Norway. With the loyal Norwegians, they set out on a hundred-mile cross-country ski trip. Each man carried a sixty-pound pack on his back; the little party transported a total of twelve tons of equipment, including two tons of explosive that had been dropped by parachute.

They arrived at their target on a Sunday, while the German soldiers were at church and the guard was relaxed. The explosion, shattering the Sabbath calm, brought the Nazi patrols running. Expert woodsmanship outwitted the pursuing Germans, but the Norwegian quislings who accompanied the Nazis were less easily shaken off. For four days the chase continued through a steady blizzard, with no rest either for the hunted or the hunters. Once a small advance patrol actually penetrated their camp at night. It was wiped out to the last man.

Having outrun their pursuers at last, they proceeded to their next sabotage task: the destruction of a mile and a half of railroad
track at a key junction. During a storm, sma
units infiltrated past the German guarc
and planted demolition charges up and dow
the length of track. A train thundered b
in the midst of their work; they tumble
down the embankment, still holding the stick
of dynamite, and hid in a ditch until it ha
passed. By using time fuses, they got a sut
stantial start before the series of blas
aroused the enemy. The damage was effe
tive; the steady stream of southbound Ge
man army traffic was halted.

Again the chase began. One American so
dier was shot through the stomach. Th
party split; two comrades placed the crit
cally wounded man on a stretcher mounte
on skis, gave him injections of penicillin
they traveled, dragged him through the storr
for fifteen hours until they reached the fror
tier of Sweden. At the border, they took o
his insignia and handed him over to th
guards with a note saying he was a refuge
Norwegian. He was taken to a Swedish ho
pital and is alive today.

A Saga of Hunted Men

The main party skied for fifty miles, with
out halting, until they had outdistanced the
pursuers. Their food was gone. They mar
aged to kill a wild reindeer, but it wa
meager pickings. The entire German occu
pation forces were alerted against them, th
countryside was aroused, they were hunte
through the mountains by day and nigh
Their diet was reduced to barley and whea
flour mixed with cold water.

Besieged and starving, they continued t
radio a steady flow of military intelligenc
back to headquarters from their mountai
hideout, until the surrender of Germany i
May ended their mission. They made a three
day ski trip down from the mountains to th
town of Steinkjer, site of a German garr
son of 4,000 troops, and marched—bearde
haggard but triumphant—down the mai
street past the sullen and scowling Nazi
The boys from Brooklyn, feasting on goo
food and wine for the first time in month
regarded the culmination of their Norwa
adventure without regret. They still insist
the skiing was better in Prospect Park o
Sundays. . . .

The story of O.S.S.—the fabulous stor
that can only be told now at the war's end–
is the story of hundreds of similar littl
units, of thousands of ordinary, everyda
Americans like these. Its scenario follow
no pattern; its action occurs in a dozen place
at once, its plot weaves an intricate web ove
Africa, Europe, Asia. But always, at the cen
ter of the web, a group of tireless researc
experts and analysts sit in obscure Wash
ington offices sifting the intelligence tha
comes from the scattered sources in the fielc
comparing seemingly unrelated facts and fig
ures, fitting all the pieces of the jigsaw puzzl
together.

An O.S.S. undercover operator in Sweden
for example, reports to Washington head
quarters that German agents are franticall
buying up ball bearings of all sizes fron
local factories, hardware stores and junl
dealers. Another agent deep in Czechoslova
kia radios that 500 precision-instrument tech
nicians are being recruited by the Nazis t
be rushed to a Focke-Wulf accessories plan
in Austria. From O.S.S. in Abbeville, wor
comes that only twenty per cent of Goering'
crack Yellow-Nose Fighter Squadron wa
able to go aloft against the latest Allie
bombing mission, due to a shortage of re
placement parts. Word is flashed to th
Eighth Air Force of the newest enemy short
age, and the bombing of all ball-bearin
factories in the Reich is redoubled. Anothe
Luftwaffe bottleneck is corked.

Often these infiltration teams ran ont
"targets of opportunity." Word of these fleet
ing objectives—a body of troops particularl
vulnerable for a few hours, a convoy of am
munition trucks halted overnight on an ex
posed section of road—would be flashed t
Tactical Air Force headquarters, sometime
even to aircraft in flight. From Rumania
an operator reported a suspicious-lookin
big-inch pipe leading from the silo of
group of newly constructed farm buildings i
a rich oil area. A flight of Liberator
blasted the farm buildings the following day

and the resulting fire and explosion revealed a camouflaged oil distillery that was an important source of Nazi high-octane gasoline.

In occupied China, behind-the-lines observers were equally active, sending spot reconnaissance to Fourteenth Air Force bombers. An American enlisted man was with his team near Yi-Yang when the advance patrols of a Japanese cavalry unit entered the river; a flight of medium bombers took off at his radio flash, caught the main body of cavalry in midstream, destroyed more than two thirds of the unit.

Another American private, on June 11, 1944, short-waved to the Yolo Shan station of O.S.S. that Japanese troops were crossing the Siang River in sampans. A few minutes later, out of the ether, he heard an American fighter pilot's apologetic voice: "Sorry, fella, we missed one." Subsequently, Brigadier General Vincent sent O.S.S. at Kweilin the official verification: "Sharks worked Siang River north Changsha, got at least thirty boats, one thousand Japs according to Chinese. . . ."

Before the famous raids on the Ploesti oil fields in August, 1943, an O.S.S. team thoroughly cased the area in advance of the contemplated bombing attack, scouted its camouflage defenses, and mapped every smokepot in the area. The incoming pilots found below them only a sea of smoke; but, having accurate charts showing the smokepot plan, and knowing the drift of the wind, they were able to deduce the locations of their targets from the smoke itself. Over eighty per cent of the refinery was destroyed.

Foiling enemy sabotage—preventing the retreating Germans from carrying out their scorched-earth policy—became an increasingly important function of these O.S.S. teams during the final days of the Italian campaign. The Simplon tunnel, burrowing for twenty miles under the Alps, is vitally important to the economic life of Switzerland and northern Italy. O.S.S. sources in Berne secured information that the Germans had mined both walls of the tunnel at the northern entrance.

Word was relayed to the O.S.S. forward unit attached to AFHQ at Caserta, and they radioed instructions to an intelligence team known as "Diana," located in the northern Piedmont area.

The O.S.S.-trained 83d Garibaldi Squadron was chosen to remove the planted explosives. At dawn, some seventy-five men, barefooted, crept silently down the cliffs and entered the main tunnel. Undetected, they clipped the wires, carried out the dynamite, piled it several hundred yards away, and touched it off. As the German garrison rushed toward the explosion, they were ambushed by the main body of the Partisan Brigade, and surrendered after a brief struggle.

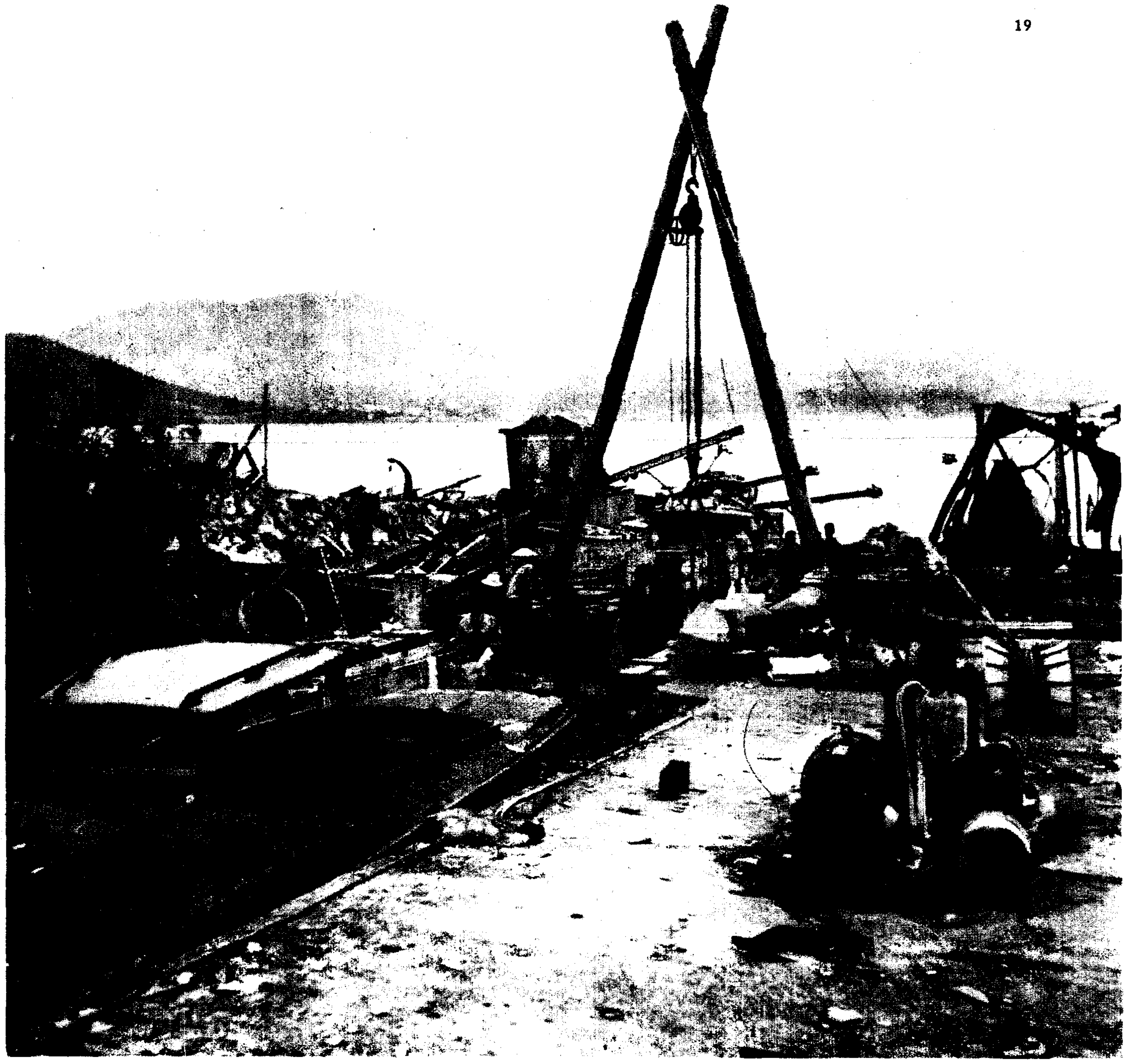
"Diana" was one of the many mobile teams, ranging in size from three to ten men, that had been operating in southern Europe for over a year, organizing and training and arming Partisan guerrillas for the eventual all-out blow.

A Coup by Greek Guerrillas

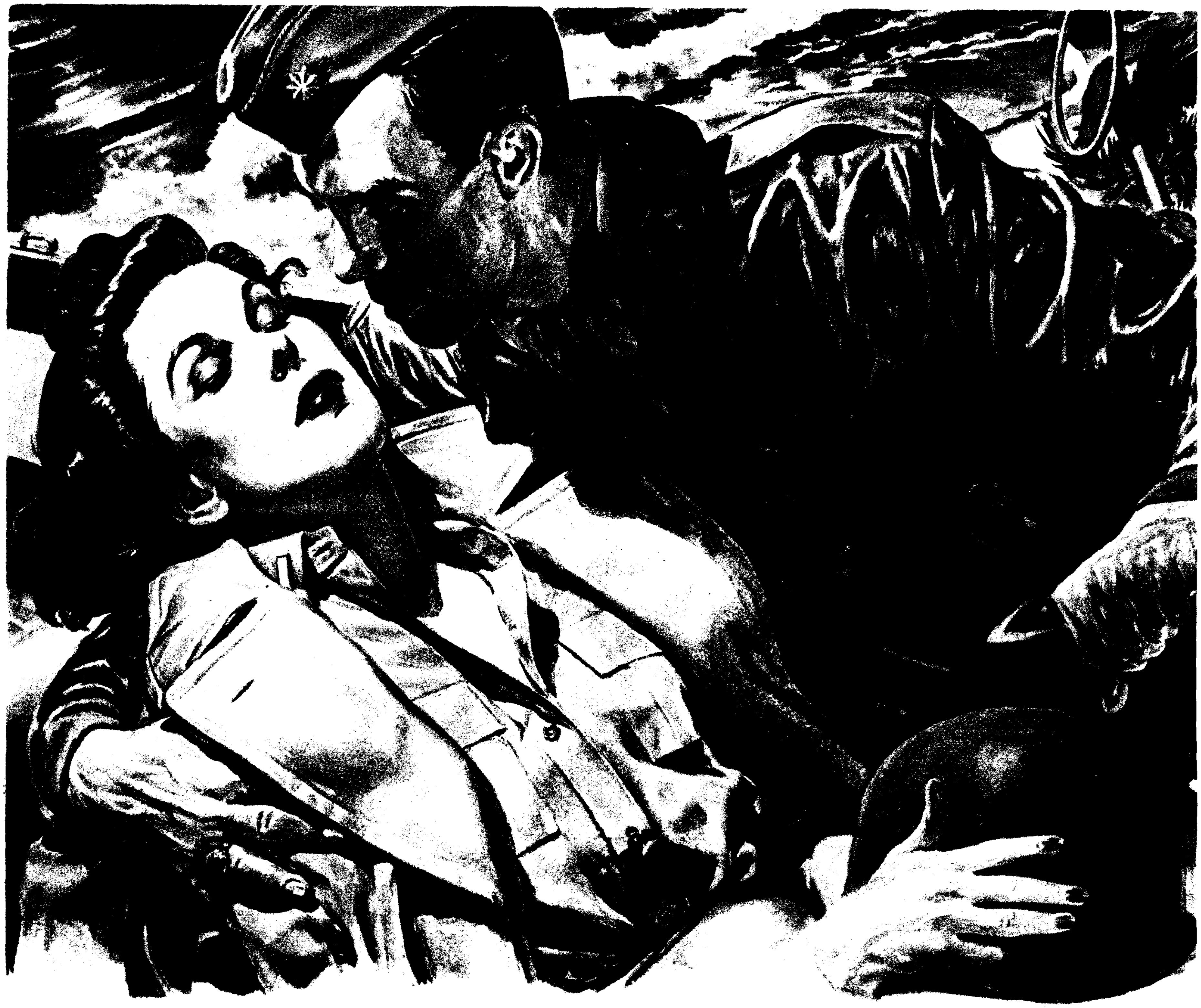
In Greece, a single O.S.S. unit consisting of two Army officers, a Navy officer and two Navy enlisted men was directly responsible for the liberation of all northeastern Greece from Evros to Kilkis, an area as large as Normandy and patrolled by 6,000 Germans. After the local resistance groups had been thoroughly trained and supplied, Major James Kellis, an American of Greek ancestry and leader of the tiny unit, laid plans for a general uprising in Evros. On the appointed afternoon, armed Greek guerrillas slipped by ones and twos into the German-garrisoned villages. That night they attacked simultaneously, seizing armories from which weapons and ammunition were handed out to ELAS reserves. Surrounded, the isolated bands of Germans had no choice but to surrender.

Major Kellis had his own way of preventing the Nazis from attempting reprisals on the defenseless civilian population. He obtained the name of the local German commandant, Major von Kreuger, and addressed a letter to him personally. In it he warned that Americans were in the vicinity, that if any reprisals were taken on the Greek people, Von Kreuger's name would be turned over to the Allies as a war criminal, that the best he could expect was hanging. The note was delivered by a white-bearded marathon runner. German reprisals abruptly ceased.

But it remained for a 24-year-old O.S.S. captain who had infiltrated into Milan to top all these exploits by waging a brief but highly successful private war of his own. During the last five days of the Italian campaign, this one-man task force, Captain Emilio Q. Daddario of Boston, Mass., maneuvered single-handed *(Continued on page 68)*



Italian secret weapons salvaged from the wreckage of the Baia torpedo factory are prepared for shipment to the United States. Below are Commander John Shaheen, GM 2/c Robert Wyatt and Jumping Joe Savoldi on the deck of a swastika-decorated PT boat in which they ran the gantlet of Nazi patrols off Naples



He jammed on the brakes and, looking a her lovely face, leaned over to kiss he

The business between the nurse and the major was ill-starred from the beginning, but its end was not unhappy —not if you look at it right

Going Home

BY JEAN KINKEAD

TIMMY was an Army nurse at a hospital attached to an air base in the Southwest Pacific. Her name was Mary Timmons, and she was tall and bony and beautiful in a way that's hard to describe. She had short brown hair and a nice oval face and green eyes. And her teeth were very white against her tan. But none of that tells you a thing about her really. You'd have to see the smile and listen to the quiet Memphis drawl and watch the thin gentle hands changing a guy's dressing, because all of that was part of her kind of beauty. Even with her sleeves rolled up and her lipstick off, it sort of hit you, how lovely she was; and all the boys were nuts for her, and none of them ever got anywhere with her. No one, that is, but the Maje.

He was a flier: Major William Hoyt of the Fifth. A great big blond boy with some flash burn scars on his face and a D.S.C. on his blouse. He'd been out there twenty-two months, and he was one of a handful of guys who weren't screaming to get home, now the end was all but in sight. Not that he didn't want to go home. Not that he didn't dream about it as a thirsty man dreams of water. But all along he knew he was good. He'd had an idea that the thing couldn't go on without him. And then it had turned out it would have to, because one day the Maje got it. A couple of slugs from a Jap fighter at almost point-blank range.

They had got him up to the hospital around six o'clock, and there was a little stir when the men and the nurses heard who had just come in. Big Bill Hoyt, the one-man air force. The overgrown towhead everyone called the Maje. They'd all heard of him, of course. The guy was a legend.

Timmy was about to go off duty, but she figured that this was special, so she rolled up her sleeves again and went to work. She didn't go off duty at all that night. And, during those first days of endless transfusions, of probing for the bullet, of stitches and great pain, Timmy was the one Bill wanted. He wasn't altogether conscious, and he used to wisecrack incoherently.

"Gimme the third gal from the left," he used to say. "The tall skinny one." When Timmy would come over to him a grin would split his face wide open, and he'd say, "Well, hi, baby. Whatcha doing after the show?"

Timmy would say, "Let's go somewhere and dance," in her slow, wonderful voice. Sometimes the Maje's mind would clear for a minute or two and he'd know she was playing along with him. Then he'd reach for her cool hand and hold it tight.

Once, in the middle of the night, he opene his eyes and called out, "Where are you? One of the other nurses came over to him

"Are you all right, Major?" she asked him

"Where is she?" he whispered in a kind o panic. "I don't even know her name. I' not even sure what she looks like—" An Timmy stood there and smiled at him.

"Yeah," he breathed, staring at her, an then he was talking so low she could hardl hear him.

"Look," he said. "I hurt. I hurt like hell Will you stay here with me?"

"Sure," she said. "I'll call the doctor, an then I'll stay with you."

"Don't bother the doc," he said. "Thi boy's had enough. I'm all washed up."

Timmy looked at the drawn, weary face minute before she spoke. "Where's the ol

(Continued on page 33)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE LITTLE

Teen-age autograph seekers besiege Conductor Bernste

TRIPLE-THREAT MAN

Staid musical circles were unprepared for a bombshell when Pianist-Composer-Conductor Leonard Bernstein exploded in their midst

BY MONA GARDNER

BEDLAM WEEK and Bernstein Week are synonymous terms at Doctors Hospital in New York City. They cover the seven-day chaos that ensued when a young man by the name of Leonard Bernstein happened in there to have a job done on the septum bone of his nose, and came out with large parts of the musical score of a Broadway hit under his arm.

Doctors Hospital is the sort of place where they expect you to take your malady seriously, lie doggo on your bed of pain, suck thermometers at solemn intervals, and recover in hushed and orderly sequence. You do not climb out of the ether and immediately start composing musical comedy. You do not eat dozens of ice-cream cones, beat out barbaric rhythms on the walls, and try forte snatches of new melody on your green-faced and queasy roommate. You do not have hordes of friends milling in your room at all hours, playing gin rummy, doing comedy dialogue and breaking into dance routines.

But the irrepressible Bernstein did. In those seven long, long days he managed to play such thorough hob with hospital routine that, on the last day, when a bobby-sox brigade swarmed the corridor to obtain his autograph, the harassed nurse shooed them back abruptly into the elevator with: "He may be Heaven's gift to music, but he's nervous indigestion to me!"

It just so happened that particular week Bernstein was doing the musical comedy On the Town—one of the most musically sophisticated scores along Broadway in many seasons, which score currently is putting royalties of more than $1,000 a week into the Bernstein pocket. Another week he might have been composing a symphony or a ballet or a clarinet and piano sonata.

Again, had he been on his feet, he might have been conducting a philharmonic concert. Or playing the Ravel piano concerto as solo pianist with an 85-man orchestra. Or just as ecstatically pounding out a full evening of boogie-woogie for the soldiers at Camp Dix. He does each of these various things, easily, brilliantly, sensitively, expertly.

As one critic puts it: "He is not yet a Stravinsky, a Gershwin, a Toscanini or a Horowitz. But he is halfway toward being all four at once."

Naturally this causes a lot of long hair to toss. There is no precedent for him, especially when he carries things to a still further extreme by being a good-looking, amiable American without any trade-marks of musical genius. Bernstein goes to a barber regularly, wears standard-sized neckties minus soup stains, eats a truck driver's dinner a half hour before concert time, likes to samba and rumba, goes to the movies, knows how to tell a naughty story and behaves generally like a friendly collie.

On one occasion backstage at Carnegie Hall, he heard a young woman pleading to see Bernstein. The guard finally let her through.

She flew down the hall into Lenny's dressing room, glanced at him impatiently, and gasped, "Oh, *please, please* tell me where I can find Leonard Bernstein!" With complete dead pan, Lenny directed, "Fourth door down, on the right." It was the men's room.

Lenny doesn't insist upon bedlam when he composes, but one way or another he usually attracts it. The score for Fancy Free—his ballet that broke all attendance records during the 1944 ballet season—was written via Western Union and long-distance telephone. It seems Jerome Robbins, the choregrapher, was on tour, and Oliver Smith, the scene designer, was in Mexico.

Bernstein composed, committed his score to a record, and sent this by air mail to Robbins. Whereupon Robbins deliberated, by telephone, with Smith in Mexico about set dimensions, and wired Bernstein the necessary changes. Bernstein, of course, had very definite and very different ideas about set designs and would pour them forth via telegram. This went on for several months until, strangely enough, the humorous and mercurial Fancy Free was evolved for the Ballet Theater at the Metropolitan Opera House. Critics rated it "just ten degrees north of terrific."

The somber, brooding symphony Jeremiah—text of which was taken from the Book of Lamentations—Lenny orchestrated in seventy-two hours under assembly-line conditions. His sister put in the time signatures, Lenny wrote the notes in pencil, a friend went over them in ink, another friend drew the bar lines, and still another administered black coffee for the three continuous days and nights it took to finish the incredible job. Lenny was rushing thus against time so he could enter the symphony in a New England Conservatory of Music competition. He didn't win.

However, a year later when Jeremiah was premiered by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, with Lenny conducting, the audience shouted for ten minutes in spontaneous ovation, and—in rare tribute to the composer—the orchestra refused to stand and share his glory. That same season the Music Critics Circle of New York City gave Jeremiah their annual award for the most worth-while work. In between times, and under somewhat more

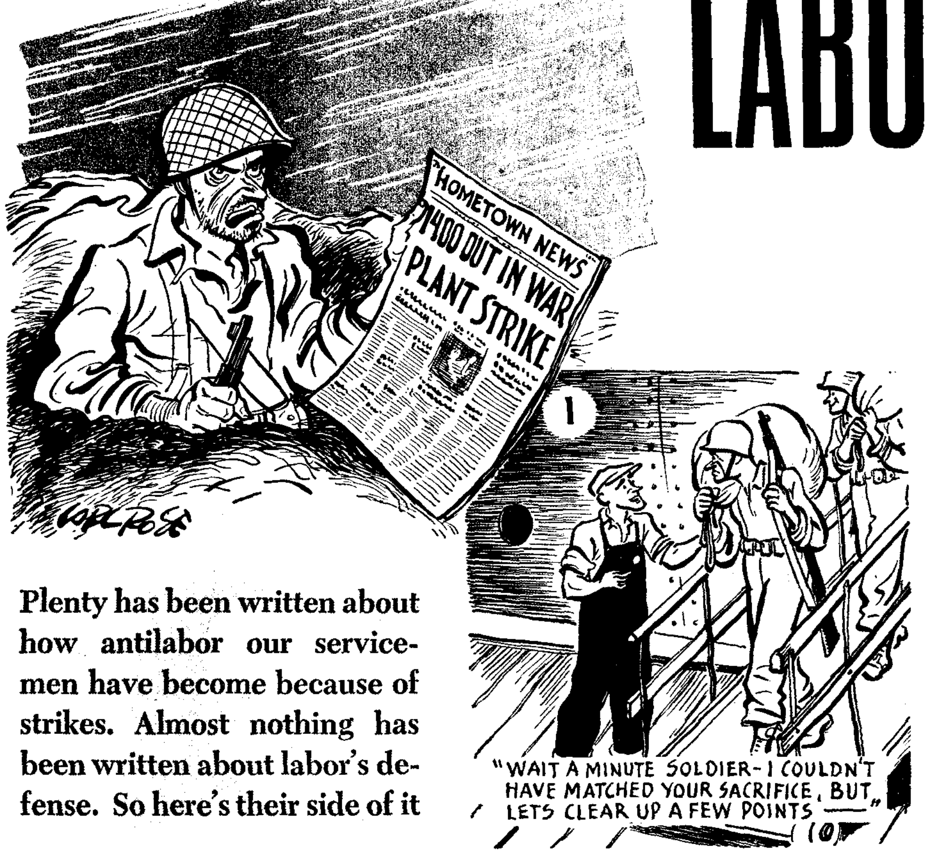
(Continued on page 86)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HUSTON-PIX

LABOR ANSWERS THE G.I.

BY STANLEY FRANK

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE


HOMETOWN NEWS
1400 OUT IN WAR PLANT STRIKE
CARL ROSE

1

"WAIT A MINUTE SOLDIER—I COULDN'T HAVE MATCHED YOUR SACRIFICE, BUT, LET'S CLEAR UP A FEW POINTS ——"

Plenty has been written about how antilabor our servicemen have become because of strikes. Almost nothing has been written about labor's defense. So here's their side of it

THE long voyage home in the troopship the guys called Buchenwald Annex was not a luxury cruise, but weariness and irritation suddenly leave Charley, combat rifleman, as he swings down the gangplank. He sheds the misery and monotony and fear that have been his constant companions for two years. Charley is home, back in the States, and it's wonderful. Some clowns are kissing the dock, but Charley just stands there with a silly grin on his pan, eating ice cream and hearing swing music for the first time in too long, basking in the awakened remembrance that there are such things as pretty, well-groomed American girls.

An old joker with a press card stuck in his hat begins to ask Charley the usual dumb questions. Charley feels so good he answers idly, still looking at the girls. The reporter casually asks whether Charley has any particular message for civilians. The old bitterness grabs Charley by the throat.

"Yeah, you can tell those lousy war workers to keep out of my way," he rasps. "Those bums were making about a hundred and fifty bucks a week and they quit any time they liked, but if I went back to the QM for another pair of socks I could've been shot as a deserter."

Pete, one of the heavy-weapons men in the outfit, has been listening. "I'd like to change places with one of them assembly-line commandos for five minutes," he says slowly. "They called this an all-out war. Sure, we went out to get killed and war workers went out on strike while they were gettin' ten times more dough."

Their vehemence shocks and disturbs the reporter. "Do you know why the strikes were called?" he asks.

"What the hell difference does it make?" Charley yelps. "My ulcers bleed for those poor, oppressed slobs who were making only a hundred and fifty bucks a week and weren't getting shot at."

"People back home were protecting your interests, as well as their own, while you were away," the reporter says doggedly. "That's what you were fighting for, wasn't it?"

"That's for the birds!" Charley sneers. "I'll be a great, big hero for two days after I get discharged, and the first place I hit for a job, I'll get that see-me-next-week routine from the union."

"You've got the wrong slant on war workers," the reporter insists patiently. "They haven't had it so easy."

"Was it as bad as getting killed?" Charley demands.

The reporter has no answer to that one; no one ever has or ever will. Labor leaders can talk about provocations and injustices and union baiters from now until the day generals serve breakfast in bed to buck privates, and they'll always wind up admitting that nothing is so bad as getting killed. Organized labor must offer something more than pious eye-rolling and high-powered oratory before it will square itself to Charley and several million more G.I.s whose violent antilabor attitude is the most dangerous conviction they're bringing back.

The G.I.'s profound antagonism toward unions—all unions—gives ugly promise of crystallizing the returning soldier's traditional grievances against those who remained behind and, perhaps, prospered during his absence or, at least, lived in safety and security. His hostility can make more difficult the postwar problem of readjustment by widening the gulf which always has existed between soldier and civilian. The F.B.I. already is watching spurious veterans' organizations using antilabor venom as the essential ingredient in the noxious brew they are cooking up to be peddled after general demobilization.

Responsible leaders of organized labor, always as realistic as the business end of a nightstick, know all about Charley's gripes. They are acutely aware of his bitterness and admit the situation is loaded with dynamite.

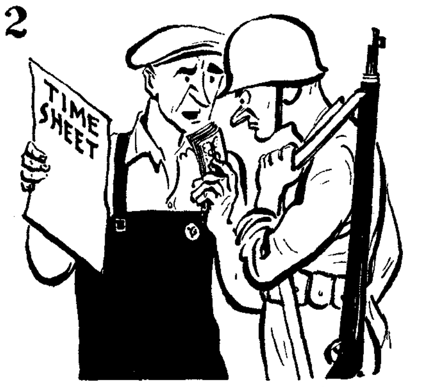
Animosity Born of Distortion

"There is no question in my mind that some servicemen—perhaps even a substantial number—have a hostile attitude toward labor unions," Philip Murray, president of the C.I.O., declares. "Many soldiers and sailors have a similar attitude toward other American institutions, but there is evidence of more feeling against unions than other groups. Why? Labor cannot get its story presented fairly and properly, hence servicemen have suffered a barrage of distortion against strikes, allegedly exorbitant wages and absenteeism. Men who have been discharged are discovering they don't get high wages and easy jobs, but that life at home involves many personal and family problems."

"Yeah, things are tough all over," Charley will say in a voice muscle-bound with irony, and again there is a deafening silence.

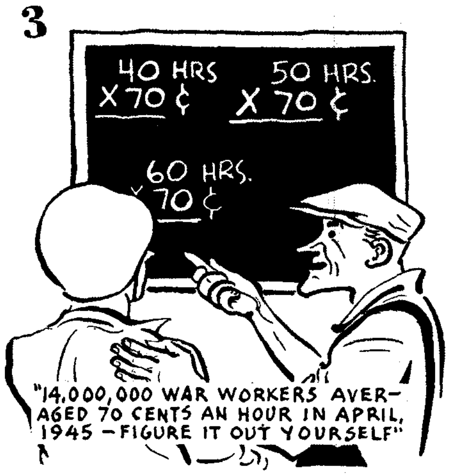
Labor does not emphasize the point that the discharged soldier will share in all the benefits workers at home are fighting for now. It would be a waste of time anyway. Charley has no interest in anything that does not contribute to his immediate welfare; logic has little appeal to a man whose life has hung on the caprice of bursting shells. Charley will give you the back of his sweaty neck unless you do some plain and fast talking about the problem upper-

2



"WHERE'D YOU GET THIS IDEA THAT WE ALL MADE $150 A WEEK?"

3



"14,000,000 WAR WORKERS AVERAGED 70 CENTS AN HOUR IN APRIL, 1945 — FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF"

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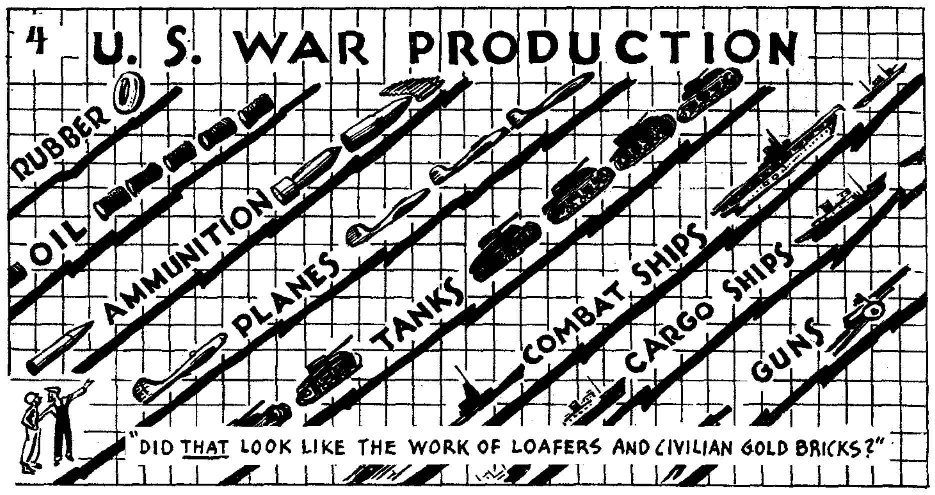
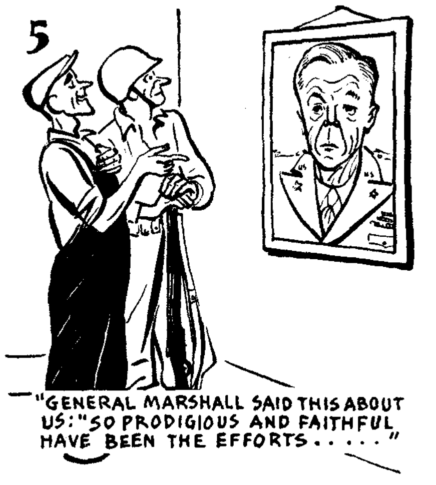


"DID THAT LOOK LIKE THE WORK OF LOAFERS AND CIVILIAN GOLD BRICKS?"

5



"GENERAL MARSHALL SAID THIS ABOUT US: "SO PRODIGIOUS AND FAITHFUL HAVE BEEN THE EFFORTS . . . . ""

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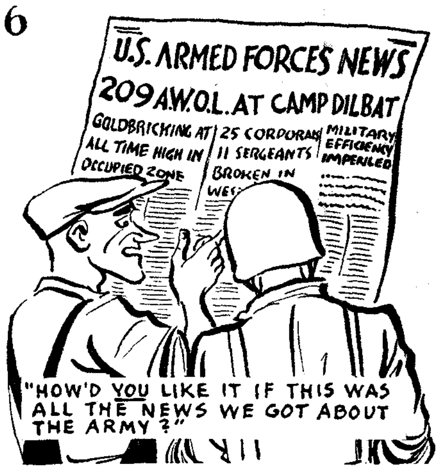
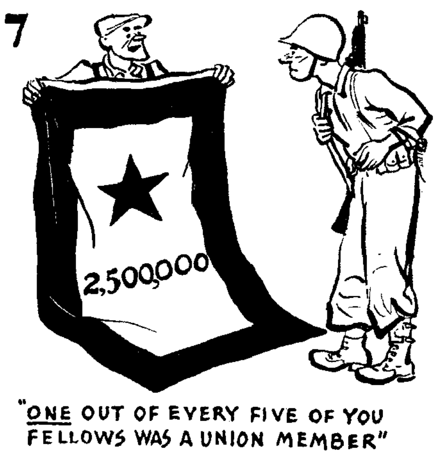

U.S. ARMED FORCES NEWS
209 A.W.O.L. AT CAMP DILBAT
GOLDBRICKING AT ALL TIME HIGH IN OCCUPIED ZONE
25 CORPORALS 11 SERGEANTS BROKEN IN WES
MILITARY EFFICIENCY IMPERILED

"HOW'D YOU LIKE IT IF THIS WAS ALL THE NEWS WE GOT ABOUT THE ARMY?"

7



"ONE OUT OF EVERY FIVE OF YOU FELLOWS WAS A UNION MEMBER"

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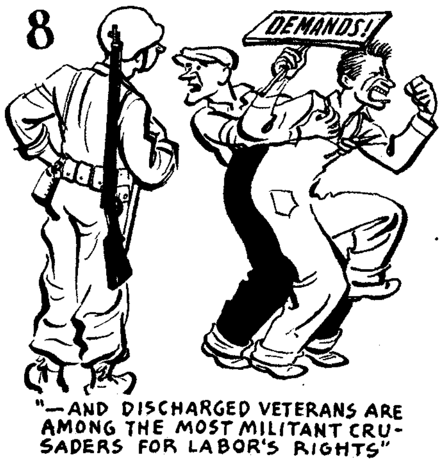


"—AND DISCHARGED VETERANS ARE AMONG THE MOST MILITANT CRUSADERS FOR LABOR'S RIGHTS" most in his mind—a job. Charley wants a job that will pay him a decent wage and carry a reasonable measure of security.

Labor has a program pegged to Charley's justifiable demands—we'll get to it presently—but when he is discharged, he's going to be more wild-eyed than ever if he is not given a quick briefing on the facts of civilian life.

Charley is convinced that all war workers were earning $150 a week, every week. Don't ask where he got this figure. This fanciful piece of gossip was repeated so often that it is gospel in all branches of the service. He's going to hit the roof—or somebody on the nose—if he is offered $45 a week. At that, he'll be doing better than most people in the labor market, even if he doesn't believe it. The War Labor Board says there were 14,000,000 war workers averaging 70 cents an hour in March, 1945.

Money is good only for what it can buy. Official WLB statistics can show Charley that wartime wages increased 19.7 per cent against a 29.4 per cent rise in the cost of living. He can learn from the same source that the average hourly wage of war workers in January, 1941, was 66 cents an hour, but in October, 1944, it was 61 cents in terms of the price index, or purchasing power of the dollar.

While reports of strikes were making Charley choke with indignation when he was in combat, he also was choking on the dust kicked up by a prodigious stream of rolling equipment. American war production was stupendous; he saw it at every turn in the weight and superiority of the stuff he threw at the enemy. It must have been obvious that not everyone at home was loafing or living on the fat of the land's black markets. Yet Charley still has an idea that a strike was called every time a dizzy dame was addressed harshly by the foreman for wearing a cozy red sweater.

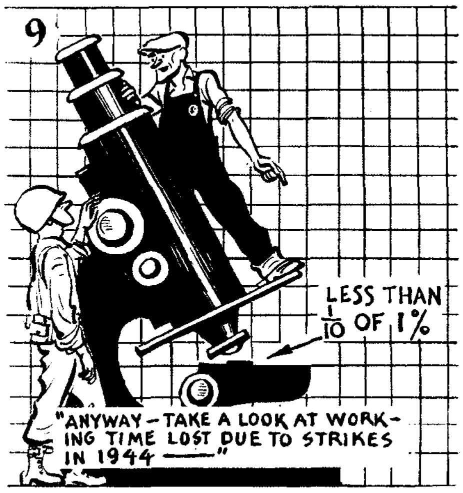
The Department of Labor can give him the right pitch on this. Actually, only one tenth of one per cent of working time was lost in 1944 as a result of walkouts. This reduced by one third the loss by strikes in 1943. Charley is suspicious of statistics, but these figures are not civilian scuttlebutt. Generals Marshall, Eisenhower and Arnold have paid public tribute to the unparalleled production of American war workers.

In a directive issued August 21, 1944, General Marshall wrote: "So prodigious and faithful have been the efforts of the great majority of our people that the loss (by strikes) represents less than one tenth of one per cent of the total labor time available. . . . Our civilians are exactly like us, and we have just about the same proportion of men who slow the Army effort by going AWOL, joining the VD ward, or just plain goldbricking."

The total time cost by work stoppages was so insignificant that the Associated Press was able to report on July 5, 1945: "Time lost in all the strikes since Pearl Harbor was virtually offset yesterday by millions of workers who observed Independence Day by laboring at their machines and benches."

Charley and several million other guys were based in England, and they're convinced the British knew there was a war going on, if you'll pardon the expression. They might be interested to learn that England's loss in union hours by strikes was 16 per cent higher than the United States'. The British have a compulsory labor law, and the war was brought to their doorsteps by bombings and V weapons, but their incidence of strikes in 1944 was the highest in twelve years.

When labor is able to present its case and speak the language the guys understand, their attitude changes visibly. Jim Carey, the slim, vigorous secretary-treasurer of the C.I.O., recently addressed wounded combat soldiers at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington unaware that a gag had been framed on him. The lieutenant who introduced Carey led off by blasting unions, and when he rose to speak, Carey was greeted with raucous, vulgar noises. Never a gent to duck a challenge, Carey took off his coat and a slip of paper dropped to the floor.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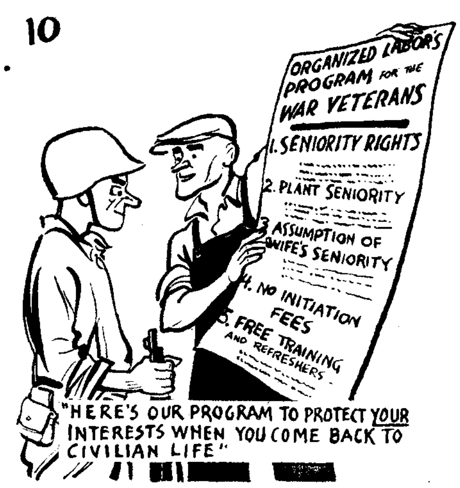
"ANYWAY—TAKE A LOOK AT WORKING TIME LOST DUE TO STRIKES IN 1944 ——"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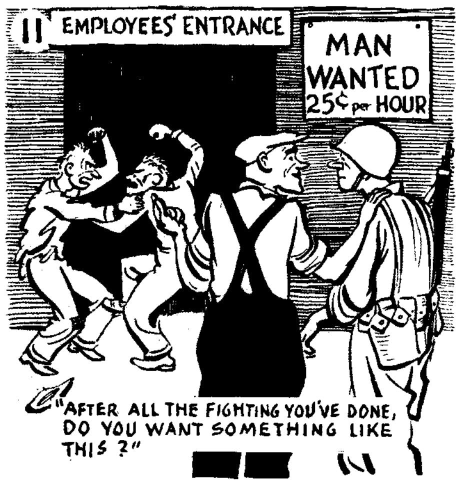
"HERE'S OUR PROGRAM TO PROTECT YOUR INTERESTS WHEN YOU COME BACK TO CIVILIAN LIFE"

ORGANIZED LABOR'S PROGRAM FOR THE WAR VETERANS
1. SENIORITY RIGHTS
2. PLANT SENIORITY
3. ASSUMPTION OF WIFE'S SENIORITY
4. NO INITIATION FEES
5. FREE TRAINING AND REFRESHERS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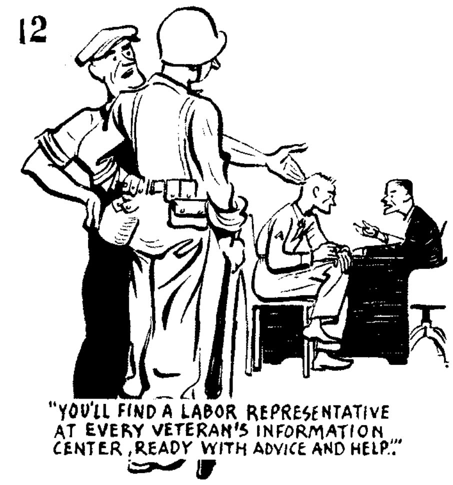
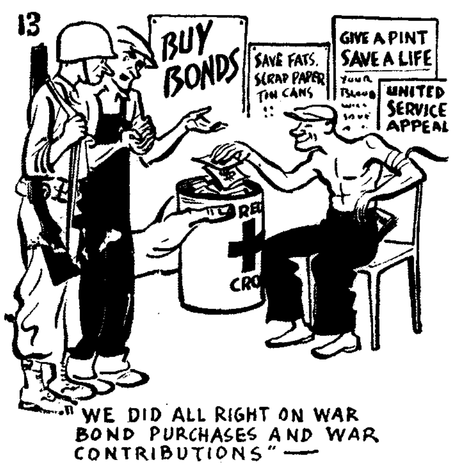
"AFTER ALL THE FIGHTING YOU'VE DONE, DO YOU WANT SOMETHING LIKE THIS ?"


12

"YOU'LL FIND A LABOR REPRESENTATIVE AT EVERY VETERAN'S INFORMATION CENTER, READY WITH ADVICE AND HELP."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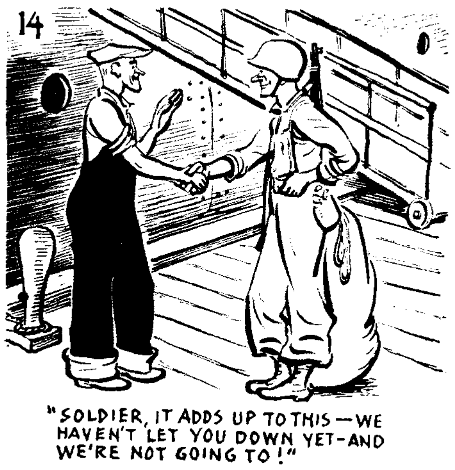
"WE DID ALL RIGHT ON WAR BOND PURCHASES AND WAR CONTRIBUTIONS" —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"SOLDIER, IT ADDS UP TO THIS—WE HAVEN'T LET YOU DOWN YET—AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO!"

More Than One War to Fight

"Here's the list of times I've been pinched," Carey began, brandishing the paper. "Not only have I been pinched, but I've been beaten up plenty of times. I don't propose to compare my fighting with what you've been through, but this much is true: You were fighting for this country and so was I. Are there any questions?"

There were, of course. A G.I. popped the inevitable one: "What about those strikes while we were in the line?"

"There are all kinds of people in unions, just as there are in the Army," Carey snapped. "The Army, with all its discipline, is unable to control every individual soldier. Unions are democratic organizations without military discipline. What would the public think of the Army if the only stuff that got into the papers was about the men thrown into the guardhouse? All you hear about are the relatively few union people who become involved in strikes, and even then you aren't told the cause. Those who have a financial stake in discrediting labor never tell you of the enormous productivity of war workers who have given you fellows the tools you've used so courageously to defeat foreign Fascism."

There wasn't a cold hand in the house when Carey finished.

Life in the Army and Navy does such a thorough job of disassociating servicemen from civilian attitudes that in a few months they lose fixed perspectives they've had for years. One man in every five in uniform was enrolled in a trade union; the A.F. of L. and C.I.O. alone had 2,500,000 members in the armed forces. These men regularly received letters and bulletins from their unions and they supposedly knew the score, but they often were loudest in condemnation of former coworkers.

Pvt. Robert Stone, a combat soldier who has been wounded twice, was international representative of the United Automobile Workers before induction. Before V-E Day he wrote to President R. J. Thomas and Secretary-Treasurer George F. Addes of the UAW.

"Please, for the good of the nation and the lives of the boys up front and for the continuance of our great organization in the postwar period, please do everything you can to remedy and prevent stoppages and strikes," Stone pleaded. Reporting a "terrific reaction" among G.I.s he added: "Why the hell do we need unions if they still strike when you say they pledge not to strike? I have yet to meet one G.I. who believes in strikes."

It is strange how viewpoints change. There is the typical case of Dominick J. Garafalo, former private in the 5th Marine Detachment of the famous First Division. Garafalo was eighteen when he enlisted in February, 1941. He is entitled to wear four campaign stars, a Presidential Unit Citation and the Purple Heart on his old uniform.

A machine gunner, Garafalo was in the first assault wave on Guadalcanal and was bayoneted by the Japs in the fighting for the Bloody Knoll. After recovering from his wounds, he was blown out of his slit trench by a 500-pound bomb and suffered severe shock. Still his ordeal was not done. While being evacuated to Australia, his ship was torpedoed and he was in the water for four hours before he was rescued. After his discharge in June, 1943, Garafalo got a job with the Brown-Lipe-Chapin Company at Syracuse and joined Local 854 of the UAW—Stone's union. He was not a union member before he was inducted.

"I was as browned off about strikes and unions as anybody in the South Pacific," Garafalo says. "I thought war workers were selling out guys like me until I got back home and saw the other side of the picture. Workers have to protect their own and the rights of servicemen, and going on strike is the only out they have when everything else fails. Unions are trying to get better wages and working conditions. That's what all the guys overseas want. What's the use of fighting the war if they can't get them when they come back?"

Discharged servicemen usually are the most militant crusaders for union rights when they discover those $150-a-week jobs existed only in febrile imaginations. One of the most ticklish within-the-family problems unions have to contend with is the direct-action boys who learned to take care of themselves in the Army and are impatient with such truck as conciliation and mediation when they get back on a civilian job.

Fully aware that it must prove the sincerity of its intentions to embittered G.I.s, labor has had in the works for more than two years a five-point program for their economic rehabilitation. Briefly, labor's purpose is to protect all the rights and privileges a man would have enjoyed had he remained employed continuously during the war. Following through with this philosophy, organized labor gives veterans:

1. Seniority dating from their induction into the armed forces, whether or not they were union members before the war. A kid who went directly from high school into the Navy, for example, and still is in uniform, is accumulating seniority—now.

2. Plant-wide seniority to disabled men. The veteran who has suffered a war-connected injury that leaves him with a permanent handicap is given preference to any job he can fill satisfactorily—not just his old job.

3. The right to assume a wife's seniority if it is greater than the serviceman's.

4. Waiver of all initiation fees, which are considerable in the highly skilled crafts.

5. Free training and refresher courses in the new techniques that have been developed in his absence and the establishment of committees in every union to help the returning soldier get back his old job or a better one if it is available.

Tackling the Job Now

All emphasis is concentrated on satisfying the demands veterans always have made—jobs and security. The man who has been exposed to the tensions of war is concerned only with the immediacies of the moment; he has no patience to think of the uncertain future. He wants a job to make up for the time and money he lost in military service, and he wants assurance that he will hold it.

Labor endeavors to meet these demands at all the stages of a veteran's journey from demobilization to eventual employment. Union representatives are on hand at all large veterans' information centers to advise discharged men on the local labor market, direct them to jobs and make certain they receive the prevailing wage scale and that their seniority rights are observed.

Seniority, which the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt called "an institution in American industry," is the worker's only legal protection against an employer who doesn't like the color of his hair—and, more important—against other workers. As long as seniority rights are observed by industry and labor—and there is equal responsibility on both parties—there can be no ruinous, cutthroat competition that will force a worker to underbid another man's wages to find a job in a tight market.

In making an elastic definition of seniority for veterans, labor merely is playing ball with the law of the land. Section 8-B of the Selective Service Act of 1940 states: ". . . . a

(Continued on page 63)

THE PIPER'S SON

BY HOWARD BRESLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL

The bagpipes wailed on the road to Killennis while the girl and the gypsy waited. And one knew that death and a legend followed on the heels of the mournful song

QUINN didn't like the assignment. The mist hung around him as thick as wood smoke; all he could see was a few yards of road. It glistened beneath his boots, a cart-wide strip of mud, more bog than road. Bog trotters, thought Quinn bitterly. Bog trotters, indeed! As if anyone could trot in the slippery glue of Irish mud. Quinn wished the general were in it right up to his stars. The man had said, "It takes a mick to catch a mick." Quinn growled. He was willing to bet money there was English blood in that general.

The road widened, and then split as if the mud had overflowed and run off in a streak at one side. Quinn stopped, peering into the mist. He could hear the countryside dripping around him.

There was nothing in his instructions about a crossroad. No sign of it on any maps he'd been shown. He remembered the briefing: Follow the road straight west to Killennis; a man will meet you there. All clear, thought Quinn. All clear, and specific, and, no doubt, filed in triplicate. But no mention of a second road, or how to find west in a fog you could taste.

Quinn flicked a few beads of water from the peak of his sodden cap. "Beautiful Ireland!" he said, aloud. "Saints and scholars, but no signposts."

Stumbling up the bank between the roads, Quinn hunted for one. He slid down again, the musette bag slapping his back. He hadn't expected a sign. He only glanced into the ditch because he was thorough. Quinn froze.

The man lay on his face, crumpled, as lifeless as the hat beside him. He had been there some time; the mist was thick on his clothes.

Quinn pursed his lips in a silent whistle. "Man, man," he said softly. "Would it be you I was to meet in Killennis?"

There was one way to find out. Quinn dropped into the ditch and splashed through the water in its bottom. He crouched beside the dead man. He didn't search; he just ran his hands over the body. When he saw the lining sticking out of the right topcoat pocket, he grunted.

"Chalk one up to the Piper's son," said Quinn.

Squatting back on his heels, Quinn considered. Except for the neat, black hole in the back of the man's head, he might have stumbled into the ditch. From above and behind, thought Quinn. Probably waited for him on the bank across the road and knocked him over with a single shot. If it was the right man, he would have been coming away from Killennis, and the road he lay beside was the one to follow.

Quinn climbed out of the ditch. He stood a moment on its rim, looking down, a short, compact man, in a battered tweed jacket, and corduroys stuffed into thick boots. He unslung the cheap musette bag, rummaged in it and took out a holstered revolver. Quinn drew the gun from its leather.

It was a Colt .38 Special, and Quinn flipped out the cylinder to make sure it was fully loaded. The blue barrel sweated from the mist, and he wiped it with his palm before he stowed it inside his coat. Even as he stuffed the holster back into the bag, he was turning away. Hunched forward, one hand gripping the strap over his shoulder, Quinn plodded along the road. The mist ebbed before him, closed silently at his heels. There was no sound but the constant dripping, and the steady, unhurried plop of his own footsteps.

There was no telling how long it took. In the half-light of the fog, without a watch, Quinn could only guess at the time. The road twisted, and curved, climbed and dipped. Quinn followed it. He was descending a slope when the bank at his right changed to wet fence rails.

Somewhere a cow lowed. Quinn raised his head, but his pace didn't quicken. Then, suddenly, a village was around him. Buildings loomed each side of the road, half erased by the mist; a low eave jutted out here, a step there. There were noises of life too. A door banged; voices murmured; an ax was splitting wood.

Not a big place by the looks, thought Quinn. But Killennis was not big. He moved along the street slowly, looking at the houses. A black rectangle beside a doorway drew him closer. Quinn smiled. It was a dented tin sign tacked to a wall. Sullivan's Stout. Quinn pushed open the door and entered.

THE room was square and dark. It held the tables and chairs, the small counter bar of any public house. But a peat fire glowed in the grate of the fireplace, and its bright red reflection dotted every glass behind the bar. A woman sat, silhouetted by the fire.

Quinn inhaled the warmth gratefully.

"Hello," said a voice. "Come in from the wet. You'll find the fire helps."

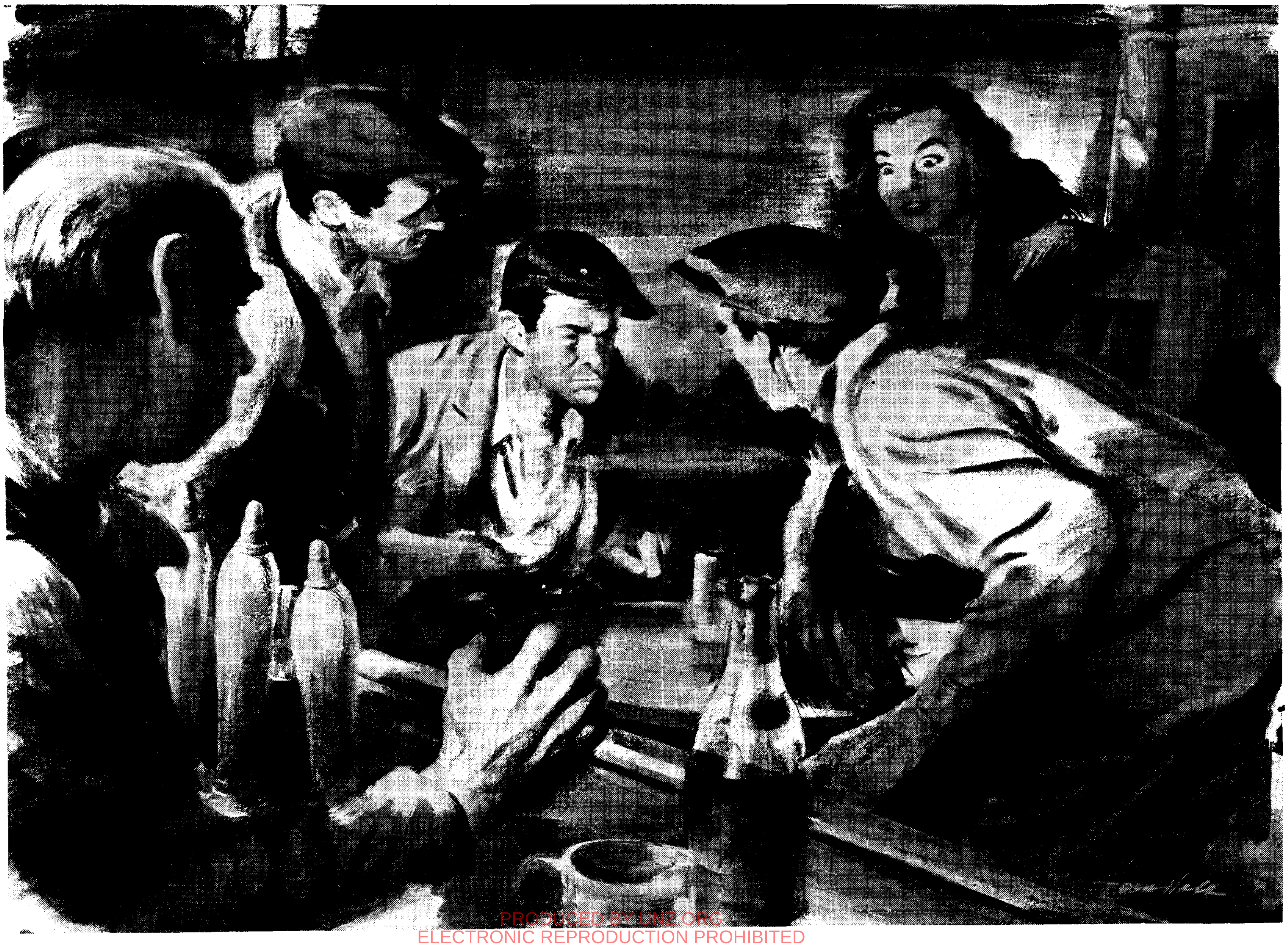
Not a woman, corrected Quinn. A girl by her voice, and a well-bred one. His own tone when he spoke was broader, as befitted a working man. He said: "A greeting, miss. And would this be Killennis?"

"It would, and is."

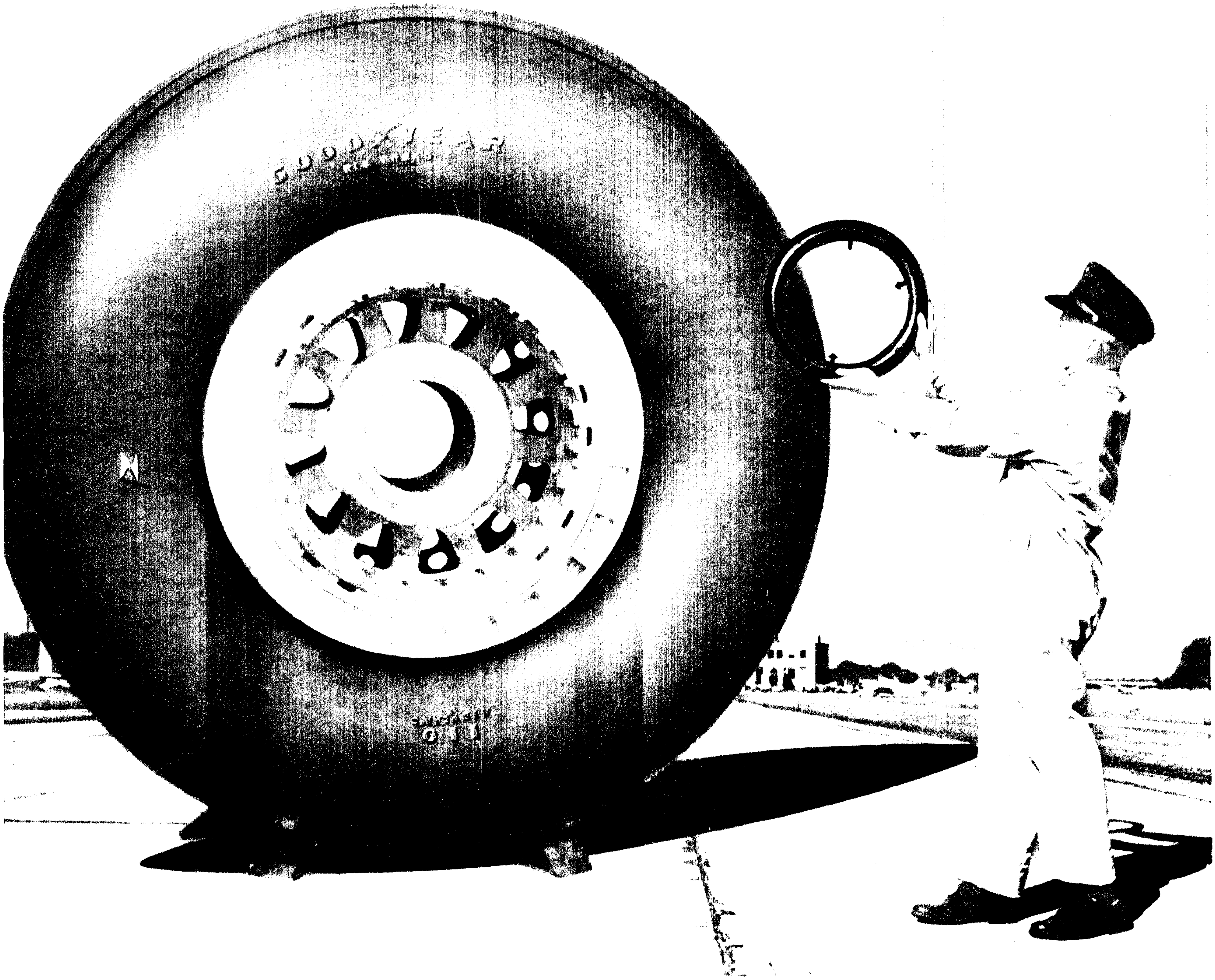
"Thanks be. It's thick enough without for a man to spend his life wandering the hills with no company but his own voice, and that miserable. Would anyone be calling this weather summer?"

The girl smiled over her shoulder. "There'll

(Continued on page 74)



Eileen stared, her eyes wide. "Miles," she said, "do—do you mean—you killed the lodger?" Miles Regan frowned with impatience. "We are not playing games, Eileen," he said, and pivoted on his heels to face Quinn in front of the bar



And now, the biggest airplane tire ever built!

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

You're looking at a striking example of America's leadership in the air — *thirty-six years of progress in the art of making airplane tires.*

The little "hoop" at the right is the first practical airplane tire pioneered by Goodyear in 1909. The Goodyear giant at the left —using the sensational new fabric—Nylon—and containing more rubber than any other airplane tire ever built—stands 9 feet, 2 inches, weighs more than 1500 pounds.

Between these two tires lie many years of patient research, careful compounding, progressive design, improved production methods . . . the long step-by-step advance that has made Goodyear "The Greatest Name in Rubber" — the world's foremost builder of tires.

Whether it's a tire for a huge airplane or for your own car, Goodyear's scientific design and better compounding mean a stronger body and a safer, longer lasting tread. These are just some of the reasons why it's true today—as it has been for 30 years — "More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

A pioneer in rubber — natural and synthetic — Goodyear is also an experienced worker in fabrics, metals, chemicals, plastics and many other vital fields . . . constantly developing new products that will be more useful to you.

VICTORY! BUY BONDS!

GOODYEAR

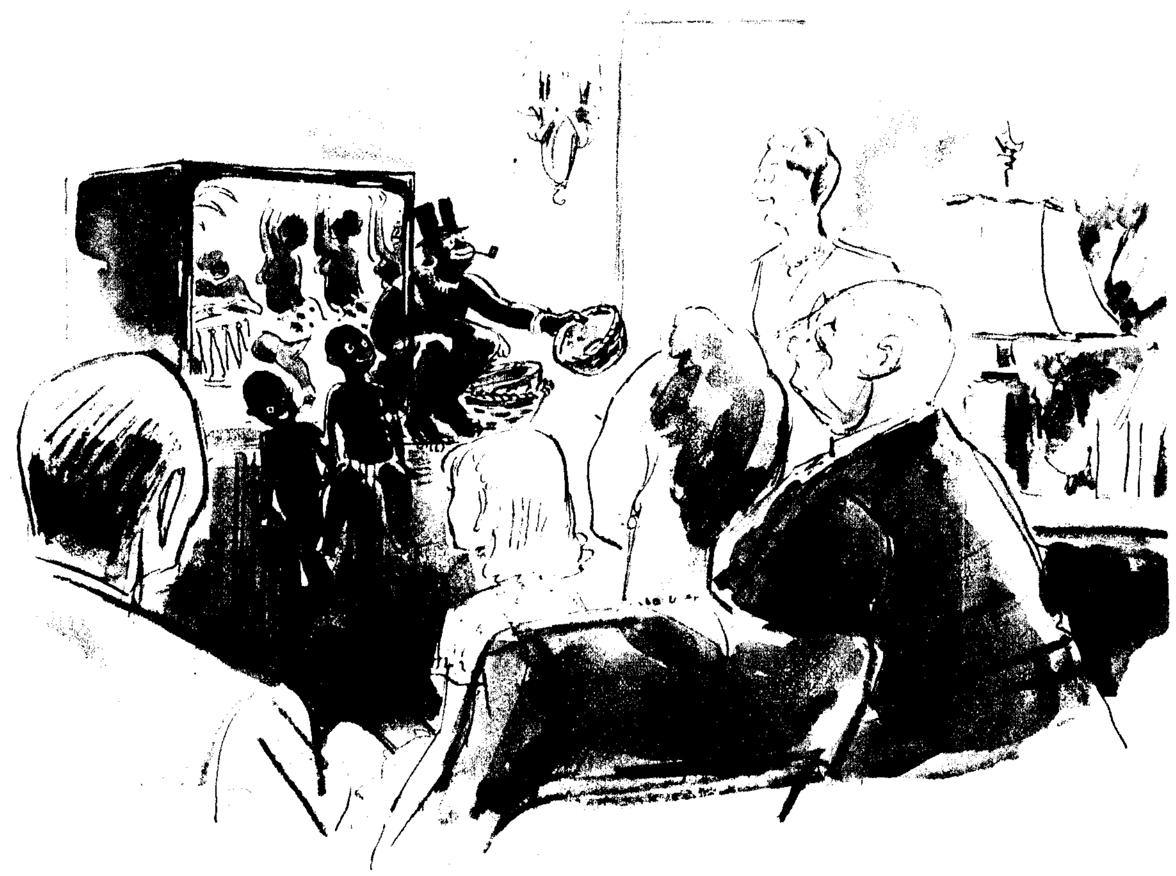
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

VIEWS COMING UP

By Harriet Van Horne

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY BARLOW

The television boys are pawing the ground, waiting to spend millions of dollars to entertain you right at home



Television may boost internationa amity by bringing strange people *and customs into your living roo*

WITHIN a year you should be yoo-hooing to your neighbors to come over and view the video. On a screen the size of an opened-up newspaper you will see everything from the perspiration on Toscanini's brow to the unabashed joy of a quiz contestant who has just counted his fingers and toes correctly for $64.

For this television set you will pay from $150 to $400, depending on the model. Add to this another $25 for installation and, barring a government tax on each set, you may settle back while America's most hopeful industry prepares to spend a billion dollars a year entertaining you.

It might be well to announce straight off, however, that the billion dollars won't be spent in television's first year—or second. At the moment there are so many rifts within the lute that radio's planners are cheered if they occasionally strike one clear chord to the future. Yet they all feel sure that television one day will be both practical and cheap, and will provide the widest and deepest influence of any medium yet dreamed of.

Just how anxious the public is for television in exemplified by a recent news item. The depositors in a bank on Long Island had organized a savings club, the story said, for the avowed purpose of buying television sets. The bank arbitrarily adopted $400 as the cost per set. Twenty-two per cent of savings club depositors requested that their accounts be earmarked for video receivers. (Video—Latin for "I see"— is trade jargon for television.)

But a full day of gala programs won't arrive with the first new sets. What lies within our grasp is a few hours of television a day, with pictures almost as sharp as home movies. Drama, quiz shows, symphony concerts, lectures and news commentaries with accompanying maps, and possibly clips from newsreels and travelogues—these are on the agenda way ahead of all-star musical productions from five revolving stages.

At the outset, television programs will be an interesting compromise between perfection and immediacy, with an eye ever on the budget. Video's honeymoon year with radio, for reasons we shall go into presently, is likely to be on the short side. But like the honeymoon year, it will be so enchanting, so wondrous in its newness, that nobody will be scornful.

The conversion to video will be gradual, and at the start we shall have to be content with three or four hours a day. (In the New York area at the moment, you can get about 18 hours a week.) This three or four hours, in the metropolitan area, will next be stretched to six or eight, since the three New York stations are not likely to broadcast simultaneously at first.

It goes without saying, that the public's chief inducement to buy video sets will be the quality of the programs. Continuing to run off old movie shorts isn't going to please the public or improve the art. If television is to become the fixed national habit radio is, the programs must be lively and informative, with the something-for-everybody twist.

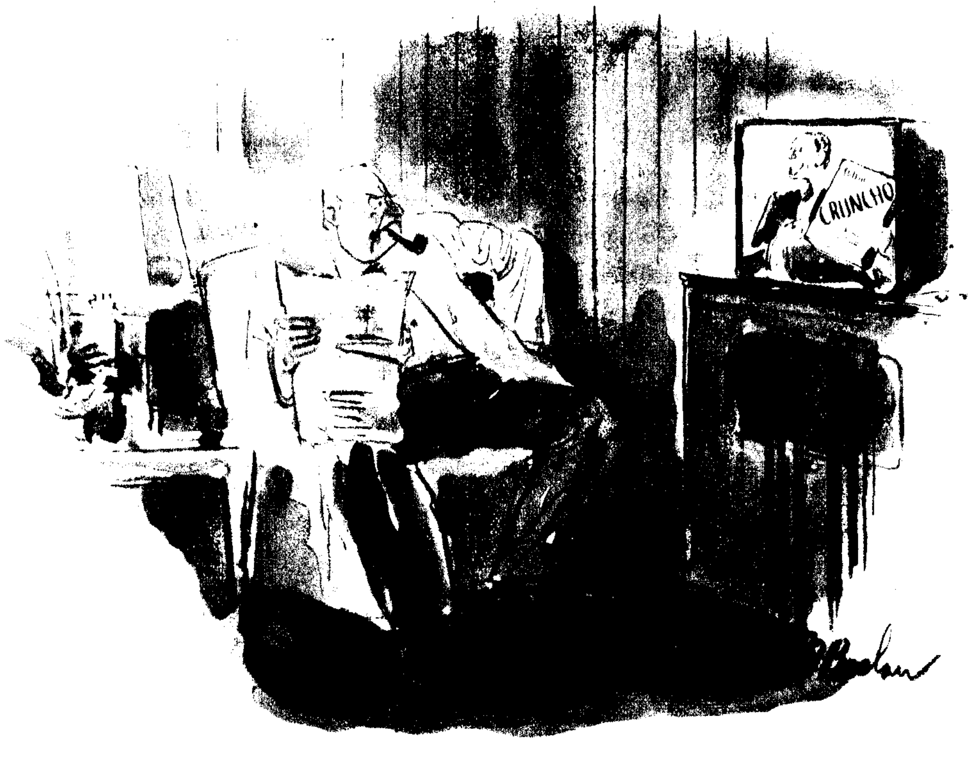
In a sense, television may resuscitate our national theater, since there will have to be locally built live shows on small outlets across the nation. Besides these, something called "vaudevision" has been predicted by Robert E. Lee, one of the nation's television authorities. These will be ready-packaged shows, specially built to travel about the country from one station to another.

Another source of program material will be the telephoto news service. That is, news coverage by video, edited locally with a judicious mixture of home-town and nationa news. At first, telephoto stills may be th backbone of this service. Later, you'll hav on-the-spot, motion picture video.

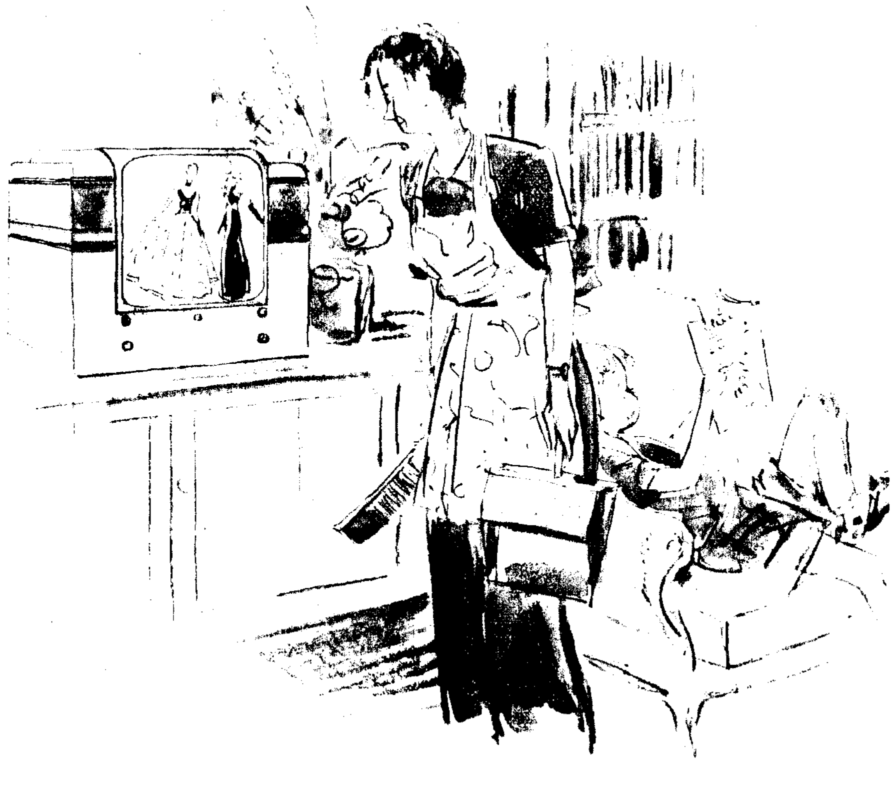
What with instantaneous news coverag and video, nobody should be unaware o what's going on in the world. One gadge that will help out along these lines is th coming facsimile machine, a gadget tha prints you a newspaper via radio while yo sleep. Prewar specimens of facsimile wer not too good. But the magic printing pres responsible for this trick is expected to be i perfect shape shortly. Into this press can b put a newspaper page, a photograph, a shee of music, or a phone-booth doodle—and black-and-white identical copy will come ou the other end.

Naturally, this can be transmitted over th air waves, thanks to video. And this is direc reproduction, with no processing. It is sai to be five times as fast as telephoto, four time as fast as reading speed, eight to ten time as fast as speaking speed. The urge to rea

One of the delights of television will be that you will not only be able to hear, but also see the fascinating commercial announcements



Television's best friend will probably be the housewife who will see latest fashions, watch cooking demonstrations and her pet soap opera

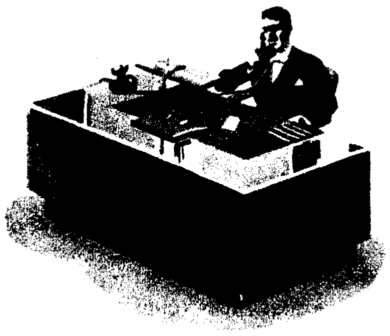


And Don't Forget Your A B C's
Chesterfield

Always Buy Chesterfield

MILDER . . . BETTER-TASTING . . . COOLER

Yes, when you remember your A B C's of smoking pleasure you remember the three important benefits that Chesterfield's Right Combination . . . World's Best Tobaccos gives you. Here they are: *A—ALWAYS MILDER, B—BETTER TASTE* and *C—COOLER SMOKING.*



Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

Chesterfield They Satisfy

RIGHT COMBINATION • WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

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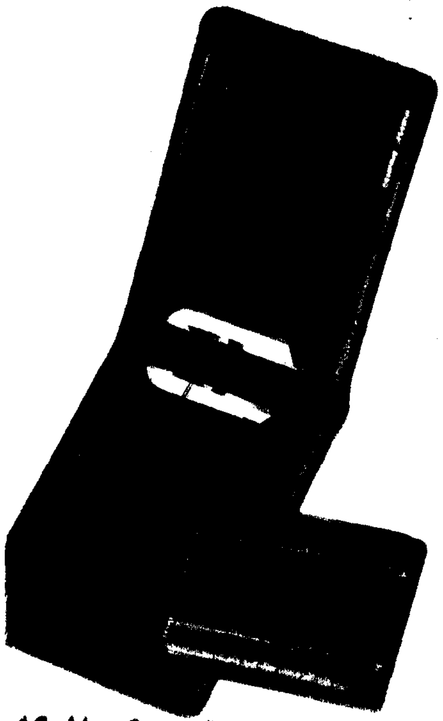
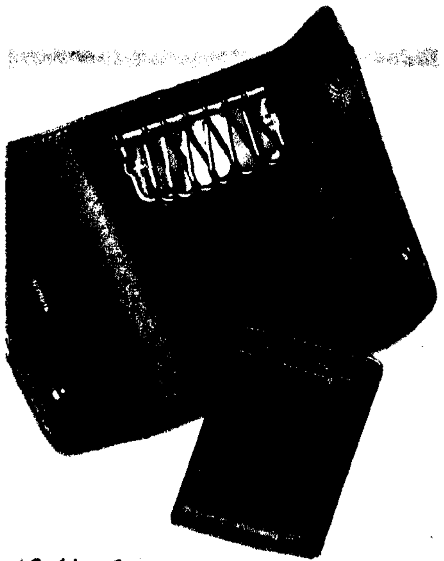




"Pride Winners"
in PIGSKIN
by PIONEER

"Gold-Stripe" WALLET
Cleverly designed, handsomely custom-crafted and extra slim. Hazeltone genuine Pigskin with gold-stamped striping. "Best for your Money" at . . . . . $5 plus tax

"Gold-Stripe" KEY-CASE
Accommodates six keys but key-loops are detachable if you carry less. Worthy companion of matching wallet. Top value at . . . $2 plus tax

PIONEER
PHILADELPHIA 1, PA.
BRACES
BELTS
GARTERS
WALLETS
PIONEER
"For Men Who Care What They Wear"

being always with us, facsimile owners may simply set the dial to their favorite newspaper's wave length and tear off the paper, page by page. The practicability of facsimile may cut down the number of news programs; or news coverage by video may enhance interest in printed newspapers.

Now let's look at some other program possibilities. Music programs, for example. Radio right now is blessed with some outstanding musical groups whose showmanship is such that one never attends a studio broadcast without wishing that video were here already. The Fred Waring show is one outstanding example. Then there's Kay Kyser's musical quiz, Cab Calloway's hi-de-ho rhythms, with all the maestro's wild gyrations, or the all-girl orchestra on the Hour of Charm.

It has also been suggested that programs of serious music be accompanied by movies showing cloud formations, mountain peaks, the pounding surf. NBC recently televised opera and reported favorable audience reaction. Dancers, from the serious artists of the modern ballet to ballroom teams and jitterbugs, will have their place.

Other visual interpretations suggested range from Walt Disney cartoons to Raymond Scott's whimsical, precise music. In all likelihood, important concert programs—the Philharmonic Symphony and NBC Symphony—will be recorded and filmed in New York, used over and again on small stations.

One of radio's most popular formats is the comedy-variety show. You know, the band plays a rhythm number, a comedian tells you about the funniest thing that happened to him on the way over to the studio, and three girls make unintelligible noises in fine runic rhyme. Then a cooing male voice inquires after your dandruff or your dirty linen. The band plays another rhythm number and the whole thing costs the sponsor anywhere from $10,000 to $15,000. It's a format that drives sensitive souls out to see a revival of an old French film, but the general audience finds this type of show very funny indeed.

They'll All Be There

Television is expected to retain it. A natural for comedy on the video will be the boys who have proved their worth in both pictures and radio. Loyal listeners aren't going to permit their favorites—Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Edgar Bergen, Bob Hope—to shy away from television.

Of all artists who will be affected by television, perhaps the playwright should be happiest. For video will give him all the scope in the world. He can use a huge motion picture screen, with any still that suits his purpose, as a backdrop. He can send his show live, firing the actors with the immediacy that demands good performances. At the same time the show will be filmed for repeat broadcasts.

Moreover, television is a fluid medium, intimate and directly expressive. Because of this very intimacy, dramas the length of motion picture features will be ruled out. But short stories should lend themselves beautifully to reproduction. The soap opera, regardless of what you may think of it, will be an easy and logical video program. One or two stage sets will suffice. And the films can be sold profitably to small stations, since the hinterlands house the soap operas' most devoted rooters. Of course, you could reason along with one radio critic, who once said that television would be the death knell of television. "It's all right to hear that stuff," he said, "but can you imagine *seeing* it?"

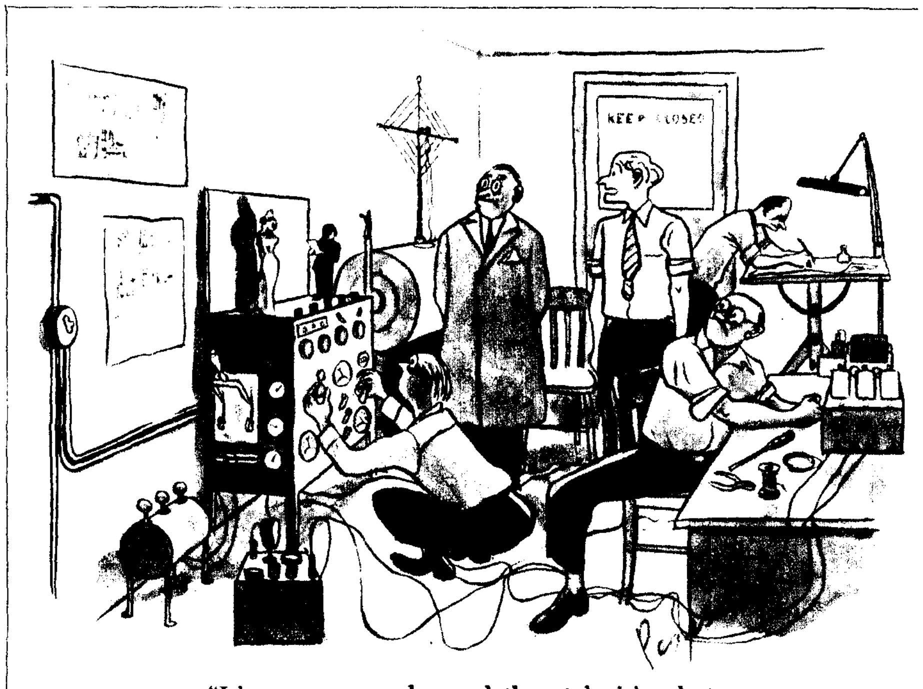
Audience participation shows will take on added zest. Truth or Consequences, for instance, has long cried for television. Here the contestants are asked to perform such chores as bathing elephants, playing the piano in mid-air suspended upside down, and heaving custard pies with abandon. Breakfast in Hollywood, with Tom Breneman trying on the ladies' hats, man-in-the-street quizzes, Take It or Leave It, all are naturals.

Television's best friend probably will be the housewife. She will see fashion shows, some of them complete with instructions for making the various dresses. She will watch cooking demonstrations and may be mixing and baking right along with the lecturer.

There will be cartoons to amuse the tiny tots, and science demonstrations or handicraft lessons for the older children. A Shopper's Guide program would show the lady of the house what is to be had in the stores, and will bring together enough sponsors to pay for a fifteen-minute or half-hour show.

It certainly should make the welkin ring in some quarters when word gets around that video advertising will be, for the most part, silent. Blurbs will be flashed on the screen. Packaged foods will revolve slowly on a turntable. Swatches of materials will be shown in close-up, labels attached. Pretty girls will brush their teeth, and you'll see a close-up of the tube. Contented babies will munch that delicious, crunchy cereal, and you won't be able to miss the big red box. And when thy eye is offended, thee can pluck out the receiver.

Because of the advertising potential in television, it has been predicted that some sort of "board of good taste" be set up to keep the small advertiser with a small mind from corrupting the medium. Too many babies crunching on that delicious cereal will send video set owners back to the old phonograph. There must be restraint and good taste. Somebody will have to see to it. Spot announcements and hitchhikes (those commercials which plug another of the sponsor's products after the main show-with-plugs is over), two of radio's lowliest nuisances, ought to be stricken from television. And there seems to be a general feeling that they will be.



COLLIER'S

"It's even more advanced than television but still too complicated for the general public"

CHARLES PEARSON

In the field of education by television there seems to be no limit. The "Learn to ——" programs probably will go on forever teaching everything from airplane mechanics to the rumba. Lessons in art and music appreciation, with the iconoscope (television "mike") visiting museum and concert hall, should be available. Katharine Cornell discussing the theater and offering scenes from great plays, Carl Sandburg reading his own verse, Robert Edmond Jones telling (and showing) a thousand high school dramatic societies how best to make a simple backdrop, a learned astronomer charting the heavens—all these will be contributing to the education of your child in a few years. A vital school of the air should be developed, with the nation's foremost authorities in their respective fields reaching out to growing minds through video. One only hopes that CBS will extend its fine School of the Air to include television, and NBC its University of the Air.

In brief, the video set in your living room will be more than a toy. Within our lifetime, it will be the greatest force for world enlightenment and freedom that history ever has known. Ideas will know no boundaries, and no man should be a stranger to any other man. The provinces will come to the city, and where there is television there can be no "backwoods."

But before the backwoods can be brought to the boulevards—and vice versa—televisio has a long tough technical struggle ahead c it. Instantaneous network television in fu color may take from two to five years. Th problems here are many and knotty. Ho they are solved will affect the price you pa for your video receiver and the kind of entertainment you get.

It is physically impossible, for reasons yo have to be a physicist to understand, to construct a television network over the same system now linking our broadcasting station Television waves differ from radio waves i that they are very short. So short that the fail to bend with the curve of the earth. Seventy-five or a hundred miles is about as fa as they go, depending on atmospheric conditions. A London television broadcast reportedly was received in Chicago a few year ago, but nobody seems to know why or how Evidently the waves hit something in spac which kept them bouncing back to the earth' surface. If engineers knew just what the wave had hit, international television soon woul be in your home.

But national television is as far as we g in this lesson, For it, three means of networ connection are under consideration.

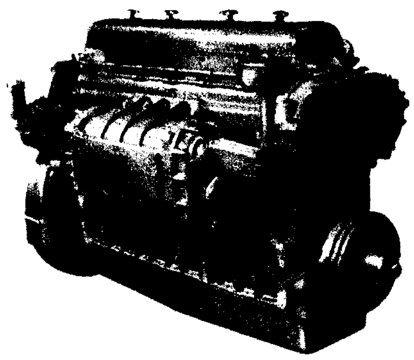
The first would require the laying of a coaxial cable, which is just about as complicated as a regular cable except it also has retaining wall around the wires to keep th current in place. Cost would be on a par wit some of the items in the national debt, with one conservative estimate placing it at half a billion dollars. Cancel the coaxial cable, then. Second, wave guides. That is, radio transmission guided through a hollow pipe. This would directionalize the waves, in the language of the trade, and keep them from vanishing into space every 75 miles or so. You probably can cancel this plan, too, coast-to-coast hollow pipes being no pipes to lay.

Third, and most likely, basis for a network is radio relay. This system, utilizing low-power radio transmitters to boost the signal from one station to another, is the heavy favorite right now.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which provides the wires for our present-day radio hookups, recently asked the Federal Communications Commission for permission to build seven radio relay stations between New York and Boston. If the experiment succeeds, the company plans to standardize the apparatus and expand its use throughout the country. But this, too, may take a few years. A similar plan was filed with the FCC in March by the Raytheon Manufacturing Company, which is planning a "sky-top system" of relay stations, whose function would be to pick up the signal, "boost it" onward. These would be erected atop nine mountain peaks, including Mt. Shasta and Mt. Whitney, whose heights range from 3,000 to 15,000 feet.

A plan for television and frequency-modu-

A Million Miles Young



ANY number of GMC coaches powered with General Motors Diesel engines have passed the million-mile mark. And they're still going strong. Still pulling upgrades smoother—still faster on the get-away—still turning in upwards of 50% more miles per gallon of low-cost fuel.

One reason is the GM "71" 2-cycle Diesel engine that packs big, tough horsepower into small space and light weight.

Coaches are just one example. These sturdy power plants hand out performance like this everywhere they're used—in tractors, boats, trucks, cranes—driving oil-well machinery, lumber saws and cotton gins.

All through the war GM Diesels have been working side by side with our fighting men, powering landing craft, tanks, tractor bulldozers and all kinds of hard-working machinery.

And as these boys come home, these engines will still stand ready to work side by side with them—ready to provide rugged, long-life, low-cost, easily maintained power in the countless applications of America's expanding industry.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FEATURES OF THE GM "71" DIESEL

- **Low size and weight per horsepower.**
- **Quick starting under all conditions.**
- **2-cycle, smoother operation.**
- **Easy accessibility of wearing parts.**
- **Unit injectors—no high-pressure piping.**
- **Maximum parts interchangeability regardless of number of cylinders.**
- **Uniflow scavenging—clean burning.**
- **Smooth performance at high altitudes.**

GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL
POWER

SINGLE ENGINES . . *Up to 200 H.P.*
MULTIPLE UNITS . . *Up to 800 H.P.* } · · ***DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION,*** *Detroit 23, Mich.*

ENGINES . . *150 to 2000 H. P. . . CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland 11, Ohio*

LOCOMOTIVES . . . . *ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.*

KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY MORE VICTORY BONDS

What a Woeful Week End it *might* have been!

7 A. M. Pat's in no mood for week-end gaiety. Cadets? Football? Dancing? Brrr! Pat's head is heavy . . . due to the need of a laxative.

But here comes Jinny, the dream roommate. "Drink up," she begs, "this tingly glass of Sal Hepatica will fix you —but fast!"

9 A. M. All set for a week end of fun and frolic. Pat gives silent thanks to Jinny—and Sal Hepatica. This sparkling saline laxative, taken first thing in the morning, usually brings relief within an hour. It helps counteract excess gastric acidity, too; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

Recommended by 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed in a survey, Sal Hepatica is something for *you* to remember, next time *you* need a laxative!

ASK YOUR DOCTOR about the efficacy of this famous prescription! Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today, remembering this: caution—use only as directed.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy*

SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN { "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P. M., E.T.
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, ABC, 8:30 P.M., E.T.

lation broadcasting that might revolutionize present-day network broadcasting was put forth recently by Westinghouse Electric and the Glenn L. Martin Company. Instead of relay stations it would utilize airplanes flying in the stratosphere, six miles up.

A chain of planes similar to the B-29, each cruising over a fixed area, would span the continent, according to this plan, and transmit simultaneously five FM programs and four television shows to listeners on the ground. This stratosphere relay, it is said, would enable 14 planes to cover 78 per cent of the nation's population and eliminate entirely the stations on the ground.

"If it works it will be revolutionary," admitted Niles Trammell, president of NBC.

Not so enthusiastic was Paul Kesten of CBS. "Television stations in the sky," he stated, "will not take the place of local stations, each serving its own community." But the "stratovision" proposal, he admitted, offers a magnificent opportunity for nationwide programs aimed at coast-to-coast audiences and will provide wider coverage for small towns and rural areas.

But by putting the transmitters in the air, contends Charles E. Nobles, the twenty-seven-year-old engineer whose idea it is, a television signal could be sent 211 miles in one direction, instead of the 50 to 75 now possible. Accordingly each plane would cover 422 miles at a cost of $1,000 an hour. Ground stations cost $13,000 an hour.

Of course, even such a plan will not include all of the smaller markets of the country. And other network plans would provide coverage for even fewer of the rural areas. Unless you live near a large city, then, you may have to wait a bit to see Toscanini on the video.

Until the nationwide hookup is established, live shows will be limited in number, except in the New York and Hollywood areas. Instead, special "video films" will be made in these centers, flown to other cities for repeat showings. Shrewd businessmen, with experience in both movies and radio, are planning to open studios devoted entirely to producing films for television. One such, already in operation in New York, is called the Motion Picture Network.

Until America has a television network the standard radio fare aired from New York and Hollywood isn't going to reach the masses via video. And until a sponsor is sure of reaching the masses, he isn't going to shoot the wad on a super-duper production. He is going to experiment locally, cautiously. A good many sponsors are doing precisely that right now.

How soon you get color television and certain other niceties that can be had only in the higher frequencies depends on the outcome of an intramural squabble that has had CBS and NBC pulling each other's antennae for more than a year now. The one who wins will have the biggest voice in setting standards that will determine how soon you can see Chicago on a clear day, either in full color or in half tones; in bright, clear focus, sharp with details, or in a pleasant but now and again fuzzy picture.

CBS asserts that television should concentrate in its first year on clarifying the image, with an eye to eventual color television. This would mean shifting of service to the higher frequencies, and that would mean scrapping all the sets now in use. There are about 10,000 of them.

CBS maintains that the quality of the picture would be worth the added expense. The FCC has signified its support of the CBS stand. RCA, the parent company of NBC, naturally takes another view. So does General Electric. Both these companies have demonstrated low-price sets with large screens, promised for the very near future.

Twenty Million Dollar Hope Chest

GE has a set with a 16x28 screen that pulls up from the back of the cabinet. It will retail for $200. GE also has developed an extremely sensitive camera eye and a water-cooled mercury vapor studio lamp which will cut down the terrific heat of television lights. Having quite a stake in this new industry—estimated at more than twenty million dollars—these companies are joining NBC in rushing plans based on refinements of the present system. They say it will take CBS from five to ten years to reach its desideratum.

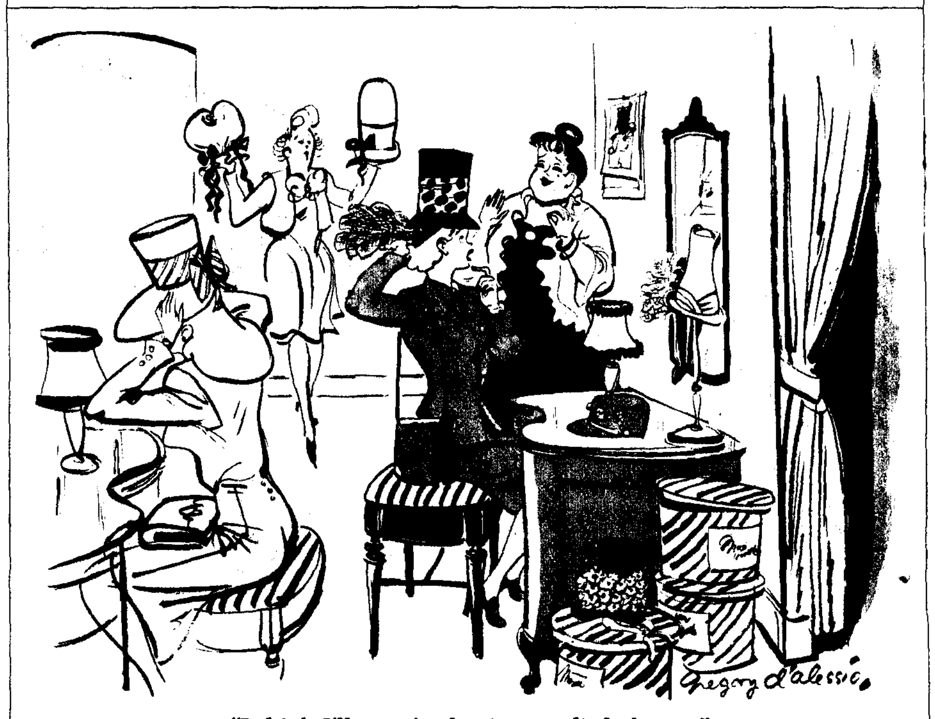
A compromise solution would tend to let the present television system go ahead with expansion plans, but let new standards be adopted as rapidly as research proves their worth. Possibly this would mean dual standards for a time. Eventually, the single, high-frequency standard—the only means of producing the sharp, clear picture people surely will want—can prevail. But whatever the outcome of the squabble, television is on the way.

The young man named Robert E. Lee, mentioned earlier, has suggested: "If the people of television hang on to their principles, they can preserve the momentum of postwar internationalism. . . . Telecasting can keep idealism in style." And when international television arrives, many years hence, there will be no men strangers to us, no places we haven't visited via video. What better way to cement international good will? After all, you can't hate people who come into your home, show you their basketwork, and perform their native dances in your honor.

Adding eyes to radio may yet add heart to politics.

THE END

WELCOME HOME! by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



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Automatic gear-shifting
No clutch pedal

Proved on the Battle Front, Proved on the Home Front

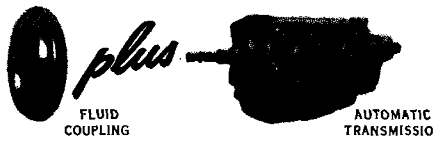
Improved in the 1946 Oldsmobile

Think of driving all day long *without ever touching a clutch pedal or shifting a gear!* Think of being able to start from a standstill, and accelerate right up to cruising speeds *by merely stepping on the gas* — without even taking your hand off the wheel, or using your left foot!

That's how you'll drive in the 1946 Oldsmobile with the New General Motors Hydra-Matic Drive. This modern "drive" does *all* gear-shifting automatically through all four forward speeds. It ends all need for clutch pushing; *there isn't even a clutch pedal in the car.* It gives you new freedom of action and new ease in handling, as well as finer performance, and better gas mileage at cruising speeds.

The Hydra-Matic Drive principle was introduced by Oldsmobile before the war, and has been thoroughly *owner-proved in billions of miles of driving.* The New Hydra-Matic Drive is basically the same type of drive as was used in fast Army tanks. Its new smoothness and new rugged construction are the result of important wartime developments in connection with its military applications. This finer battle-proved drive is one of many reasons why people everywhere are saying, *Look to Olds for all that's New!*

IT'S THE COMBINATION THAT COUNTS!



A Fluid Coupling acts as a cushion of oil between the engine and the rear wheels, giving a smoother, more flexible flow of power. *But a fluid coupling alone is only half the story.* It takes a fluid coupling *plus* a fully automatic, four-speed transmission to eliminate the clutch pedal entirely . . . to shift gears automatically in all forward speeds . . . and to give you the improved safety, economy and performance you get with the New GM Hydra-Matic Drive.

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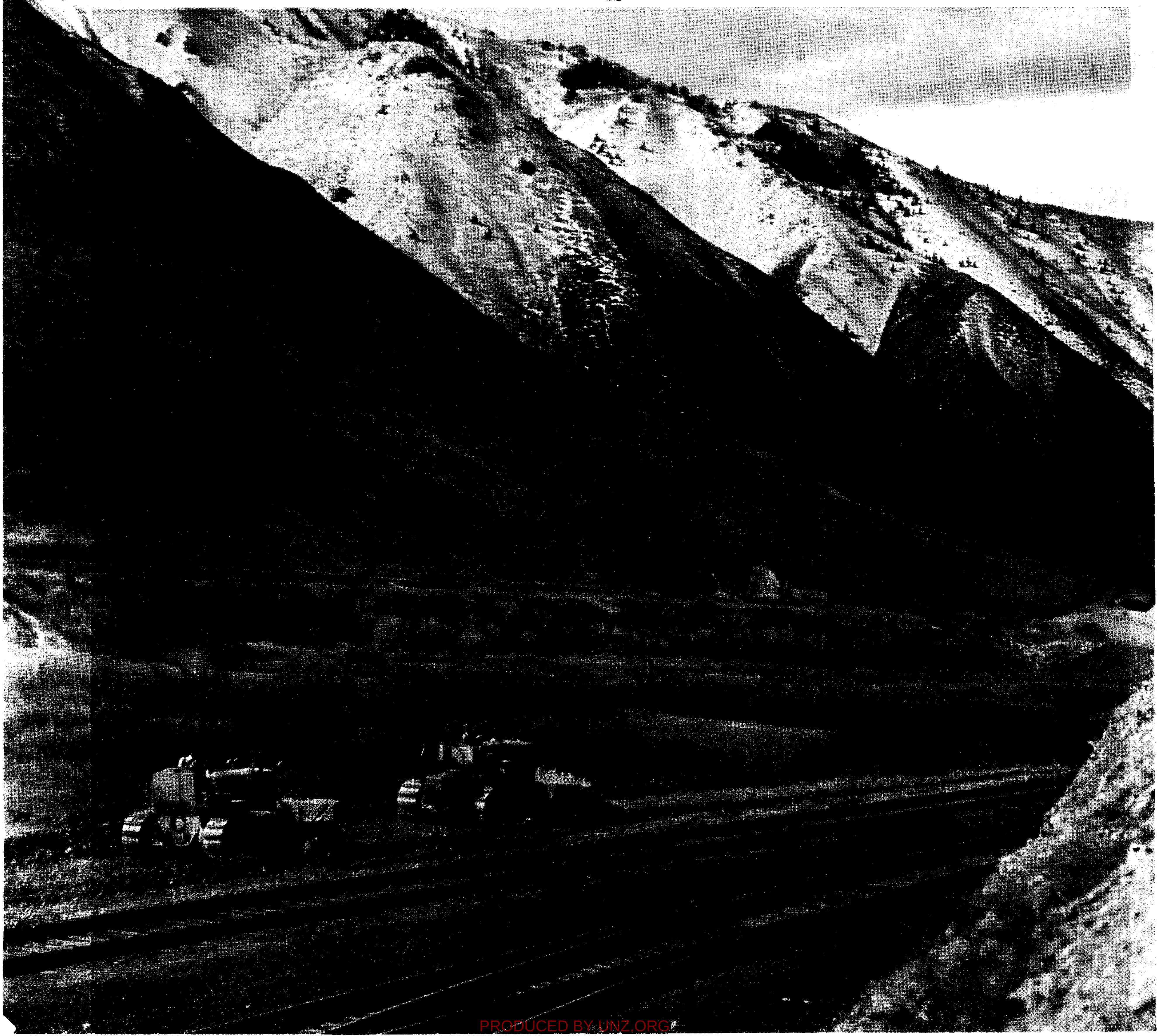


Going Home

Continued from page 20

ight, Major?" She said it gently, but there was fire in it.

"The old fight," he said heavily. "I guess here wasn't enough to go round." There were beads of perspiration on his lip and his pillow was wet. Timmy took a cool cloth nd washed his face, turned his pillow over on the other side. Then she got the hypo needle ready.

"Can't I just die?" he said harshly. "Do ou have to keep knocking me out and dragging me back again?" She was cleaning up his arm with alcohol and his face contorted uddenly and terribly.

"Easy, Maje," she whispered, and his nickname came easily. She got the needle in and fter a while he relaxed. His eyes were closed, nd his breathing had a queer, ragged sound.

"Oh, that's good," he said. "That's the nicest thing anyone's ever done for me." He lay quietly a minute, then he said, "You still here?"

She said, "Right here, Major."

"Don't call me that," he told her. "Call me Bill. What's your name, Lieutenant?"

"They call me Timmy," she answered.

"Tell them to lay off," he said. "You're my Timmy." The drug was working and he began to talk foolishly, his deep voice blurred nd uneven. The doctor came and there was blood count, an examination. It was pneumonia, the doctor said; the Maje was a sick boy. He said the Maje had less than an even chance.

"The hell you say, sir," Timmy told him; and the doctor's tired eyes smiled a little. It was always incredible when Timmy swore. And of course he didn't die. Timmy talked to him all night, and he talked back. He didn't always make sense, but neither did she. He talked about Connecticut and the way the snow drifted against the back porch. He talked about the little redhead who was his wife and the small hellion who was his son. Sometimes he'd think Timmy was his wife, and he'd call her "Beautiful," in a voice that made her heart turn over.

AFTER that night, he began to get well, and there came a morning finally when he was ready to be discharged. If he could have left her then, it all would have been so easy. So neat and uncomplicated. If he could just have shaken her hand and walked out fast. But there had been three weeks of seeing Timmy in a crowded room. Three weeks of wanting to talk to her quietly and unhurriedly and without wisecracks. So he hung on to her hand and uttered the line that had become a classic in base hospital 12. "Whatcha doing after the show?" And she kidded him back.

"Let's go somewhere and dance." They made their first date then, the officers' mess at seven, and it was like wildfire in a dry wood with them. Swift and violent and unbidden. They were the same sort of people, casual and direct, and between them there was no coyness, no pretense.

He looked at her all through dinner. "You don't eat enough," he said. "Your bones stick out. I can see your cheekbones right through your skin."

"X-ray eyes," she said in her nice drawl. "Eat your own spinach, Major."

"How long have you been out here?" he asked her.

"Two years," she said. "I'm about to be relieved."

"Glad?"

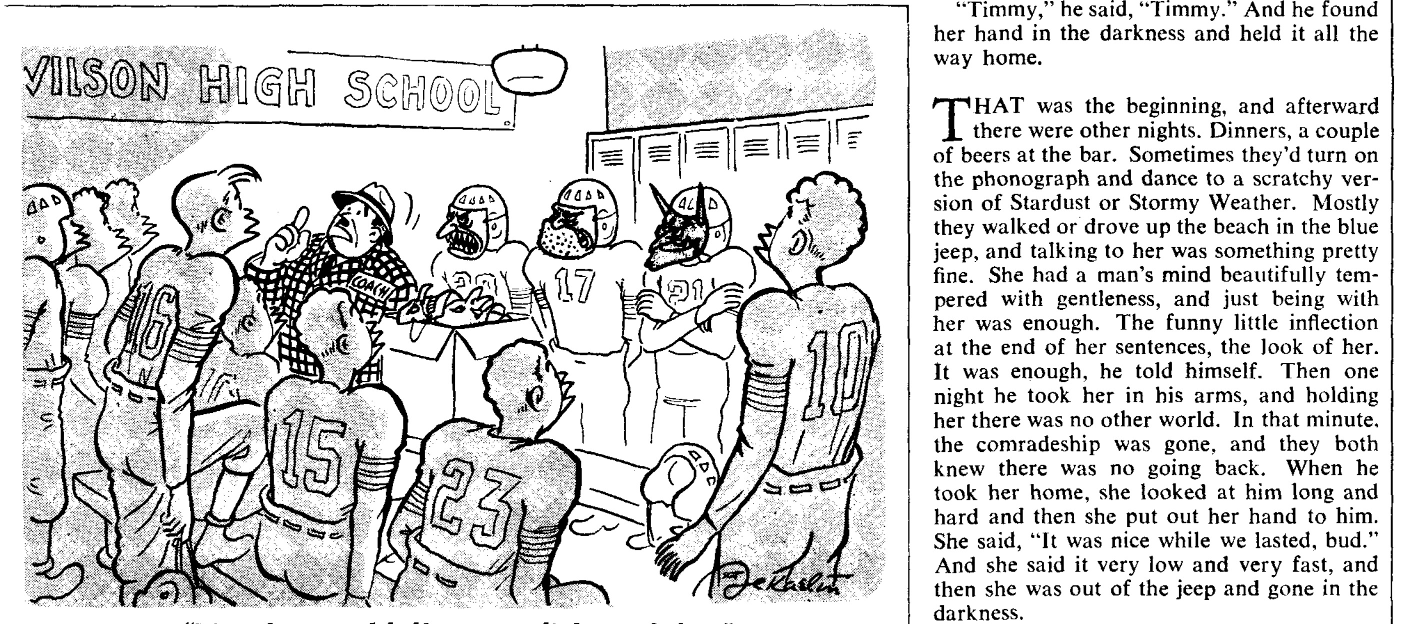
"Yeah," she breathed. "I'm crazy about it." She told him about her home and her mother and dad. "We have a flower garden," she said. "One with no rhyme or reason to it. But it's so beautiful, and at night when you sit on the porch—" She stopped a minute, remembering. "You've never smelled anything so good. Funny," she murmured. "You don't dare think about things like that till you know you're going back." They smiled across the table, and she said abruptly, "Tell me about your wife."

"You don't really want to hear about her," he said.

"Do you love her?"

"Very much."

After that they didn't talk a great deal, but the silence was as easy and unrestrained as their conversation. When they'd finished dinner they took a ride in the blue jeep the Maje had borrowed.



COLLIER'S "Men, the second half we try a little psychology" SGT. AL KAELIN

"Admiral Halsey rode in this jeep," he said.

She grinned at him. "I'm not impressed. That's what they all say. It's getting to be like the George-Washington-slept-here joke." They were going along one of the smooth coral roads near the water's edge, and he turned to her, his face earnest, like a big kid.

"No, honest," he said. "This is the McCoy." Then he dropped his voice and still looking at her he said it again. "So help me, Timmy, this is the McCoy." And there wasn't any sense to it, but it was true. He'd been married four years, and he was crazy about his wife. She wasn't just a jerk like some of the guys' wives. She was beautiful and fun, and she'd given him a swell little kid. And here he was knocked for a loop by a gal named Timmy, and if he was anything but a heel he'd take her home and run like hell.

She was looking out over the water then, as if she hadn't heard him. The sun had gone down, but the sky still glowed and the moon was low and so big it looked like a prop. "I like the world," she said softly. "I sure do."

"Timmy," he began, and he was going to tell her then that they'd better go home. He was honestly going to tell her; and then she turned to him, a small wind lifting her hair, her lovely face quiet and waiting, and he jammed on the brakes and reached for her.

He kissed her a long time, and when it was over he said in a quiet, intense voice, "Gee, I'm a lousy guy."

"No, you're not, Bill," she told him. "You don't go in for this stuff any more than I do." It was true. On his leaves in Sydney, there hadn't been any girls. Since Ginny, there hadn't been any girls. "You don't ask for some things," she said softly. "They just happen. Come on, mister. Take me home."

He turned the jeep around and they started back, Bill trying to sort out the confusion of his thoughts. The obvious thing to do was not to see her any more. If he'd gotten a yen for some gal at home, he would never have looked at her again. It wasn't that he was so all-fired noble, it was just that he valued his marriage and he wasn't dope enough to kick it around. Out here you got so weary of living for the future. Your dreams of home got a little blurred around the edges, and Now was the thing. Now, when you were alive, capable of feeling. How many times the guys had tried to sell him just that line and he had always told them they were all wet. But now . . .

"Bill," Timmy was saying, "I'm having a hard time thinking this through in my head. Maybe if I could think it out loud . . ." She stopped for a second, and then she went on again: "I know you're married, Bill. That this—this business is only an interlude. But if we could be friends for a little while, would it hurt anyone but us? And Bill, we're tough, aren't we? We could take it." She sounded tired, awfully tired; and he thought: You, too. You've worn your dreams thin, and it was a bond between them. This was something the clean, civilized women at home could never understand.

"Timmy," he said, "Timmy." And he found her hand in the darkness and held it all the way home.

THAT was the beginning, and afterward there were other nights. Dinners, a couple of beers at the bar. Sometimes they'd turn on the phonograph and dance to a scratchy version of Stardust or Stormy Weather. Mostly they walked or drove up the beach in the blue jeep, and talking to her was something pretty fine. She had a man's mind beautifully tempered with gentleness, and just being with her was enough. The funny little inflection at the end of her sentences, the look of her. It was enough, he told himself. Then one night he took her in his arms, and holding her there was no other world. In that minute, the comradeship was gone, and they both knew there was no going back. When he took her home, she looked at him long and hard and then she put out her hand to him. She said, "It was nice while we lasted, bud." And she said it very low and very fast, and then she was out of the jeep and gone in the darkness.

He couldn't sleep that night, turning the thing over and over in his mind, but in the morning he'd reached a decision. He'd put in for a long leave. Now. He'd earned it. That was the answer. The only possible one. Everybody was saying it was only a matter of months—weeks even—before the show'd be over. He might never even get to come back here. He closed his mind to Timmy then. He prayed her out of his thoughts, and there came a time when he could think her name almost without longing. When he could take the guys' kidding about her and dish it right back. Then, at last, his leave came through and the men in his outfit gave him kind of a farewell party.

It started with a couple of rounds of drinks at the Quonset hut eight of them shared. The hot ugly little Quonset which they called Vista Latrina for obvious reasons and had landscaped with morning glories and a few tired tropical vines. They stalled around there, drinking toasts, talking loud, waiting for Joe to turn up. He was flying that August day, but he'd promised to have one short one with them before sacking down, and they'd told him they wouldn't go to chow until he came back.

"He's sure taking his time, isn't he?" Jim Howe said; and Bill grinned.

"He's probably going once around the moon. You know Joe. He hates to bring her down." They never worried about Joe. He was one of the indestructibles. He and Jim and Bill, Guy Scofield and Danny Wise. They were the old guard. You couldn't kill 'em.

It was getting late and they knew that if

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And we eagle-eyed every one of this Buick's 12,000 parts to see if it could be bettered in any way, big or little.

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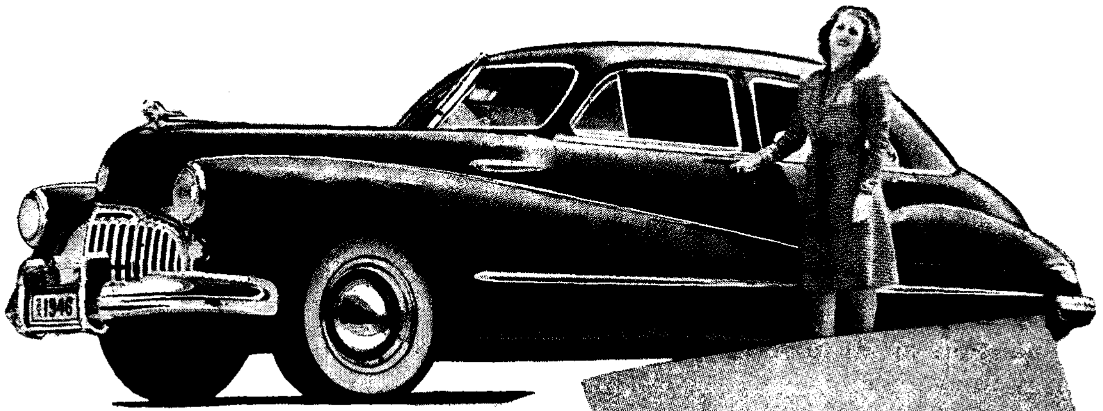

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POWER—*from a Buick Fireball valve-in-head straight-eight engine that gets peak return from every drop of fuel.*

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CONTROL—*through Permi-firm steering which eliminates need for frequent adjustments.*

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PROTECTION—*of buttressed front and rear bumpers, curved to shield fenders, built for new bumper jack.*

SMARTNESS—*of genuine Body by Fisher with one-piece Turret Top, No Draft Ventilation, roomy interiors and three-person seats.*

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Let's talk about beards instead of through them . . .

This may come as somewhat of a shock to you, gents, but honest—we can't make shaving a lark.

Now, we don't toss a statement like that over our shoulders without thinking. After all, we've put a whale of a lot of time, energy, and money into trying to make shaving a positive *joy*.

But doggone it, it just can't be done. Oh, we came up with a mighty fine shaving cream, all right. In fact, we got it to the point where it gives men a great deal of *satisfaction*. Not fun, mind you—just *solid satisfaction*.

Some morning soon, you just squeeze a fraction of an inch of Listerine Shaving Cream on your brush and give this modest claim of ours a tryout.

Watch 'er billow! Big, foamy clouds of lather that hold water the way a thunderhead holds rain. (And remember—it's the *water* that does the big whisker-softening trick!)

How about it? Will you settle for plain, simple *shaving satisfaction?* Then Listerine Shaving Cream is your baby! You can get it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smart-less to use.

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they wanted anything to eat they'd have to go. They drank a quick one to Joe and ran for it, and it was at the officers' mess that they got the word. He'd stopped some more flak, Joe had, only this time it was bad. This time he wasn't going to get well. They had him up at the hospital, and they went right over.

He looked enormous lying on that narrow cot. His neck and the side of his head were bandaged, and his mahogany tan had washed out to a sick yellow.

"What the hell's eating you guys?" he said, grinning at them, and that released them. They all laughed.

He can't be dying if he can grin like that, Bill thought, and he tried to remember the statistics he'd read about the mortality rate of the wounded. Hardly any of them die, he told himself desperately, and then he thought, but dear God, if he's going to die, let it be quick. While the pain is new, and he can still grit his teeth on it and crack wise. Don't let it go on and on until he's weary and whining. There was a nurse coming toward them, cool and professional.

"Major Johnston is due for a transfusion now," she said.

The guys shuffled their feet. Jim Howe twirled his cap on his finger. If only she wouldn't hang over them, they could say goodby to him and not be embarrassed about it. She stood her ground.

"Well, don't take any bad blood, kid," Danny said, and he swatted Joe on the legs. Joe said, "It's gotta be bottled in bond." Then the men started to leave, reluctantly, trying not to look at Joe, and Bill stayed behind.

"Anything I can do for you, Ace?" he asked him.

"Yeah," Joe answered, and his voice wasn't so good now. "Hang around, will you?"

There was a transfusion then, and later on another one and around midnight the padre came over. All the while it was as if they were playing a game. Both of them knew what was happening, but they wouldn't talk about it. "You'll see Jane before I do," Joe said. "Tell her that marriage-wise I'm still a satisfied customer. Tell her I love her." He stopped a minute. "And keep your big mouth shut about Sydney."

Sydney, Bill thought. Maybe Joe winked at some gals in Sydney. Maybe he even bought them a couple of drinks. But for Joe no woman really existed but Jane. He just liked to think of himself as a wolf.

"Not a word, Ace," Bill told him. And after a while, with very little fuss about it, Joe died. And Bill stumbled out of the hospital, dazed and tired and incredulous. They were all asleep at his hut and he got undressed and crept into bed silently. He lay there, his eyes wide open, feeling his thoughts beat in his brain, feeling all of a sudden passionately angry, wanting to strike something with all his strength, because Joe was dead, now, almost at the finish. Then he turned over and began to weep, tearlessly, quietly, as men weep when they can no longer contain their rage.

DAWN came at last, and Bill had not slept. In the dim light, he saw two letters on his table—there'd been mail the night before while he was out. He reached for them and read them by his flashlight, and they were both from Ginny. Nice letters, cheerful, loving. But unsatisfying, somehow. Inadequate. He looked at the round childish writing, at the silly stick drawings, the rows of Xs at the end, and he thought: Old Joe is dead, and I am old. And he tore up the letters slowly.

He got dressed again, and after he'd shaved he looked less haggard. He looked at his watch, then hardly realizing where he was going, he started toward the hospital area.

Timmy was just leaving the hospital, walking quickly, the way she always did with her long-legged strides, and Bill came up behind her.

"Hi, Timothy," he said. And she said, "Hi."

He took her hand and it wasn't particularly soft or smooth, but it was a good hand. A hand you could hang on to. They walked a long way not talking, and then they came to the water's edge and sat down. After a while, he said, "Joe was a hell of a good guy."

"Yes," she said. That was all she said then, and they sat very quietly watching the water. Eventually she turned to him. "He got off easy, Bill," she told him. It sounded hard, but it was the best thing she could have said. He thought about it for a minute and was comforted.

"Sure," he said. "He'd had a fine life. He used to tell us that all the time. 'Me, I've had everything,' he used to say."

"They're something for us to live up to, guys like that," she said. "That's the only real memorial we can give them. Ourselves." She paused and let a handful of sand drop through her fingers. "That sounds like a canned telegram or something. Funny, the truth is always so corny."

"It's not, the way you say it," he said. "You're wise," he told her. "Gee, Timmy, you're an awful lot of things." He was holding her then, holding her as if he could never let her go. "Timothy, I love you," he whispered. She didn't say anything, but her tears were on his cheek, and she didn't have to say anything. He knew.

"There isn't any end to this," he said. "It's not something cheap and quick—a lonely soldier and a beautiful nurse. It's—it's wanting to see that you eat your spinach; wanting to buy you your first civilian dress." He touched her face gently. "Timmy, how can I go back to a child wife? A kid who writes letters in pig latin and forgets to send the allotment to the bank." And the way he said it—tenderly, wistfully, with a little smile in his voice—tore her heart wide open.

SHE was out of his arms in a minute, sitting very straight and still, and she knew suddenly what she would have to do if she was ever going to live with herself again, and nothing she had ever done before had been quite so rugged. "How old are you, Bill?" she asked him at last.

"Twenty-five," he said.

She put her hands on his cheeks and looked at him a long time. "Why, you're just a baby, aren't you? If this were peacetime, you'd be tearing around in a convertible. You'd have a nice pink-and-white complexion and eyes without dark circles. That's how you ought to be, Maje. That's how you're going to be—soon." She was speaking earnestly now and very quickly. "Look, darling," she said. "This is loneliness and circumstances and the habit of loving. If Ginny were here, you'd never have looked at me." She was out of breath, but if she stopped now and looked at him, she was lost. "You know, Bill, your wife's not the one who's wrong. It's us. We're—we're precocious. The young-old. You get that way when you've been gone too long."

He was watching her carefully, thinking he had never seen anything lovelier than her face; and in his mind he was saying: Timmy, tell me what to do.

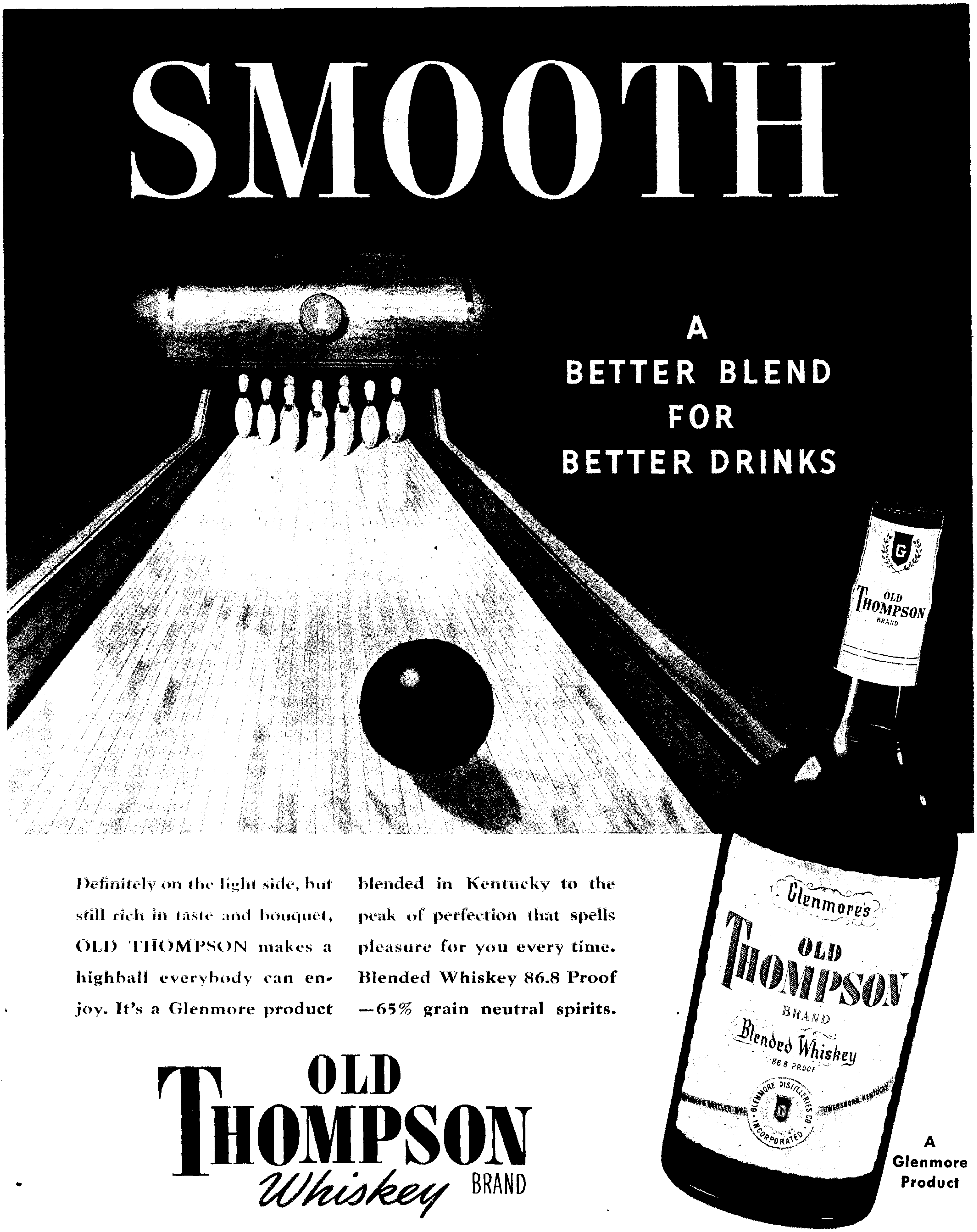
"She'll show you the way back, if you'll let her," Timmy was saying. "If you don't go to her feeling that you're superior. You're not, you know, Maje. It's she who can teach you, not vice versa—laughter and the latest gag and—pig latin." She was smiling at him. "The stuff we're superior in is all going to be obsolete pretty soon. Toughness, anger, the ability to stay awake forty-eight hours." She made the little shrugging gesture he knew so well. He sat watching her still; he couldn't seem to take his eyes off her.

It made sense to him the way she said it, and some of the heaviness was leaving him. I'm going home, he thought, and his heart was suddenly pounding with it. The bars in San Francisco, a soft berth on the Super Chief, states whizzing past his window; sheep, and cows and good, honest, untropical trees. Grand Central Station. And he'd never been as homesick as he was that minute.

He looked at her then, a long slow look, and he grabbed her hand and squeezed it hard. She didn't take it away even when it hurt, because, of course, it was goodby. It was goodby and thank you and all the wordless things.

He stood up at last and stretched his long arms and legs. "Timothy," he whispered with a fierce kind of joy, and even through the tears she could see that he didn't look a day over twenty-four, standing there. "Timothy, I'm going home!"

THE END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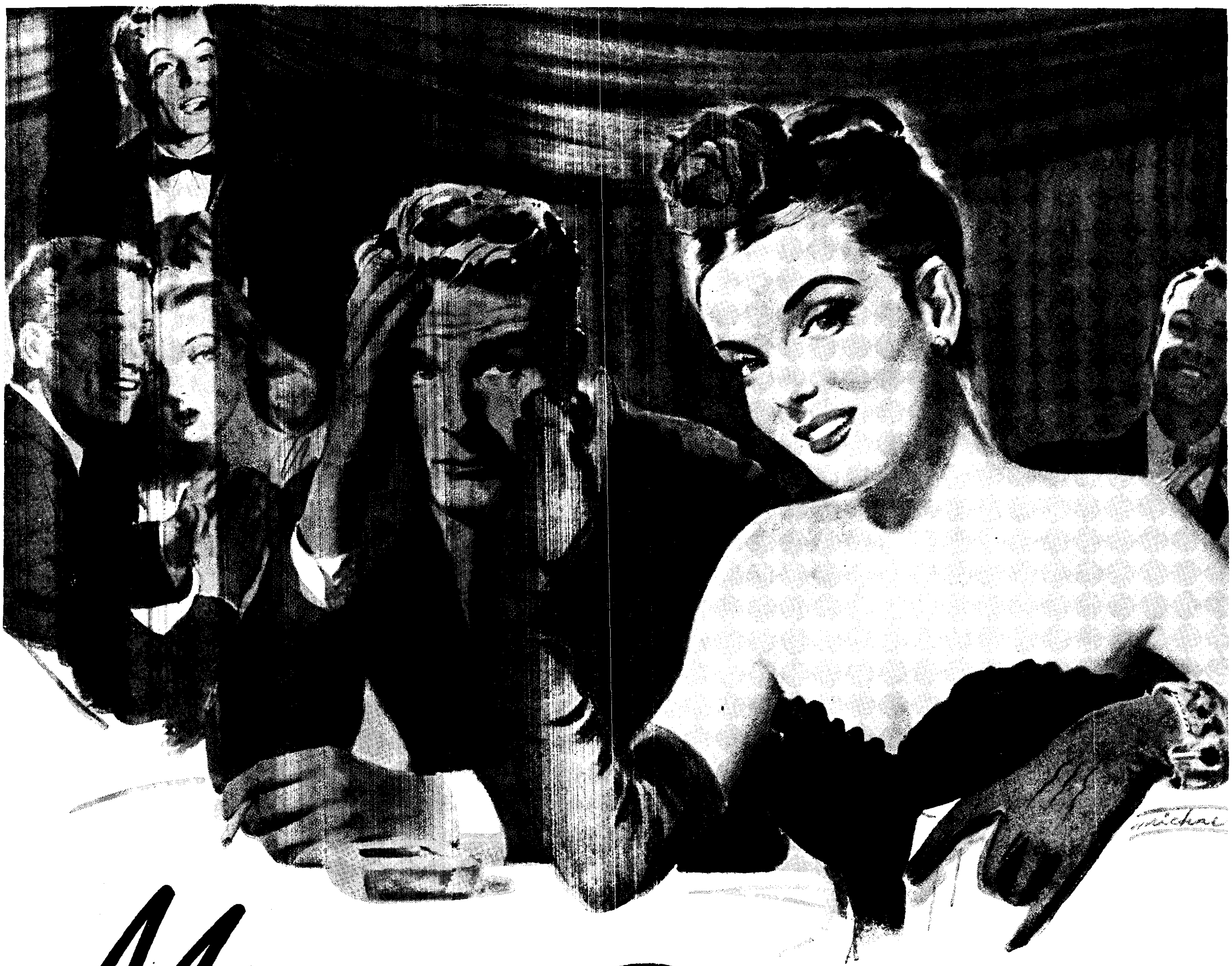


Manpower Problem

"Let's go somewhere else," Prentiss said in desperation. "I'm tired of this place." Annette said, smiling, "This is the bes place in town. It has glitter

BY ROBERT CARSON

Never tell a girl that your old love is a figment of the imagination. Prentiss Havelock tried—then found a figment could be very real, voluptuous —and extremely dangerous

HE WAS so happy. A tall, thin young man with bright eyes, disordered sandy hair, clothing which might have been donated to him by a relief agency, and no watch, he was all smiles. He was home in Los Angeles at last, the cocktail party was in his honor, and he was expecting a long-distance call.

A waiter gave him a champagne cocktail. The young man asked him the time. Balancing his tray of drinks, the waiter hauled out a watch.

"Seven-o-five, brother," he said.

"That would make it about seven-o-five in San Diego," Prentiss Havelock, Jr., said rapidly. "Listen, I'm Prentiss Havelock, Jr., and I'm expecting a very important long-distance call from San Diego, California, around seven o'clock, from a lady named Annette Briggs. Do you ever listen to the radio?"

"There's too much drinking going on," the waiter said. "I don't have time."

"She sings on the radio," Prentiss said. "If you have heard her voice, you never again can mistake it. Turn on the Jack Lanson program some time on Sunday. She's the featured singer."

"Okay," the waiter said.

"Listen," Prentiss said, "if you happen to get a long-distance call from San Diego, California, from a Miss Annette Briggs, will you be sure and call me? I'm Prentiss Havelock—"

"Junior," the waiter said. "I'll call you, brother. Don't get excited."

Prentiss consumed his champagne in a couple of hasty gulps. The room was crowded with people, and the usual mangled chatter and laughter of a cocktail party were going on, but Prentiss stood alone with his thoughts. These thoughts concerned a Miss Annette Briggs in San Diego, a tall, dark, svelte babe with gardenia skin, violet eyes, and a husky style of singing ballads that had given love a new lease on life.

This girl, the apple of his eye, he had left nearly three years ago to visit the Persian Gulf, Russia, England, France, India, Burma, China and various other points. She had been a simple kid then, with no more on her mind than a date with him and possibly a mink coat after they were married; now she was a glamorous radio star with a salary large enough to remove him from all fear of want after they were married—and marriage was on his mind. In fact, he thought of nothing else, except airplanes.

ABSENCE had caused his heart to grow madly fonder. He had written her sweet nothings that were not censorable, from Bahrein, Moscow, Chantilly, London, Calcutta, Moulmein and Chungking. His brief case was full of letters from her. Now he was home, and he knew she must have received his wire that morning. Things looked pretty good from where he stood.

"I love that pin-up!" he told himself.

Mr. Baker, president of Air Age Aircraft came over. He had a prosperous-looking middle-aged man with him.

"Mr. Lane," Mr. Baker said, "I want you to meet the guest of honor, Prentiss Havelock. He's the young engineer who did such brilliant work for us overseas in assembly and modification."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Havelock," Lane said. "Baker here tells me that Air Age lays the success of their overseas plants and maintenance right at your door."

"Well," Prentiss said, "it wasn't hard. Everybody helped me. I didn't drink or smoke much, because cigarettes and whisky were scarce, and all the women looked like rag bags and—"

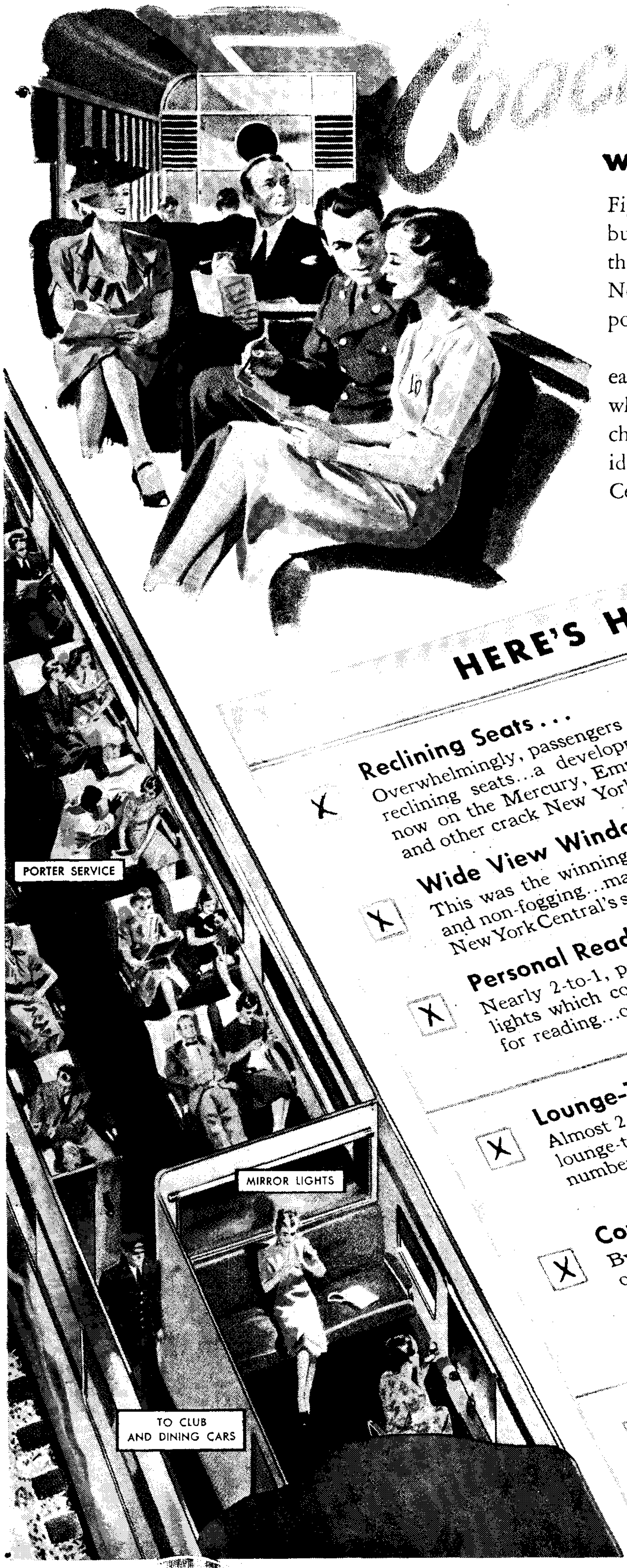
"Mr. Lane is publisher of the Los Angeles Daily Tribune," Mr. Baker said.

"I used to carry one of your paper routes when I was in school," Prentiss said. "I was raised here, Mr. Lane. Do you ever listen to the Jack Lanson program?"

(Continued on page 58)

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

Passengers' Choice for the *Coach of Tomorrow*



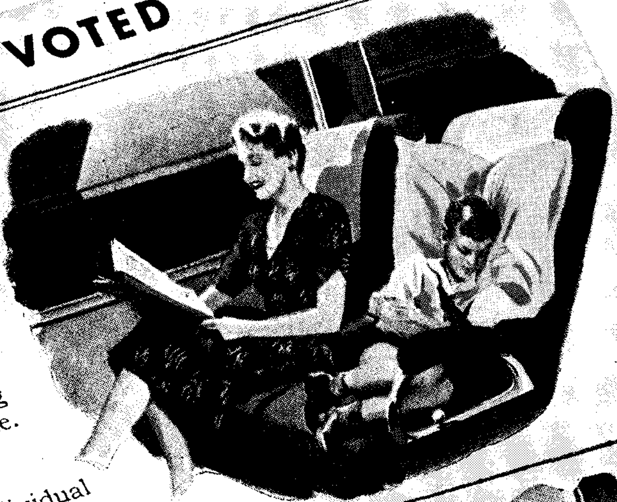
How New York Central's wartime travelers made post-war travel news!

Fighters, service wives, war workers, business men . . . these were some of the typical wartime coach passengers New York Central asked to become its post-war planning committee.

And how they responded! Thousands eagerly answered questionnaires telling what kind of future trains *they* wanted . . . choosing from both newly developed ideas and features already found on Central's latest trains.

The coach visualized here reflects the choice of these passenger-planners. And now this wartime guidance is helping New York Central's designers and engineers plan the new trains that can mean more jobs and finer travel in the years ahead.

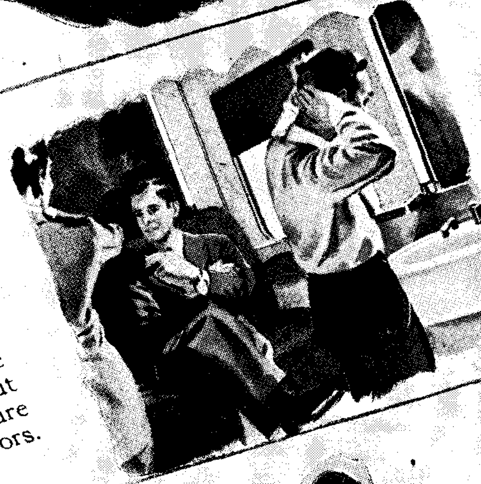
HERE'S HOW THEY VOTED



☒ **Reclining Seats . . .** Overwhelmingly, passengers chose adjustable reclining seats . . . a development from those now on the Mercury, Empire State Express and other crack New York Central trains.

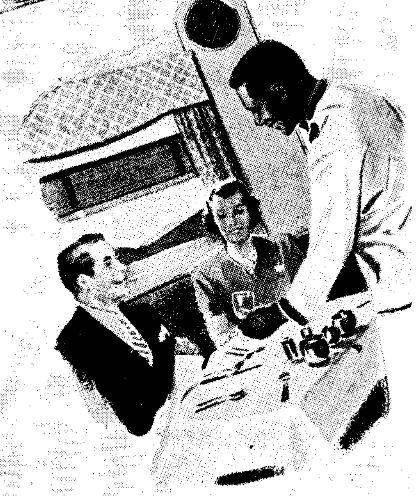
☒ **Wide View Windows . . .** This was the winning window . . . extra wide and non-fogging . . . made to order for viewing New York Central's scenic Water Level Route.

☒ **Personal Reading Lights . . .** Nearly 2-to-1, passengers voted for individual lights which could be turned on at each seat for reading . . . off for napping.



☒ **Lounge-Type Dressing Rooms . . .** Almost 2-to-1, passengers preferred spacious lounge-type dressing rooms rather than a number of small, individual washrooms.

☒ **Conditioned Air at 72° . . .** By passenger vote, 72 is the right "degree of comfort" for winter air conditioning. But most felt that summer coach temperature should vary somewhat with that outdoors.



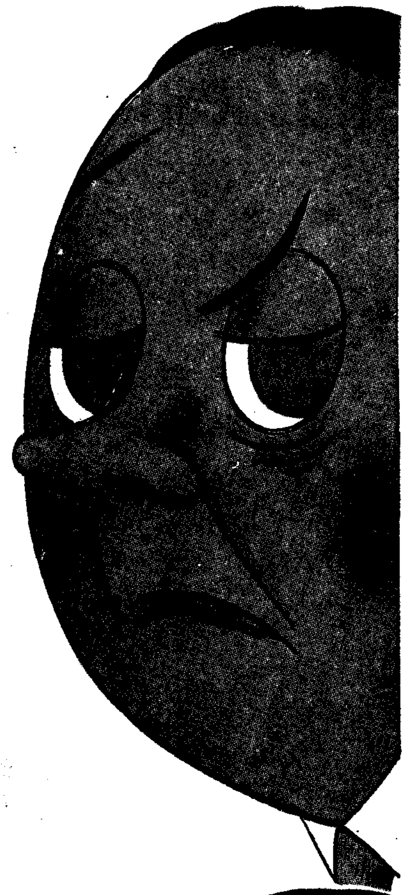
☒ **Thrifty Dining Car . . .** Low-cost meals in a separate dining car . . . similar to New York Central's present Pacemaker diner . . . won far more votes than any other method of eating en route.

☒ **Public Address System . . .** A public address system to announce stations and points of interest was favored by 70%.

BUY
VICTORY BONDS

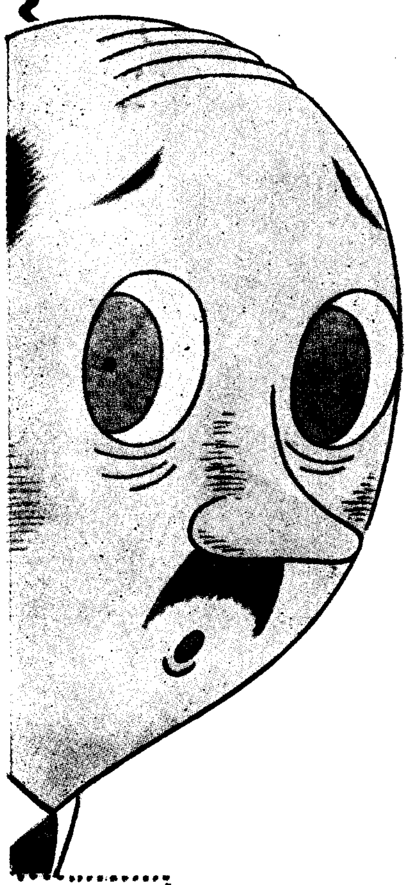
NEW YORK CENTRAL The Water Level Route

Anybody here you know?



Mr. J. is purple with rage. He's been that way ever since last winter, when he failed to get his anti-freeze in plenty of time. A sudden cold snap put his car in the "Junk Heap Corps" with a cracked engine block, a busted radiator and other expensive damage.

Mr. B. is green with envy. He tried to get one of those fine Du Pont anti-freezes—"Zerone" or "Zerex"—but his dealer was sold out. We're terribly sorry, Mr. B., but the best brands of anti-freeze naturally sell out early.



Mr. S. turns yellow with fear these cold nights because he's not sure whether he has enough anti-freeze in his car. Poor guy! He could relax if he'd just stop at his dealer's and have the anti-freeze solution in his radiator tested.

Mr. K. is glowing. You guessed it! He's happy because his car is protected with Du Pont anti-freeze. What's more, he doesn't have to fret about anti-freeze leaking out. He had the cooling system checked by his service man before installing anti-freeze.

Since engine parts don't grow on trees, Protect yours now with *anti-freeze!*

$1.40 a GAL. "Zerone"* (ethanol base) gives thorough protection against rust and corrosion as well as freezing. Until regular "Zerone" comes back (this year's production went to war), there's no better buy at the price.

$2.65 a GAL. A limited supply of "Zerex,"* Du Pont's non-evaporating anti-freeze, is now available. "Zerex" won't boil out. One filling lasts all winter. Gives complete protection against rust and corrosion—won't clog radiators.

*TRADE MARK

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

"ZERONE" AND "ZEREX" ANTI-FREEZE

Arch of Triumph

Continued from page 16

done anything to Haake. Good thing you were unarmed."

"Yes," Ravic said without conviction.

Morosow filled two glasses. "Drink this! Vodka. You'll get him later."

"Maybe not."

"You'll get him. He'll come back. That sort of fellow comes back; you've hooked him thoroughly. Drink."

Ravic emptied his glass.

"That's right. Drink and talk. Talk until we get sick and tired of it. There is nothing better than talking in order to get rid of something. The Russians know that. You, with your ideal of the silent hero, you don't know."

"I should have driven after him to the Gare du Nord."

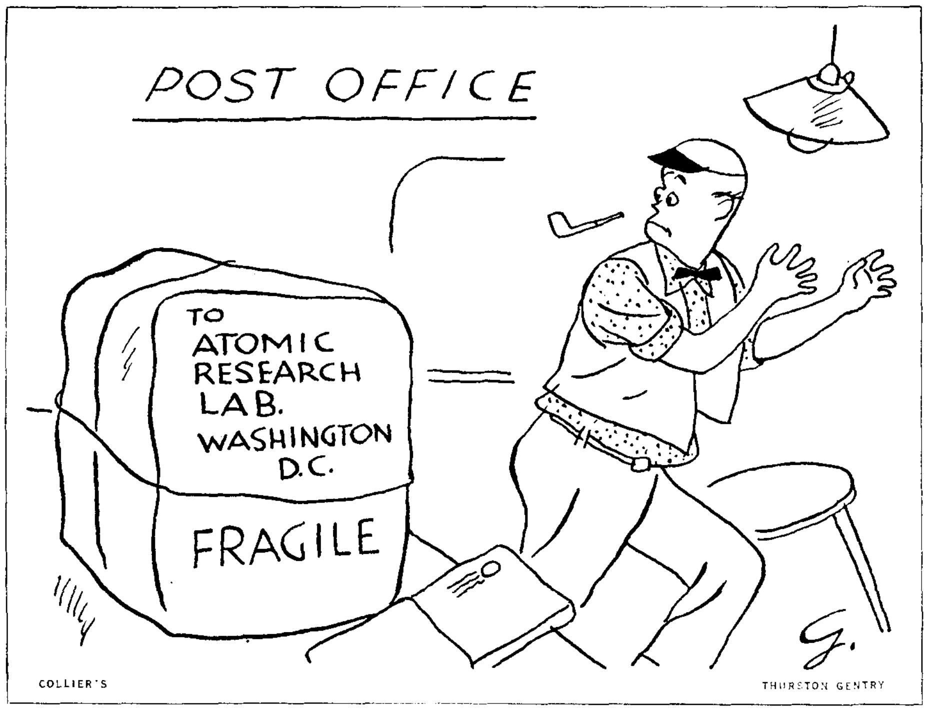
"Nonsense. You'd have been seen by him and by those who were with him. Have you any more ideas like that?"

"Yes. I should have asked him at which hotel he was staying."

"Oh sure! Just to make him suspicious." Morosow refilled their glasses. "Don't think such nonsense. Why don't you smash something to bits if you feel like it? Something noisy and not too expensive. All the windows in the Catacombs, for instance."

"Senseless," Ravic said.

Morosow watched him. "Revenge," he then said, "with which you ruin your life is understandable, but idiotic. Rats must be exterminated coldly and one should not get into a struggle with them."



RAVIC looked at the flower beds of the Rond Point. "I know, Boris. I have two weeks time. That's good. You are right: one can talk things to death. But one can also think things to death. One can think hatred to death. Coldly think it to death for a reason. For so long that you become ice-cold and calm. In these two weeks I'll kill so often in my thoughts that it will be like a habit when he returns. You act more deliberately and more calmly the thousandth time than the first time. You are right, old man! And now we'll talk about something else: those tulips there! Look at those white tulips! Like snow. Like foam on the surf at night. Are you satisfied now?"

"No," Morosow said.

Ravic remained silent.

"I'll be satisfied when we've talked about it a hundred times," Morosow said.

"Summer. It smells of sulphur. The tulips look like snow on a common grave. Where is that luxury of past centuries, the individual grave? Did it ever occur to you that there has been a war going on uninterruptedly somewhere in the world since 1914? In Spain, in China, in Finland, in the Balkans, in Russia, in Ethiopia, always somewhere?" Ravic pointed at the passing crowd. The Rond Point was crowded with people as if with a swarm of butterflies. "But we are a gay people in spite of it, aren't we? Long live the century of non-intervention! Of the petrification of moral feelings! Of suicide by paralysis. There is much killing going on, this night, in the world, Boris. Every night! Much killing! Cities are burning, dying Jews are wailing somewhere, Czechs are perishing miserably in the woods, Chinese are burning in Japanese gasoline, the whip-death is trudging through concentration camps—Damn it, are we women that we have to talk about killing a killer? We'll find and exterminate him, that's all—as we have had to do often enough with innocent people who only differed from us because of their uniforms."

"All right," Morosow said. "Or rather better so. Have you ever learned what can be done with a knife?" He smiled faintly. "Of course! I forgot your profession for a moment. A knife makes no sound, do you know that?"

"Yes. Leave me alone with this for tonight. I'd like to sleep for a while. The devil knows whether I'll be able to, in spite of my talking. Can you understand that?"

"Yes."

"Tonight I'll kill and kill. In two weeks I'll be an automaton. It depends on how I can get through the time. When I can sleep for the first time. Merely getting drunk won't help. Neither would an injection. I must fall asleep exhausted. Then it will be all right next day. To get farther away. You understand?"

Morosow sat in silence for a while. Then he said, "Call up Joan. She'll come."

Joan. . . . She had been with him. She had been talking about something. . . .

"No," Ravic said. "Any other propositions?"

"Simple ones. Only the most simple ones," Morosow said.

"That was no simple one."

"Good God! Don't be complicated! The simplest way to tear oneself away from a woman is to be with her again occasionally. Otherwise fantasy runs wild with you. Why must you dramatize things so?"

"Yes," Ravic said. "Why must I?" Suddenly he sat up straight. "Damn it!" he said.

"What's the matter?"

"You reminded me of something. I have promised to go with Kate Hegstroem to a costume ball the day after tomorrow. Dramatized folly!"

"I thought she was in the last stages of cancer."

"She is."

"How is she able to go to a costume ball then?"

"Sometimes one can. One even wants to. More than when one is healthy."

"My God," Morosow said. "What people can think of! A costume ball these days! You're sure it isn't a joke?"

"No. It is the Montfort Ball. The great social event of the summer. Motif: A ball at the court of Louis XV. Everyone has to appear in the costume of that period."

Morosow filled the glasses. "Here." He tilted the bottle of vodka. "How will you be dressed? As a court dwarf? Watteau? A cardinal?"

"Kate is taking care of that. Some sort of costume. She has also arranged the invitation for me; under some name or other. She wants me to come with her willy-nilly. Very likely she feels more secure with me. I couldn't say no. . . . Look at those tulips—"

"Let's go somewhere else," Morosow interrupted him. "I am in no mood for contemplation."

"No; relax. Let us drink and look at the snow tulips and talk nonsense. Dead faces in full moonlight after machine-gun fire can look just as white as that. Once I saw that in Spain. Heaven is an invention of the Fascists, the metalworker Pablo Nonas said before I amputated his leg. He had just discovered that and was proud of it.

"Later he became embittered against me because I had not preserved his leg in alcohol. Without it, he felt as though one fourth of him had been buried. That happened in a small field hospital, in a garden with almond trees in bloom. Ah, the aroma of almond trees at night! . . ."

THE car stopped at the corner of the Rue Vaugirard. "What's the matter?" Ravic asked.

"Parade of demonstrators." The driver did not look back. "Communists, this time."

Ravic looked at Kate Hegstroem. Small and frail, she sat in her corner in the costume of a lady in waiting at the court of Louis XV. Her face was heavily powdered. In spite of that it gave an impression of pallor. The powder didn't help. The shadows made it pale. The bones stood out at the temples and cheeks.

"Fine," he said. "June, evening, 1939, a demonstration of the Croix de Feu five minutes ago, now one of the Communists, and we two in costumes of the great Eighteenth Century. Fine, Kate!"

"It doesn't matter." She smiled. "At times nothing matters. When there's cancer in your body, lots of things become remarkably unimportant."

Ravic looked down at his dancing shoes. The irony of the situation was great enough by itself. There was no need to add to it the reflection that at any moment a policeman might arrest him.

"Shall I take another road?" Kate Hegstroem's chauffeur asked.

"You can't turn now," Ravic said. "Too many cars behind us."

The demonstrators walked quietly through the street at right angles to theirs. They carried banners and placards. Nobody sang. A great number of policemen escorted the procession.

At the corner of the Rue Vaugirard, unnoticed, stood another group of policemen. They had bicycles. One of them was patrolling the street. He looked into Kate Hegstroem's car. His expression did not alter at the sight of their costumes, and he moved on.

Kate Hegstroem saw Ravic's look. "He isn't surprised," she said. "He knows. The police know everything. The ball at the Montfort's is the event of the summer. The house and garden will be surrounded by police."

"How pleasant!"

"That many jewels won't be all in one place very soon again. Real costumes, Ravic. With real jewels. The police in Paris don't take any chances. There will be a few detectives too, among the guests."

"In costume?"

"Possibly. Why?"

"It's good to know; I planned to steal the Rothschild emeralds."

Kate Hegstroem pulled the window down. "It bores you, I know. But that won't help you."

"It doesn't bore me, Kate. On the contrary. I wouldn't have known what to do instead of this. Especially today," Ravic said.

One could hear the footsteps of the demonstrators on the pavement. They did not

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march. They walked in disorder. It sounded as if a herd were passing by.

"Which century would you like to live in if you could choose?" Kate Hegstroem said.

Ravic looked at the sleeve of his costume. "In our century," he said. "It is the bloodiest, the most corrupt, cowardly and the dirtiest so far, but, nevertheless—"

"I would not." Kate Hegstroem pressed her hands together as if chilled. The brocade glittered at her slim wrists. "In the Eighteenth," she said. "Or in an earlier one. In any—only not in ours. I have known this for only a few months. I never thought about it before." She pulled the window all the way down. "How hot it is! And how humid."

THEY stayed on the terrace. The garden was crowded with costumes by then. In the deep dusk beneath the trees roses bloomed. Candles protected by glass chimneys gave a flickering warm light. In a pavilion the orchestra was playing a minuet by Boccherini. Seen from the terrace, it all looked like a Watteau painting that had come to life.

"Nice?" Kate Hegstroem asked.

"Yes."

"Really?"

"Yes, Kate. At least, from a distance."

"It's far from everything. From newspapers, radio, from all that."

"Yes."

Ravic looked up. A warm, heavy raindrop had fallen on his hand. The red sky had darkened. "It's going to rain," he said.

"No. That's impossible. The garden—"

The next moment it began to pour. It streamed down like silver. The candles went out in their chimneys, after a few seconds the table decorations hung like colorless rags, and panic broke out. Marquises, duchesses and ladies in waiting dashed toward the terrace with upraised brocade gowns. Dukes, excellencies and field marshals tried to protect their wigs and jostled one another in confusion. Water poured down the full-bottomed wigs, it washed away powder and rouge, a pale flash of lightning flooded the garden with insubstantial light and thunder crackled heavily.

Kate Hegstroem, pushed aside, stood motionless next to Ravic under the awning of the terrace. "This never happened before," she said, disconcerted. "I have been here often. This has never happened before. Not in any year."

"A splendid opportunity for the emeralds."

"Yes. Good Lord—"

Servants in raincoats ran through the garden. They were looking for lost scarfs and things. One of them carried a pair of golden shoes. They were graceful and he held them carefully in his large hands. Water poured down on the empty tables. It beat upon the taut awning as if heaven were drumming an unknown reveille with crystal drumsticks.

"Let's go inside," Kate Hegstroem said.

The rooms in the house were much too small for the number of guests. No one had counted on bad weather. The stifling heat was still in the rooms. The crowd added to the heat. The ample costumes of the ladies were crumpled. Silk trains had been torn beneath trampling feet. One could barely move.

Ravic was standing next to the door with Kate Hegstroem. Before him a buxom Marquise de Pompadour, with wet hair, was catching her breath. Around her neck, which had enlarged pores, hung a necklace of pear-shaped diamonds. Beside her a bald-headed man, without a chin, was coughing. Ravic recognized him. It was Blancher from the Foreign Office. A few South Americans watched him attentively. The Countess Bellini, with the face of a fallen angel—Ravic recalled that he had operated on her two years ago. Some distance away, the very rich young Baroness Remplart; Ravic had operated on her too. An incorrect diagnosis by Durant. A fee of eighty thousand francs; Durant's secretary had disclosed this afterward. Ravic had received two hundred francs.

The smell of rain mingled with the smell of heavy perfume. The overheated faces, washed by rain, more naked under the wigs than if they had been without costumes.

Ravic looked about. He loved beauty and he respected wisdom. But his eyes were also trained to recognize the least sign of disease; he sensed decay sooner than others and could not be deceived by a perfect surface. He knew that a certain class of society was the same through all centuries; but he also knew what fever was and he knew the symptoms of decay. Little adventures; tolerance of weakness; impotent derision; wisdom without discretion; wit for wit's sake; blood that was tired out, that had squandered its sparkle in irony, in petty greed, in polished fatalism and weary pointlessness.

Somewhere a few chandeliers were on. In their soft glow the lightning from outside flashed, momentarily snatching the people's faces into a livid, ghostlike death. Then thunder rolled and drowned out the voices and reigned and threatened, until the soft light came back again and with it life and the stifling heat.

Ravic looked at Kate Hegstroem. "You won't get anything to drink," she said. "The servants won't be able to get through."

"It will get better."

"I'm not sure."

Gradually they were pushed into the next room. Tables with champagne, quickly brought in and set up, were standing along the wall. "Do you want some of that?" Ravic asked.

"No. It's too hot." She looked at him. "Well, that's my party."

"Maybe it'll stop raining."

"No. And even if it does, it's spoiled. You know what I'd like? To get away."

"Fine. So would I. This is like just before the French Revolution. It's as if one could expect the sans culottes any minute."

It took a long time to reach the exit. Kate Hegstroem's costume looked as if she had slept in it for hours. Outside, the rain was coming down, heavy and straight. The air was entirely still. The buildings opposite gave the impression of being behind the water-flooded window of a florist's shop.

The car came. "Where do you want to go?" Ravic asked. "Back to your hotel?"

"Not yet. But we can't go anywhere else in these costumes. Let's drive around for a while. Then we'll change and go to the Scheherazade. We'll drink vodka and I'll feel sorry for myself and deplore my ruined party and say goodby to the wonderful superficiality of life."

"Fine."

HE HEARD Joan's light step on the linoleum of the corridor. He had expected her to come. She had seen him in the Scheherazade with Kate earlier in the evening. But then, while sitting by the window and staring into the night, he had forgotten about it.

She opened the door carefully and turned on the light. "You are not asleep yet?" she asked in surprise.

"No. Turn out the light. You look ghastly in it. And leave me alone."

She ignored what he said. She looked around as if she thought she would find Kate Hegstroem in a corner. "In the bathroom," Ravic said. "You haven't searched the bathroom yet."

She hesitated a moment. Then she opened the door of the bathroom and looked in. She closed it again and came back.

"Now you know," Ravic said. "Go home. I'm tired."

"Tired? What from?"

"Tired. Adieu."

She stopped. "Who was the tart you were with?"

Ravic straightened up. "Get out of here or I'll throw something at you."

"Oh, I see—" She studied him. Her face was tense and ugly. Her eyes flat, her mouth small and bitter, her skin livid. "So that's it! It has gone that far."

Ravic reached for a cigarette. "Don't make yourself ridiculous. Go back to your actor and leave me alone!"

"The other thing is something else entirely."

"Naturally."

"Naturally it is something else." She burst out suddenly. "You know very well it is something else. It is something for which I am not responsible. I'm not happy about it. It has happened, I don't know how."

"It always happens, one doesn't know how."

She stared at him. "You—you were so

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sure all the time. You were so smug it drove one crazy. There was nothing that could make you lose your self-assurance. I hated your superiority! How often I hated it! I need enthusiasm. I need someone who is mad about me. I need someone who can't live without me. You can live without me. You always could. You didn't need me! You are cold! You are empty! You don't know anything of love! You were never altogether with me!

"I told you a lie when I said it had happened this way because you were gone! It would have happened this way even if you had stayed! I know the difference. I know all about it. I know that the other man is not clever and he isn't like you, but nothing except me is important to him; he doesn't think of anything but me and doesn't want anything but me and doesn't know anything but me, and that's what I need!" She stood before him, breathing heavily.

"Then why are you here?" he asked.

She did not answer at once. "You know," she then said. "Why do you ask?"

HE FETCHED a full bottle of calvados and opened it. "I don't want to drink," she said. "What woman was that with you?"

"A patient." Ravic was not in the mood to lie. "A woman who is very sick."

"A sick woman is in a hospital. Not in a night club."

Ravic smiled. Truth was often so improbable. "It is true," he said.

"Do you love her?"

"What does it matter to you?"

"Do you love her?"

"What does it really matter to you, Joan?"

"It does! As long as you do not love anyone—" She hesitated.

"You called the woman a tart before. How could there be any question of love?"

"I only said that. I could see right away that she wasn't. That's why I said it. I wouldn't have come because of a tart. Do you love her?"

"Turn off the light and go."

She came closer. "I knew it. I saw it."

"Go away," Ravic said. "I'm tired. Go to hell with your cheap charade which you think is something that has never happened before; one for ecstasy and sudden love, and the other whom you declare you love more deeply and differently, like a haven for the time between, if that ass puts up with it. Go away; you have too many kinds of love."

"It is true. But not the way you put it. Ravic, I want to come back to you."

Ravic filled his glass. "That's possible. But you never will come back. There's the difference."

"I would."

"No. At best for a short while. Then someone else would come along who didn't want anything but you, only you, and it would go on this way. A wonderful future for me."

"No! No! I'll stay with you."

Ravic laughed. "Joan," he said with a faint tenderness, "you won't stay with me. One can't lock up the wind. Nor water. If one does, they spoil. Locked-up wind becomes stale air. You are not made to stay."

"Neither are you."

"I?" Ravic emptied his glass. "I?" he said. "What do you know about me? What do you know about love that comes into a life in which everything has become questionable? What is your cheap ecstasy compared to that? When, in the midst of falling and falling you are suddenly stopped, when the endless Why becomes the final You, when the feeling suddenly grows, takes shape and turns the delusion of the blood into a landscape compared with which all dreams pale and become commonplace? A landscape of silver, a city of rose quartz, shining like the bright reflection of youthful blood—what do you know about it?

"Do you think that one can talk about it so easily? That a glib tongue can quickly press it into a cliché equal to one's feelings? What do you know about graves that open and how one stands in dread of the many colorless empty nights of yesterday, yet they open and no skeletons any longer lie bleaching there; only earth is there—earth, fertile seeds and the first green. What do you know about that?

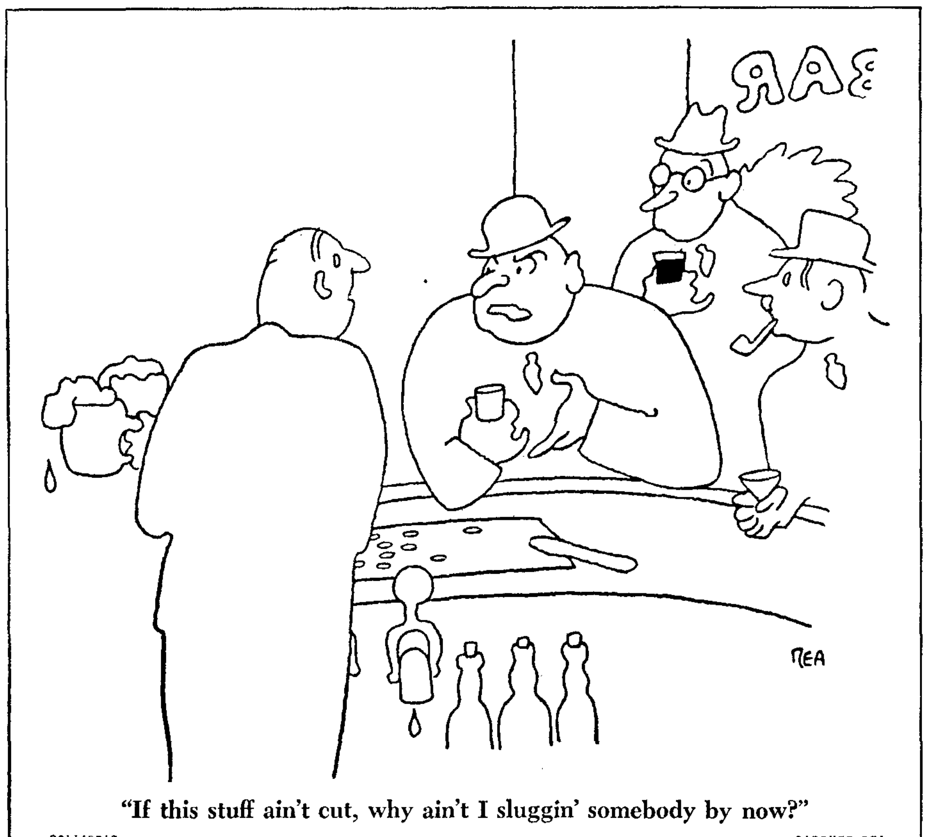
"You love the ecstasy, the conquest, the Other You that wants to die in you and that will never die; you love the stormy deceit of the blood, but your heart will remain empty, because one can't keep anything that doesn't grow from within oneself. And not much can grow in a storm. It is in the empty nights of loneliness that it grows—if one doesn't despair. What do you know about it?"

He had spoken slowly, without looking at Joan—as though he had forgotten her. Now he looked at her. "What am I talking about?" he said. "Old foolish things— Come, have a drink."

She sat down on the bed and took the glass. "I understood," she said. Her face had changed. Like a mirror, Ravic thought. It reflected whatever one said to it. Now it was composed and beautiful. "I understood and have sometimes felt the same way. But, Ravic, you have often forgotten me in favor of your dreams and your love and your life. Do you know that, too?"

He looked at her for a long time. "Maybe," he said.

"You were occupied with yourself so much,



"If this stuff ain't cut, why ain't I sluggin' somebody by now?"

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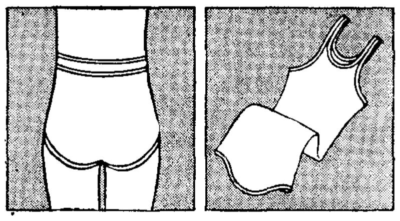

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(Left) "Hi-Waist" design. Full seat coverage. No seams to sit on. (Right) Matching shirt absorbs perspiration. Cut to follow leg-line of Scandals.

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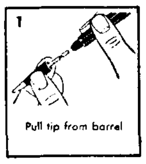
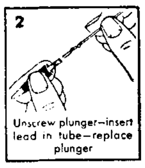
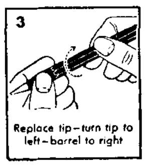
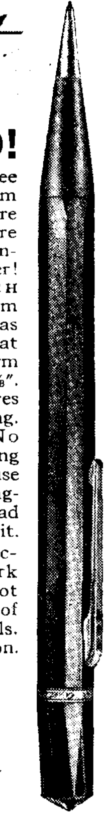



2
Unscrew plunger—insert lead in tube—replace plunger


3
Replace tip—turn tip to left—barrel to right



Autopoint
THE BETTER PENCIL
REG. TRADE MARK

AUTOPOINT COMPANY, 1801 Foster Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

you discovered so much in yourself that I remained on the fringes of your life."

"Maybe. But you are not the person on whom to build, Joan. You know that, too."

"Did you want to build?"

"No," Ravic said after some deliberation. He smiled. "When you are a refugee from everything that is considered solid, you get *into strange situations sometimes.* And you do strange things. No, of course, I did not want that. Nevertheless, whoever has only one lamb sometimes wants to do various impossible things with it."

The chain of hours, cut asunder for one night. Now they lay here, all of them, scattered on the velvet of timelessness, costly and cheap, pure and poisoned, helter-skelter and freed from the compulsion of sequence: The hour of mourning, when he took Kate Hegstroem home; the hour of revenge, alone by the window; the hour of quiet with Plato and calvados; and now the hour of love, a diamond mounted in lead, trampled underfoot, yet sparkling, lonely in the dust.

"You love me, Ravic," Joan said, and it was only half a question.

"Yes. And I'll do everything to break away from you."

He said it calmly like something that mattered little to either of them.

She paid no attention. "I cannot imagine that we would ever not be together. For a time, yes. But not forever. Never forever. Never is a dreadful word, Ravic. I cannot imagine never being with you any more."

He did not answer. "I want to stay here," she said. "I don't want to go back again."

"You would go back tomorrow. You know that."

"When I'm here I can't imagine not staying here."

"That's the same thing. You know that too."

The hollow space in the midst of time. The small lighted cabin of the room flying on a dark star through dark infinity, and the only thing that was certain was that one had to die. And here was the person whom he had loved, still loved, and in a strange way it was changed; he could touch that person if he were to stretch out his arms and yet he could not reach her. . . .

RAVIC put his glass down. "You know you would go tomorrow?" he asked.

Joan hung her head. "Yes."

"And if you came again—you know you would always go."

"Yes." She raised her face. It was flooded with tears. "I don't know what it is, Ravic. What is it?"

"I don't know either." He smiled fleetingly. "Sometimes love isn't so gay, is it?"

"No." She looked at him. "Why is it this way, Ravic?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know that either, Joan. Who knows? Maybe it's only this way with us. We have nothing left to hold onto. Before, one had many things—security, background, will, faith, goals, homes—friendly railings to which we could hold if we were shaken. Nowadays we don't have anything; a little courage; and strangeness within and without. Then if love comes flying in, it is like a torch to dry straw.

"One shouldn't think about it. We aren't in a situation in which we should do much thinking. It makes you useless. And we don't want to be useless, eh?"

Joan shook her head. "Who was that woman, Ravic?"

"A patient. I was there with her once before. At the time when you were still singing. A hundred years ago. . . . Are you doing anything now?"

"Small parts. I'm not talented. But I earn enough to be independent. I want to be able to leave at any moment. I've no ambitions."

She rose. She looked tired. "Why is all this in us, Ravic? Why? There must be some reason! Otherwise, we wouldn't ask."

He smiled. "That's mankind's oldest question, Joan. There wouldn't have been thousands of books written about it if we could answer it."

"I'll go now," she said without looking at him. She picked up her things from the bed and walked toward the door.

She was going. She was going. She was at the door. Something snapped inside Ravic. She was going. She was going—

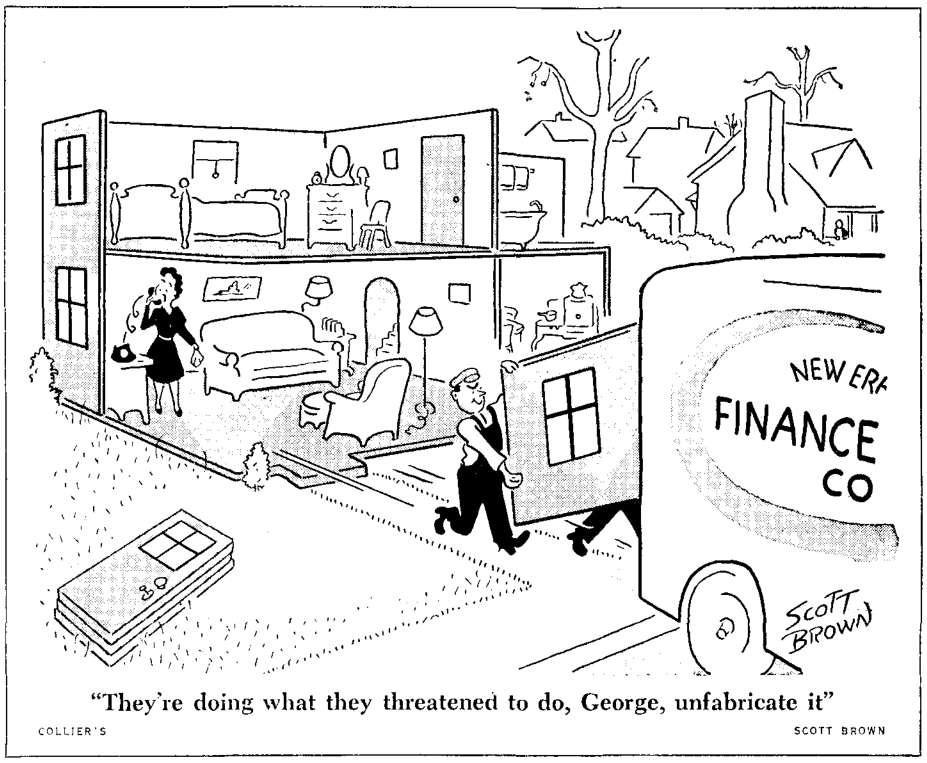
He straightened up. Suddenly it seemed impossible, everything seemed impossible. Only one more night, he thought, this one night, once more the soft illusion, the sweet deception amid all this ruin. Don't go, don't go, we die in pain and live in pain, don't go, *don't go, what else do I have? What is my* stark courage to me? You alone are real!

For whom am I saving myself? For what cheerless thing? For what dark uncertainty? Buried, lost, no longer to be retained, why did you come on this night, torn from the stars and floating, clouded by old dreams; why did you break through the forts and barricades of this night in which no one is alive but us—"Joan," he said.

She turned. Her face was suddenly transfused by a wild breathless radiance. She let her things fall and rushed toward him.

IT HAD now been two weeks since the night he had talked to Haake. Ravic was performing an operation. Haake! Haake! he thought suddenly. What if he were to call now! What if the telephone were ringing now in the room at the Prince de Galles, where he had been living since yesterday, and no one was there to answer!

For a moment Ravic stared into the open red abdominal cavity, into the thin steam from the hot damp dressing, into the blood trickling from the delicate veins next to the clips; then he saw Eugenie looking at him with an inquiring glance. He saw Veber's large face, with all its pores and every hair of his mustache under the metallic light. He collected himself and went on working. The knife sank into the diseased organ.



"They're doing what they threatened to do, George, unfabricate it"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

He sewed. His hands sewed. The incision was closing. He could feel the sweat running from his armpits. It ran down his body. "Will you finish it?" he asked Veber.

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. The heat. Not enough sleep."

Ravic saw Eugenie's look. "It can happen, Eugenie," he said. "Even to the righteous."

The room seemed to rock for a moment. It was steady again. A mad exhaustion. Veber went on sewing. Ravic automatically helped him. His tongue was thick. His palate was like cotton wool. He breathed very slowly. Poppies, something in him thought. Poppies in Flanders. Red. Open belly, red, open poppy-blossom, shameless secret; life, so close beneath hands with the knife; a trembling running down one's arms, the magnetic contact, from far off, from a distant death. . . . I can't operate any more, he thought. This Haake business must be settled first.

Veber painted the closed incision. "Finished."

Eugenie lowered the foot-end of the operating table. She covered the woman who had been operated on. The stretcher was rolled out soundlessly. "Cigarette?" Veber asked.

"No. I must leave. I've got to attend to something. Is there anything more to be done?"

"No." Veber looked at Ravic with surprise. "Do you want a drink or something cool?"

"Nothing. I've got to hurry! I didn't realize that it was so late. Adieu, Veber."

He left quickly. A taxi, he thought, when he was outside, a taxi, quick! He saw one approaching and stopped it. "To the Hôtel Prince de Galles! Quick!"

I must tell Veber I am sick, he thought. He will have to get along without me for a few days. This is the second time it has happened to me. The second morning. It won't do. He must work without me. I must stay at home.

He paid the taxi and walked quickly through the hall. It seemed to take an endless time before the elevator came. He walked down the broad corridor and opened the door. The telephone. He lifted the receiver as if it were heavy. "This is Von Horn. Have there been any calls for me?"

"Just a moment, sir."

Ravic waited. The voice of the telephone operator came again. "No, no call."

"Thank you."

MOROSOW came in the afternoon. "Have you had anything to eat?" he asked.

"No. I was waiting for you. I thought we could eat here together."

"Nonsense! That would attract attention. During the summer nobody eats in his room in Paris if he isn't sick. The fewer people who see you, the better. Waiters have good memories for faces.

"Go and have something to eat. I'll stay here. No one will telephone at this time of day. In case he should call, I'll act as your valet, ask for his number and tell him you'll be back in half an hour."

Ravic hesitated. "You are right," he then said. "I'll be back in twenty minutes."

"Take your time. You've waited long enough. Don't get nervous now. Are you going to Fouquet's?"

"Yes."

"Ask for the open '37 Vouvray. I've just had it. First rate."

"All right."

Ravic went down. He crossed the street and took his place at an empty table on the terrace beside the Avenue George V.

He watched himself as he ate. He forced himself to notice that the wine tasted light and somewhat sparkling. He ate slowly, he looked around, he saw the sky hanging above the Arc de Triomphe like a blue silk flag, he ordered coffee, he felt its bitter taste, slowly he lighted a cigarette, he did not want to hurry, he sat for a while longer, he watched the people pass by, then he rose and walked across to the Prince de Galles.

"How was the Vouvray?" Morosow asked.

Dine on Short Ribs and fixings*
as prepared by M.F.K.Fisher

M. F. K. FISHER writes her witty tales of good living around some of the most succulent descriptions of food ever brought to print. To her best-selling "*How to Cook a Wolf*" and "*The Gastronomical Me,*" Mrs. Fisher here adds her tempting recipe for Short Ribs. Such a tasty dish, she says, deserves a good mate . . . a glass of wine

ring out the goodness...with Wine

*To serve 4 or 5, have 2 lbs. of beef short ribs cut in serving-size pieces. Roll in flour, brown slowly on all sides in 2 tbsps. shortening in heavy kettle. Add 1½ tsps. salt, ¼ cup chopped onion and 1 cup California Burgundy or Claret wine. Cover, simmer slowly 2 hours or until tender. Skim excess fat from liquid; add ½ cup boiling water. Add whole peeled potatoes, carrots, turnips, small onions; sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover, cook about 45 minutes, until vegetables are tender. Serve piping hot—and pour glasses of a hearty red California Burgundy or Claret for everyone

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"Fine."

Morosow got a miniature chessboard out of his pocket. "Do you want to play a game?"

"Yes."

They set up the chessmen on the board. Morosow sat down in a chair. Ravic was sitting on the sofa. "I don't think I can stay here more than three or four days without a passport," he said.

"Has the office asked?"

"Not yet."

"They aren't so particular in exclusive hotels. I inquired at the George V and the Ritz. They seldom ask tourists for papers. Did you register as an American?"

"As a Dutchman. Fits the name better."

"Fine. It's a pity you gave Von Horn as your name. Today I received a perfect carte d'identité, valid for a year more. It belonged to a friend of mine who died seven months ago. At the coroner's inquest we declared he was a German refugee without papers, and so we saved the certificate and kept it valid. It does not matter to him to be buried somewhere as Josef Weiss. But here, two refugees have already lived on it. Ivan Kluge; not a Russian name. The photo is blurred, taken in profile, unstamped, easily exchangeable."

"It's better the way it is now," Ravic said. "When I move out of here, Horn will no longer exist and there will be no papers."

"It would have been safer as far as the police are concerned. But they won't come. They don't come into hotels where one pays more than a hundred francs for an apartment. I know a refugee at the Ritz who's been living there without papers for the last six months. The only one who knows about it is the night porter."

THEY played chess until half past eight. "Now go and have a bite," Morosow said. "I'll be waiting here. Then I've got to run."

"Now? Now would be the time when Haake might call—"

"Not necessarily. Now go and eat a decent meal. When that fellow calls you will probably have drinks with him. In that case you'd better have had enough to eat. Do you know where you want to go with him?"

"Yes."

"I mean, in case he still wants to see or drink something?"

"Yes. I know a lot of places where everyone minds his own business."

"Fine."

Ravic walked across to Fouquet's again. All this was not real, he felt. He must be reading it in a book or be seeing it in a melodramatic movie, or he must be dreaming it. He walked by both sides of Fouquet's. The terraces were crowded. He checked on each individual table. Haake was nowhere.

He sat at a small table next to the door so that he could watch both the entrance and the street. He was not stupid enough to disbelieve in accidents. Only in good literature are there no accidents—life was daily full of the most absurd ones.

He stayed at Fouquet's for half an hour. It was easier this time than at noon. Once more he walked around the corner along the Champs Elysées and then back to the hotel.

"Here is the key to your car," Morosow said. "This one is a blue cabriolet with leather seats. Leather can be washed more easily. You can drive with the top up or down. If you must shoot when the car is closed, shoot so that the bullet goes through the open window.

"I've rented it for two weeks. On no account bring it back to the garage afterward. Let it stand in one of the side streets. To air it. It is now parked in the Rue de Berry, opposite the Lancaster."

"Good," Ravic said. He put the key next to the telephone.

"Here are the registration papers for the car. I couldn't get you a driver's license. Didn't want to ask too many people."

"I don't need it. I always drove in Antibes without one."

Ravic put the registration for the car next to the keys. "Park the car in a different street tonight," Morosow said.

Melodrama, Ravic thought. Bad melodrama. "I'll do it. Thanks, Boris."

"I wish I could come with you."

"I don't. This is the sort of thing one does alone."

"Come to the International and wake me up if I'm no longer standing in front of the Scheherazade."

"I'll come in any case. No matter whether something happens or not."

"Good. So long, Ravic."

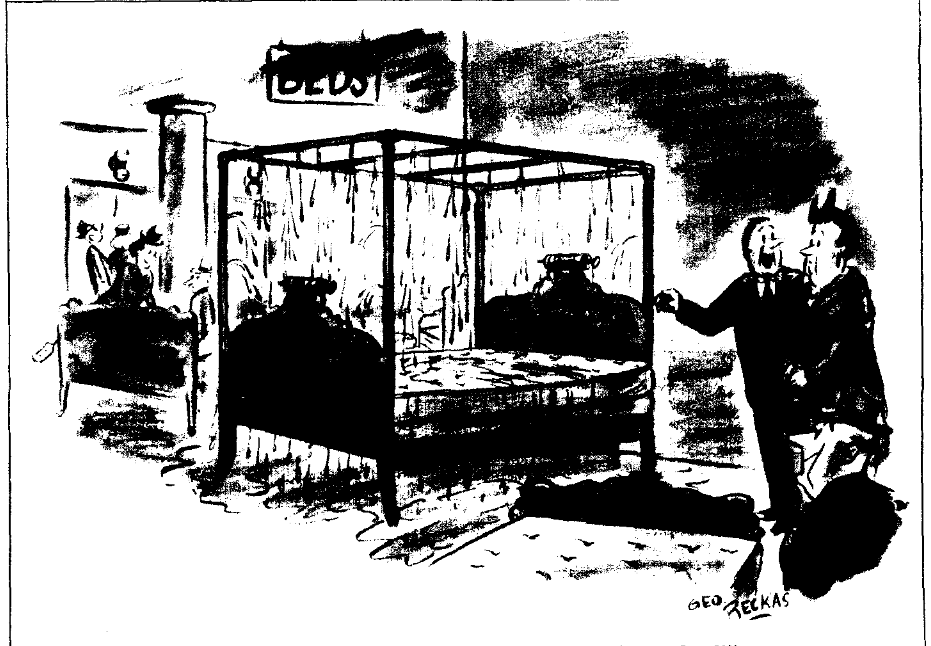
"So long, Boris."

Ravic closed the door behind Morosow. Suddenly the room was very quiet. He sat down in a corner of the sofa. He looked at the hangings. They were of a blue material, with a border. He had come to know them better in these two days than others with which he had lived for many years. He knew the mirror, he knew the gray velour on the floor, with the dark spot near the window, he knew every line of the table, of the bed, which was imitation Louis XVI, of the chair covers—he knew everything so exactly that it made him sick; only the telephone he did not know.

THE blue cabriolet stood between two other cars. One was new and had an Italian license plate. Ravic maneuvered the cabriolet into the open. He was impatient; his back fender touched the left mudguard of the Italian car and left a scratch. Ravic paid no attention. He drove down to the Boulevard Haussman.

It was four o'clock in the morning. He had intended to wait longer. But suddenly the whole thing seemed meaningless. Very likely Haake had forgotten their meeting altogether. Or perhaps he had not returned to Paris at all. Just now they had other things to do over there; war was in the air.

Ravic drove very fast. It was good to feel the car in one's hands. It was good against



COLLIER'S "This one's for people who like to smoke in bed!" GEORGE RECKAS that dark disappointment which lay like cement in the pit of his stomach.

Morosow was standing in front of the door of the Scheherazade. Ravic parked around the next corner and walked back. Morosow was expecting him. "Did you get my telephone message?"

"No. Why?" Suddenly Ravic became very tense.

"I called up five minutes ago. A group of Germans is sitting inside. Four men. One of them looks like—"

"Where?"

"Next to the orchestra. It's the only table with four men. You can see it from the door."

"All right."

"Take the small table by the door. I've kept it free."

"Fine, fine, Boris."

The half-darkened room. Smoke. Low lights. Music. Voices. A cloud of noise after the quiet of the hotel room. Ravic took a seat at the table by the door.

The spotlight, now full on the orchestra. A singer in it, wearing a silver dress. The table next to the orchestra. The darkness beyond the spotlight. Ravic stared at it. Nothing was discernible.

J'attendrai. Sweet mist of melodies. Too slow. Too slow. He drank the vodka which the waiter had brought. He counted the measures of the song. It dragged, it dragged. He tried to see through the ray of the spotlight. Impossible. The lighted smoke was like a white wall.

The singer bowed. Applause broke out. Ravic leaned forward. The spotlight was cut off.

Slowly he leaned back. None of the men was Haake. He called the waiter and paid.

"No?" Morosow asked outside.

"No," Ravic said, tired. "I don't believe in it any longer. For five days now I've been sitting here. It is confounded, ridiculous, to play Indians. I give up."

"Fine. Give up. Till tomorrow morning."

"I will. Good night, old man."

"Good night, Ravic. I'll be at the Prince de Galles tomorrow noon."

RAVIC was on his way home from the Scheherazade. He saw a light in front of the "Isis." It was a famous place with a large bar. He stopped the car. He wanted a drink. They had good calvados. The doorman had already gone. Hardly anyone would still be in there. That was what he wanted now. To be alone and drink. The thought of the elegant, empty room in the Prince de Galles made him shudder.

The proprietor stood beside the door and watched over the big room. The music box made a lot of noise in the almost empty place.

"Not much going on tonight, eh?" Ravic asked.

"Nothing. Only that bore over there. He won't spend money, but he stays all evening. You know the type. Another German. For the past year Paris has been crowded with them. But at last he has called for his check. It can't take much longer."

Ravic looked indifferently toward the table. The man was sitting with his back to him. He had two girls with him. As he leaned toward one of them, Ravic saw his face. It was Haake.

He heard the proprietor saying something. He could not understand him. He only realized that, without thinking, he had made two steps backward and was standing by the door now so that he could see just the corner of the table without being seen. "—some calvados?" the proprietor asked.

The squawking of the music box. The oscillation, the spasm in the diaphragm! Be calm! Haake must not see him. And the proprietor must not notice that he knew him.

"No," he heard himself saying. "Only wanted to look in. It's time to go. A German, you said? You know him?"

The proprietor shrugged his shoulders. "No idea. They all look alike to me."

"Of course. Must be going now. Good night."

"Good night."

Ravic got into his car. The lighted night, suddenly roaring. No buildings any more—a thicket of stone, a jungle of windows. Suddenly war again, a crawling patrol, along the empty street. The car, a shelter, taking cover, the motor droning, lying in ambush for the enemy.

Shoot him down when he comes out? Ravic looked along the street. A few cars, yellow lights, stray cats. In the distance, under a street lamp someone who looked like a policeman. His own license plate, the noise of the shot, the proprietor who had just seen him—he heard Morosow's: "Risk nothing, nothing! That isn't worth it."

No doorman. No taxi. Good. There were few customers on Mondays at this hour. The moment he had thought this, a taxi rattled close by and stopped at the door. The driver lit his cigarette and yawned audibly. Ravic felt his skin getting hot. He waited.

He deliberated whether to step out of the car and tell the driver that no one was inside any more. Impossible. Better to send him away on some errand and pay him for it. To Morosow. He tore a piece of paper out of his pocket, wrote a few lines, tore them up, wrote them again, told Morosow he shouldn't wait for him at the Scheherazade, signed it with a fictitious name.

Before Ravic had time to get out of the car, the taxi went into gear and drove off. He stared after it, but could not see inside. He did not know whether Haake had gotten into it while he had been writing.

He went into first gear swiftly, and shot around the corner after the taxi.

He could not see anyone through the back window. But Haake might be sitting in a corner. He passed the taxi slowly. He fell back and again passed by the other car as close as possible.

The driver turned around and shouted at him: "Hey, you idiot, do you want to run into me?"

"There is a friend of mine in your car."

"You drunken fool," the driver yelled. "Can't you see the car is empty?"

At that moment Ravic saw that the meter was not running. He made a sharp U-turn and raced back.

Haake was standing at the curb. He waved. "Hallo. Taxi."

Ravic drove close to him and stepped on the brake.

"Taxi?" Haake asked.

"No." Ravic leaned out of the window. "Hello," he said.

Haake looked at him. His eyes contracted. "What?"

"I think we know each other," Ravic said in German.

Haake bent forward. The suspicion disappeared from his face. "Mein Gott—Herr von—von—"

"Horn."

"Correct! Correct! Herr von Horn. Of course! What a coincidence! My good man, where have you been all this time?"

"Here—step in. I did not know you would be back so soon."

"I've called you up several times. Did you change your hotel?"

"No. It's still the Prince de Galles." Ravic opened the door of the car. "Step in. I'll take you along. You won't get a taxi very easily at this time."

HAAKE put one foot on the running board. Ravic could feel his breath. He saw the red, overheated face. "Prince de Galles," Haake said. "Damn it, that's what it was! Prince de Galles! I was calling the George V all the time." He laughed aloud. "Nobody knew you there! Now I understand! Prince de Galles, of course! Got the two mixed up. Didn't bring my old notebook with me. Thought I'd remember."

Ravic kept an eye on the entrance to the Isis. It would be some time before anyone came out; the girls had to change first. Notwithstanding, he had to get Haake into the car quickly.

"Did you intend to go in here?" Haake asked.

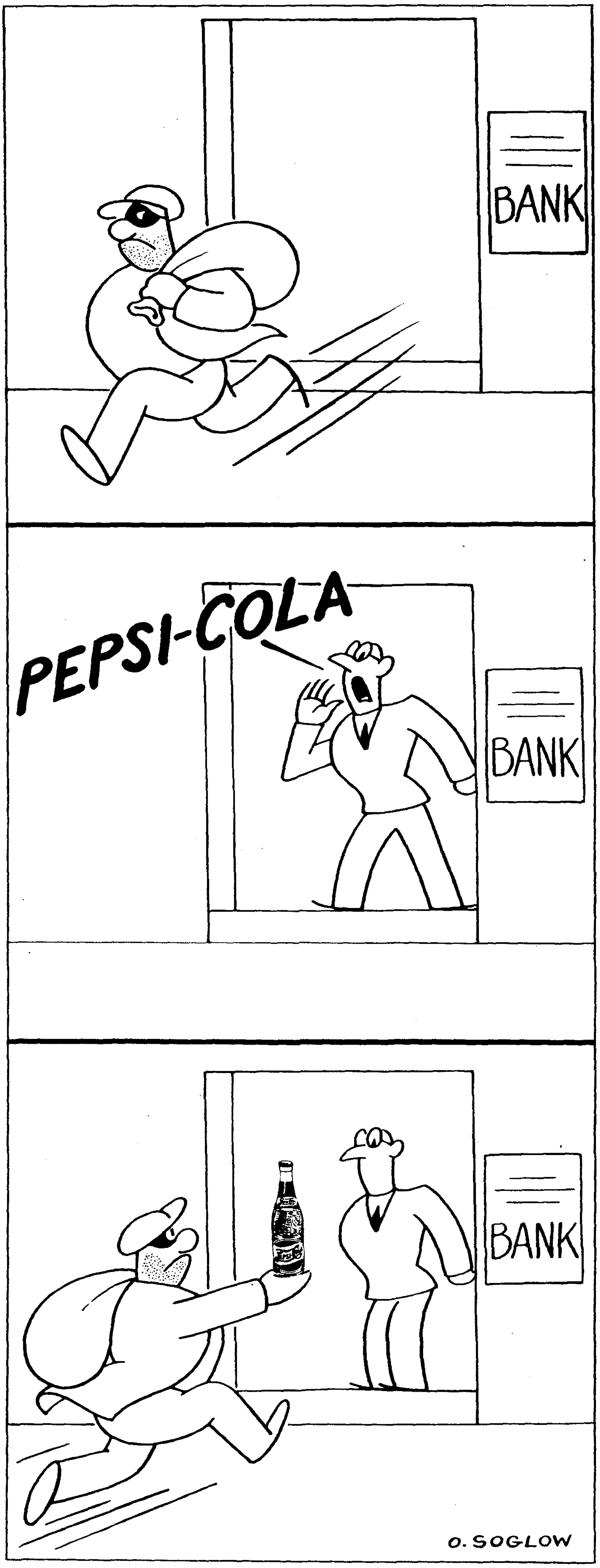
"I was thinking of it. But it's too late."

Haake snorted noisily. "You said it, friend. I was the last one. They are closing."

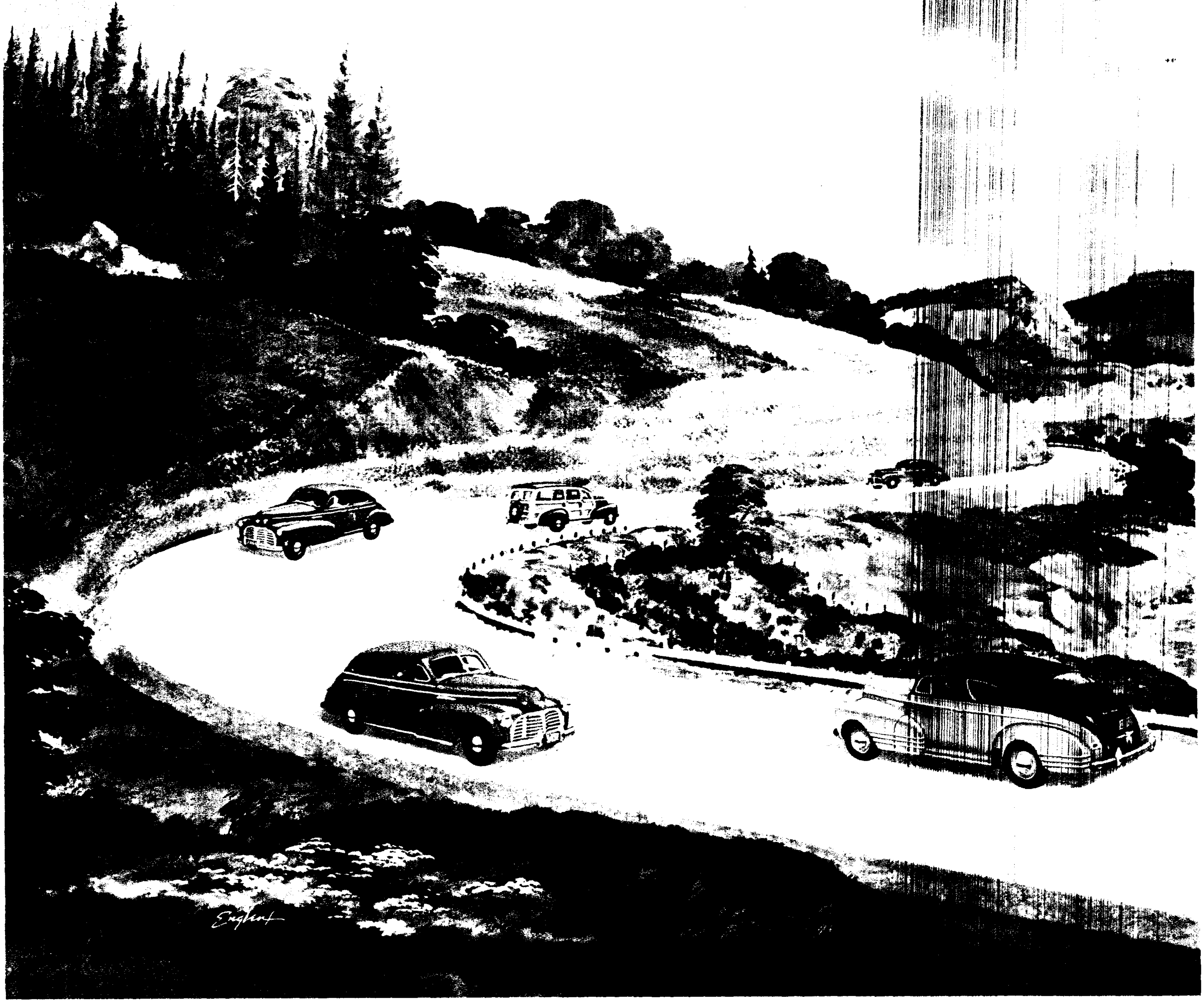
"It doesn't matter. It's dull in there, anyway. Let's go somewhere else! Come on!"

"Is anything still open?"

"Of course. The really good places are just getting going now. This is only for tourists."



CHEVROLET



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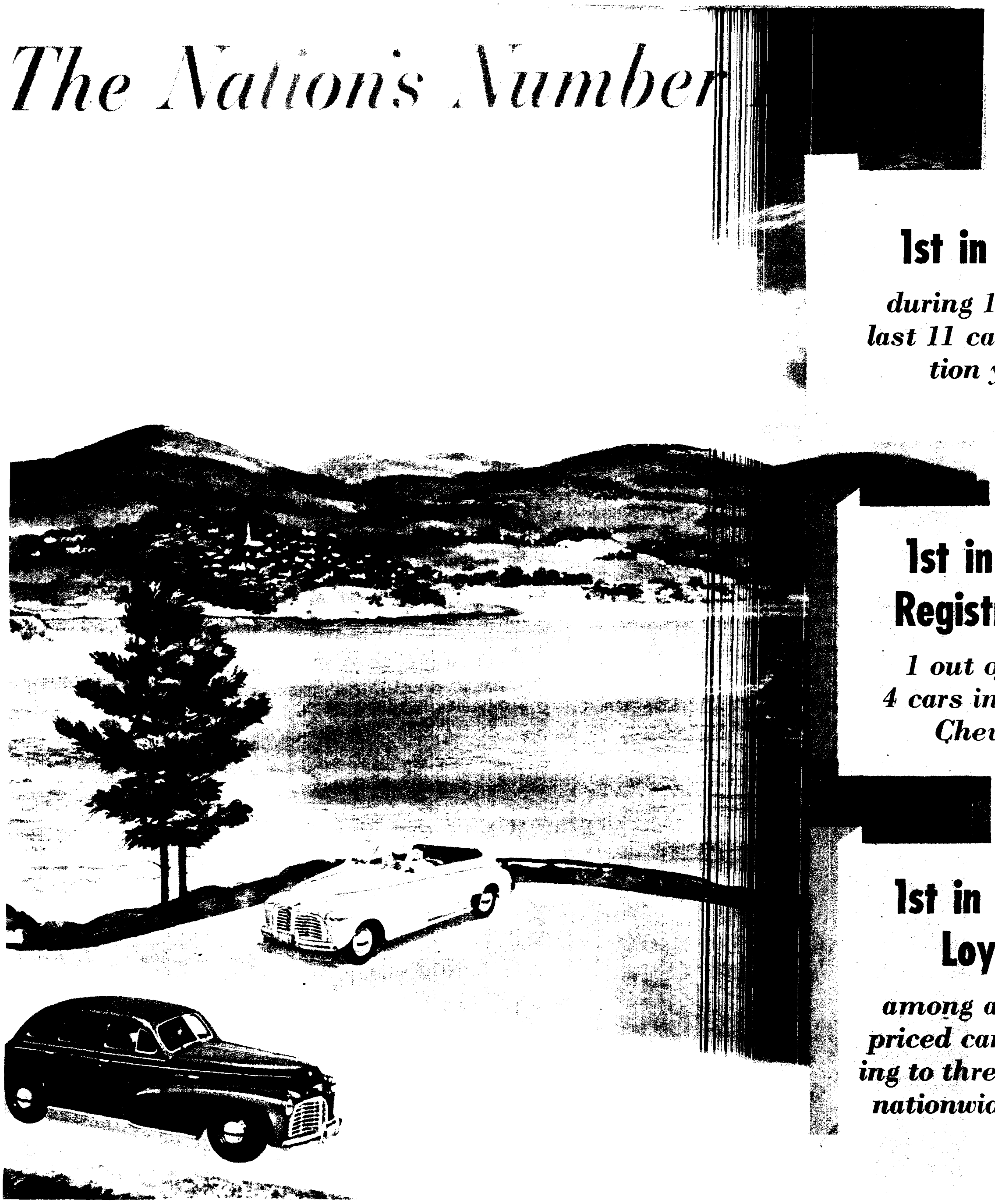

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"Is that so? I thought this was really something."

"Not at all. I can take you to a much better one. This is very ordinary." Ravic stepped lightly on the accelerator several times. The motor roared and died down.

He had calculated right; Haake carefully climbed onto the seat beside him. "Nice to see you again," he said. "Really nice."

Ravic reached across him and closed the door. "I am delighted too."

"Interesting place here! A lot of beautiful girls."

Ravic let in the clutch.

"Where are we driving?" Haake asked.

"To a very exclusive place where tourists never are admitted; a fine house of the Eighteenth Century, in the middle of the Bois. Everything is extremely aristocratic, discreet and elegant."

Ravic spoke slowly and calmly, breathing slowly. He heard himself talking like a tourist's guide, but he forced himself to go on speaking in order to grow calmer. The veins in his arms trembled. He held onto the wheel tightly with both hands, to control the trembling.

"You will be surprised when you see those rooms," he said. "The furniture is genuine, carpets and tapestry old, the wine is select, the service exquisite and the people who go there are of society."

Haake exhaled his cigar smoke. He turned to Ravic: "Listen, all that sounds wonderful, my dear Herr von Horn, there is only one question—certainly this can't be cheap?"

"I assure you it's inexpensive."

Haake gurgled and was quite embarrassed. "It depends on what you mean by that! We Germans with our limited foreign exchange!"

Ravic shook his head. "I know the owner very well. We'll be considered as special guests. When you come, you come as a friend of mine and very likely you will not be permitted to pay. A few tips, if anything at all—less than you paid for one bottle in the Isis."

"Really?"

"You'll see. Just depend on me."

Haake moved in his seat. "Donnerwetter, that's really something!" He smiled broadly at Ravic. "You seem to know your way about."

Ravic looked at him. He looked straight into his eyes. "It is a matter of having friends. A few friends in influential positions."

"That's something. We could use you to good advantage. Couldn't we have a talk about it sometime?"

"Certainly. How long are you staying in Paris?"

Haake laughed. "I always seem to meet you when I'm just about to leave. I'm leaving at seven-thirty this morning." He looked at the clock in the car. "In two and a half hours. I wanted to tell you. Must be at the Gare du Nord by then. Can we make it?"

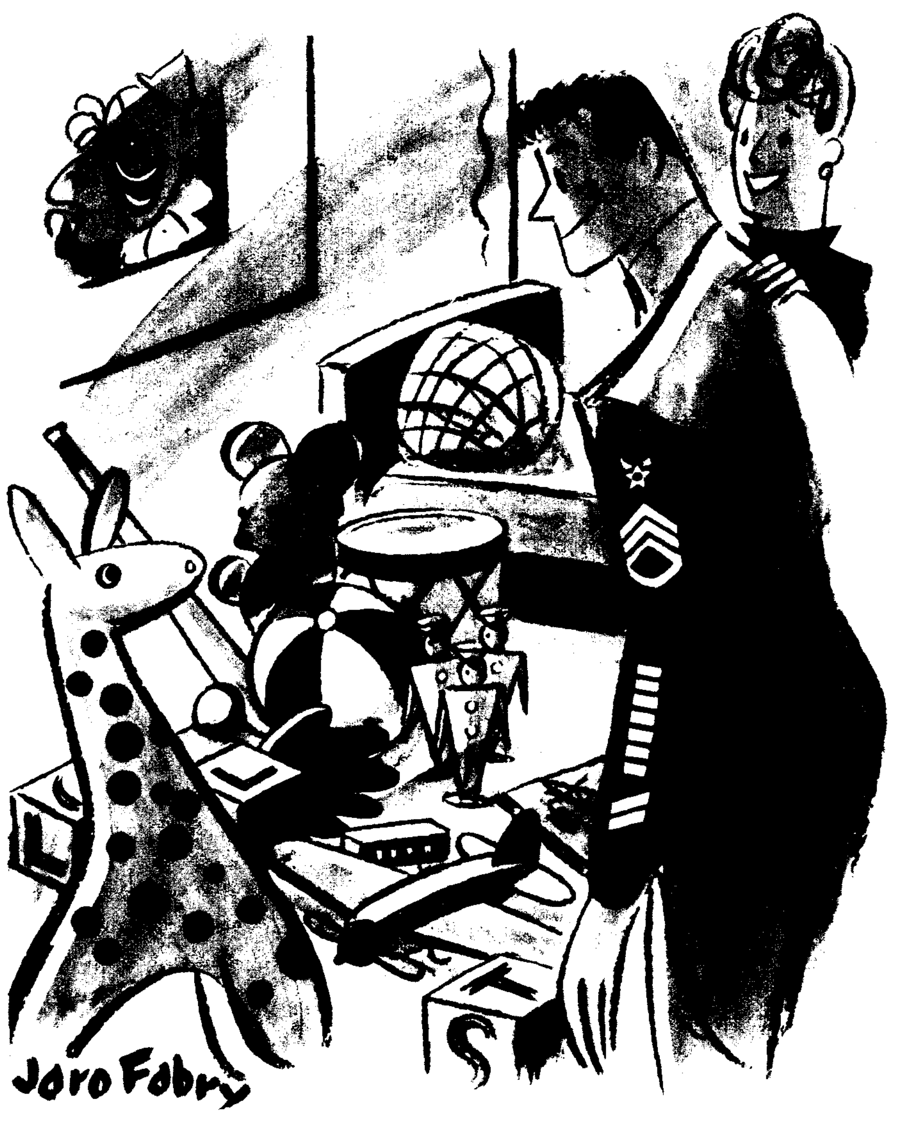
"Easily. Do you have to go to your hotel before that?"

"No. My suitcase is at the station. I left the hotel this afternoon. Saved a day's rent by doing so. With our foreign exchange—" He laughed again.

Suddenly Ravic realized that he, too, was laughing. He pressed his hands tightly on the wheel. Impossible, he thought, this is impossible. Something will happen still to interfere! Such a chance is impossible!

THE fresh air made Haake feel the alcohol he had been drinking. His voice became slower and heavier. He fixed himself more comfortably in his corner and began to doze. His lower jaw dropped and his eyes closed. The car turned into the soundless darkness of the Bois.

The headlights flew like white specters in front of the car, plucking ghostly trees out of the dark. The odor of acacias rushed through the open window. The noise of the tires on the asphalt, gentle, incessant, as if it would never cease. The motor's familiar droning, deep and soft in the damp night air. The shimmer of a small pond on the left, the silhouette of willows, appearing brighter than the dark beeches behind them. Meadows, covered with dew, nacreous, pale. The Route de Madrid, the Route de la Porte St. James, the Route de Neuilly. A sleepy house. The smell of the river. The Seine.



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Ravic drove along the Boulevard de la Seine. Two barges floated on the moonlit water, black spots at intervals. A dog barked on the farther one. Voices came from across the water. A light burned on the forward deck of the first barge. Ravic did not stop the car. He kept it at an even speed so as not to wake Haake, and drove along the Seine. He had intended to stop here. It was impossible. He turned into the Rue de la Ferme, away from the river, back to the Allée de Longchamps. He stayed on it beyond the Allée de la Reine Marguarite, driving carefully and then turned into the narrower roads.

Glancing at Haake he noticed that his eyes were now open. Haake looked at him. He had raised his head, without shifting, and looked at Ravic. His eyes shone like blue glass balls in the faint light from the dashboard. It was like an electric shock.

"Awake?" Ravic asked.

Haake did not answer. He looked at Ravic. He did not move. Not even his eyes moved.

"Where are we?" he asked finally.

"In the Bois de Boulogne. Very near the Restaurant des Cascades."

"How long have we been driving?"

"Ten minutes."

"We've been driving longer."

"Hardly."

"Before I fell asleep I looked at the clock. We've been driving more than half an hour."

"Really?" Ravic said. "We'll be there soon."

Haake's eyes had not left Ravic. "Drive back," he said.

"Now?"

"Yes."

He was no longer drunk. He was here and awake. His face had changed. His joviality and friendliness had disappeared. For the first time Ravic saw the face he had known, the face that had become engraved in his memory forever in the terror chamber of the Gestapo. And suddenly the uneasiness he had felt all along since he had met Haake disappeared—the feeling that he was going to kill a stranger who actually did not matter to him.

At first he had felt that he had in his car an amiable drinker of red wine, and he had searched in vain for reasons in that man's face—for the reasons for killing which were uppermost in his mind no matter what he tried to think of. Now, suddenly, they were again the same eyes he had seen before him when he had awakened out of unconsciousness in an agony of pain, when cold water came pouring out of pails down his face, onto the floor, the black polished boots of the S.S. men beside his splitting head. The same cold eyes, the same cold, low, penetrating voice.

Something in Ravic reversed direction abruptly. It was like a current changing poles. The tension remained; but the vacillation, the nervousness, and the uncertainty were converted into a single current which had only one aim, and nothing was left but that. Years fell away into ashes, the torture room with its gray walls was back again, the unshaded white lights, the smell of blood, leather, pain and fear.

"Why do you want to go back?" Ravic asked.

"I must; I'm expected at the hotel."

"But you said your things were at the station already."

"Yes, they are. But I've still got to settle something before I leave. Drive back."

"All right."

DURING the last week Ravic had driven through the Bois half a dozen times. He recognized where he was. He turned to the left into a narrow road.

"Are we going back?"

"Yes."

The heavy aroma under trees through which no sun shone during the day. The denser darkness. The brighter gleam of the headlights.

Ravic saw in the mirror that Haake's left hand was stealing away from the door, slowly, carefully. Right-hand drive, he thought, thank God this car has a right-hand drive!

He took a curve, held the wheel with his left hand, acted as if he were leaning with the curve, then accelerated on the straight road; the car raced ahead and a few seconds later he stepped on the brake with all his strength.

The car bucked. The brakes screeched. Ravic held one foot on the brake, the other was pushed against the floor for balance. Haake, whose feet had no support, shot forward from the waist. He could not get his hand out of his pocket in time and his forehead banged against the corner of the windshield and the dashboard.

At this moment Ravic struck him in the neck, just below the head, with a monkey wrench he had taken from his pocket on the curve.

(To be concluded next week)

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

their return Stateside, were almost without exception generously beribboned and bemedaled. The return of a small carrier composite squadron to this country presents all too vivid a contrast. A Distinguished Flying Cross in a squadron is unusual and even Air Medals are few. Some squadrons have even arrived back in the States without having been awarded a single medal.

Following the Battle of Leyte Gulf, where the baby carrier pilots flew their hearts and, in many cases, their lives out in putting to rout a Japanese fleet without help from any outside source, the boys were proud of their day's work. But when mail finally reached them after the engagement, they read that they were "the second team" of naval aviation and that they had been saved from utter destruction by their brothers in the fast carrier forces!

The boys were understandably startled. Their morale was also soundly booted in the teeth. As one boy said, "To hell with that stuff. I should break my neck, skidding around on Jap flak, to be called 'the second team.' From now on I fly only for the wife, the kids and the paymaster." In his own way he voiced all of their feelings.

Of course, a month or so later these same grousing kids went into the Sulu Sea with our first task force to venture into that Jap *mare nostrum*. There were 47 operational Japanese airfields within one hour's flying time of the task force during the six days it operated in those waters. In that period the boys who were going to fly only for the paymaster, the wife and the kiddies splashed 92 enemy planes at a cost to themselves of only two planes—and they didn't lose a ship.

The jeep pilot was a tough pilot and a hard worker. One group of CVEs, during a 15-day period, flew more than 7,400 sorties, dropped 4,000 bombs and fired 4,500 rockets. That is the sort of schedule which quickly separates the men from the children. And the jeep pilot's tour of combat duty ran from one to three months longer than the tour put in by his fast carrier brethren.

And he was a fighting pilot. His record of 92 Jap planes to two of his own, established during the Mindoro operation, is eloquent testimony to his aggressiveness and skill. Rarely, in any operation, has the ratio fallen below 25 or 30 to 1.

But the jeep pilot has remained comparatively unsung, undecorated and unpublicized. Since there are thousands of him, this is to be regretted. For he deserves and has truly earned a big hand. . . .

—LT. COMDR. JAMES W. POLING, USNR

(Lt. Comdr. Poling was Air Combat Intelligence Officer on a jeep carrier for 18 months and saw action at Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Kavieng, Hollandia, Aitape, Leyte, Mindoro, Lingayen and Leyte Gulf. He is personally acquainted with two now defunct Kamikaze Kids. Prior to entering the Navy, where he has served for three years, he was an editor of Doubleday Doran, Inc., and is a resident of New York City.)

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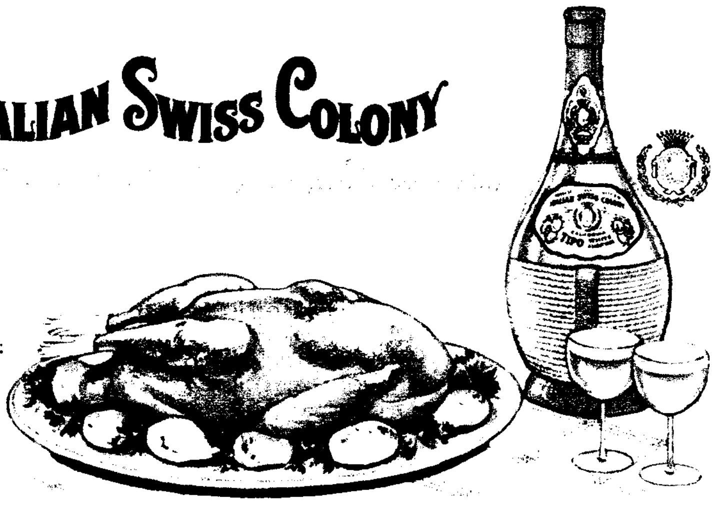
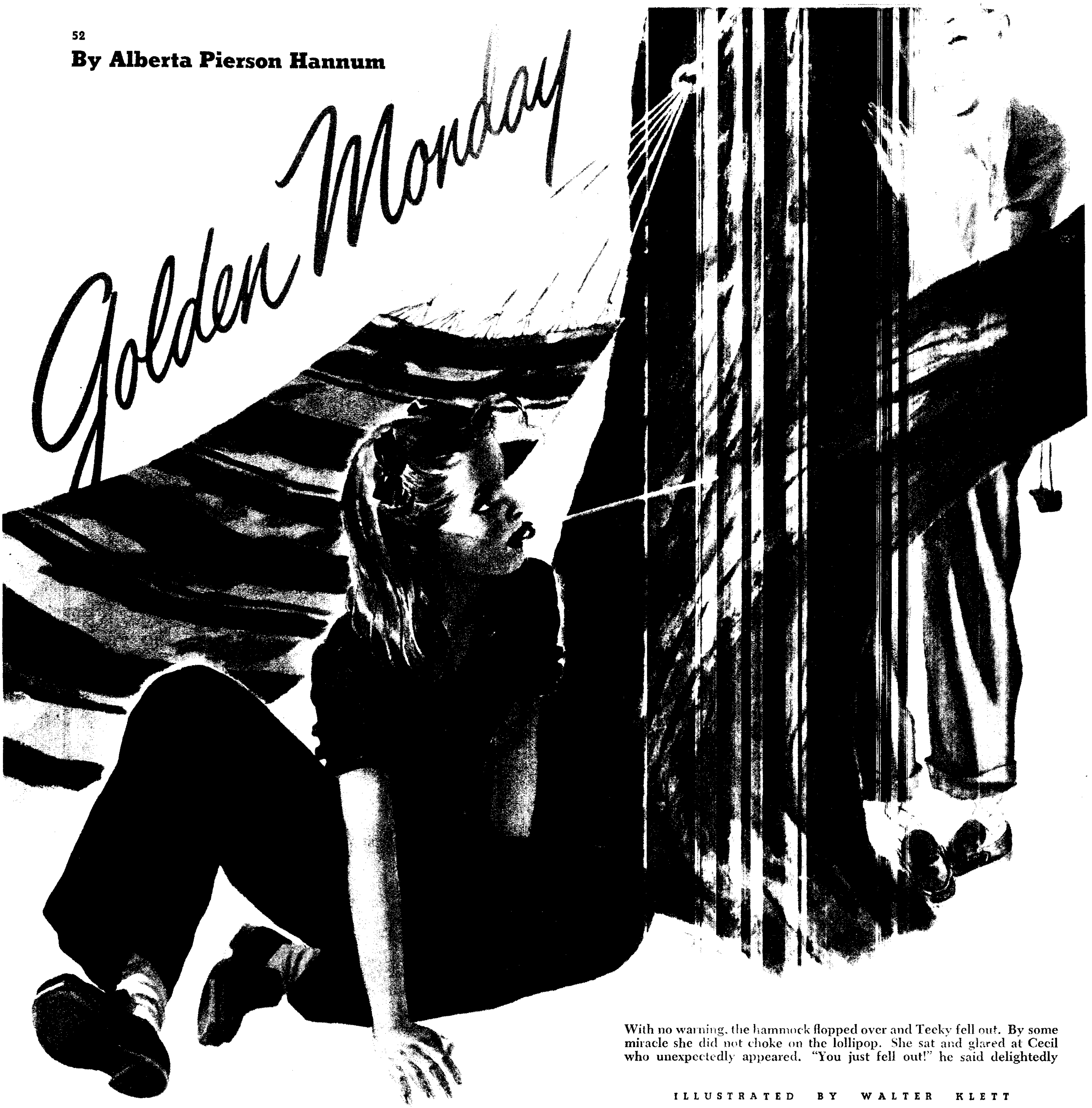


By Alberta Pierson Hannum

Golden Monday



With no warning, the hammock flopped over and Teeky fell out. By some miracle she did not choke on the lollipop. She sat and glared at Cecil who unexpectedly appeared. "You just fell out!" he said delightedly

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

This story is for parents whose children are taking the first step into our adult world—and for those who can remember

THERE came a small sound at Margaret's feet, like a bird's wing scraping the ground. But when she glanced down it was only a little brown husk, fallen from the blue spruce at the side of the porch. Amazing thing, the husk, she thought, picking it up and examining it idly. It was so harsh and dryly small, yet built so carefully, layer on layer to the exact mold and shape of the new young tip it had been sheltering. Then the tip grows beyond it, pushes the shell off, so it can hang lush and full in its own right of green. . . .

But abstract observations of nature always were a little difficult with Teeky around. There was nothing abstract in Teeky's gloom as she came scraping up the flagstones, dragging a baseball bat unhappily behind her, her shirttails out over her old blue overalls.

"I can't play baseball!"

Margaret regarded her daughter consideringly. Never in all her twelve years had Teeky sidled by anything sideways. She always hit everything head on—even the awkward age.

"I didn't know girls wanted to play baseball," consoled her mother.

But Teeky stood indignantly aggrieved at the whole unfairness of being a girl at all. "A girl can't play baseball even after a boy shows her how. All I could do was stand with my hands in my pockets!"

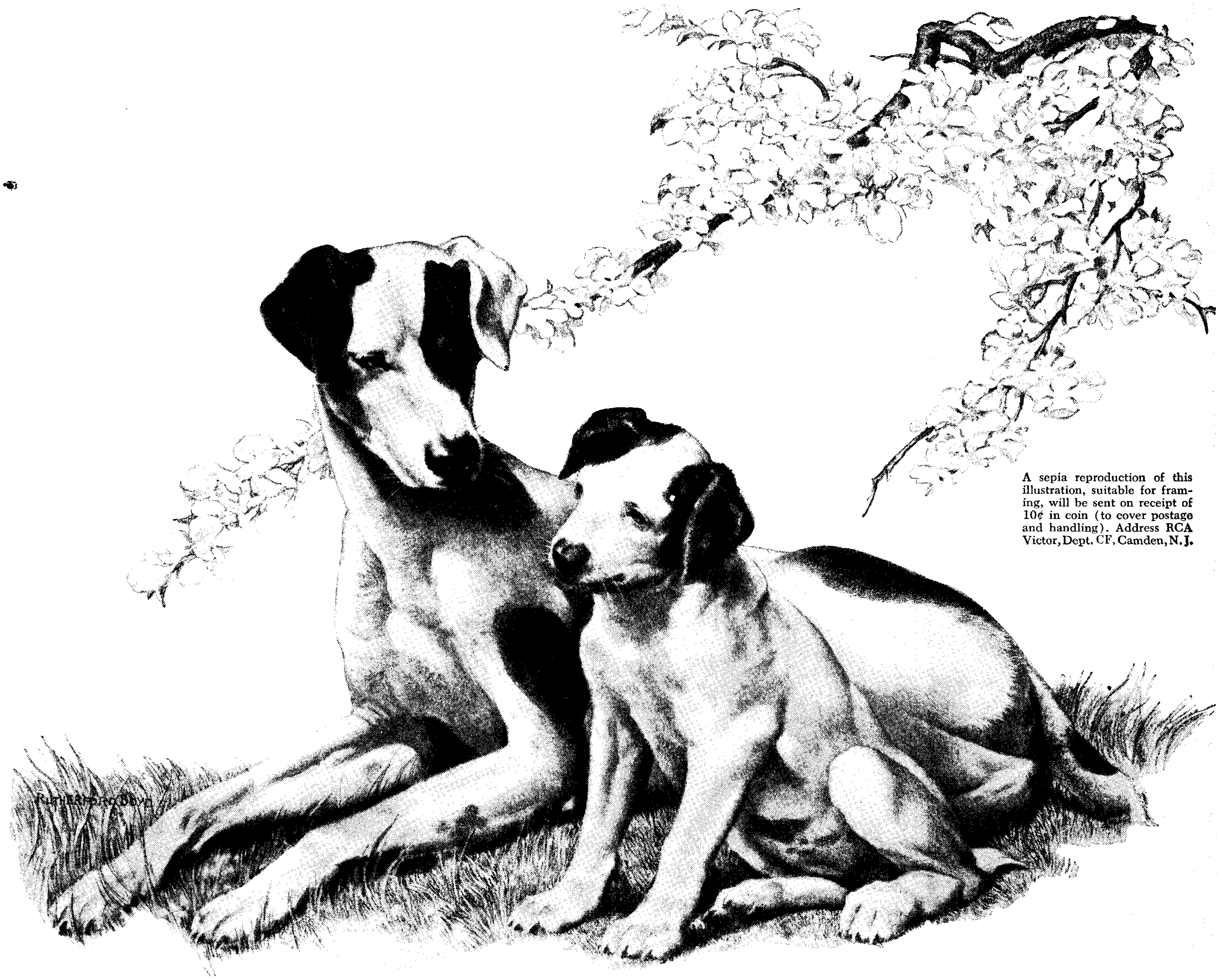
Margaret refrained from comment, although from what she had overheard of the quarreling going on between Teeky and the boy next door, Teeky had not quite just stood with her hands in her pockets. It seemed a local ball club had been organized that morning, with a big game coming up tomorrow, and Cecil had wanted Teeky to practice him up on batting. But Teeky had her own interests to consider. *She* wanted to bat. Since it was her bat, Cecil finally had let her. But he'd thrown her deliberately swift ones which Teeky, mentioning she wasn't going to have her arm taken off just to get one, hadn't tried for. When she had let several go by, Cecil had said sarcastically, "Well, if you can't hit them I might as well quit." To which Teeky had replied, "Oh, I'm so sorry, but everyone can't be as superhuman as the Great You. Don't expect too much of your inferiors, STUPER MOUSE!" Whereupon she brought her bat home in a huff.

Now she slammed it down on the top porch step and scuffed off through the yard to take consolation in a lollipop she had in her pocket, and in the hammock her father had put up for her that morning.

"Now just *approach* this hammock, Teeky," Clem had suggested, out of experience with his daughter. "Don't attack it."

Teeky had grinned, but evidently she also had paid attention to his tone because she backed into it gingerly now and sat carefully upright, planting her brown loafers wide. Margaret watched her for a moment in fond

(Continued on page 88)



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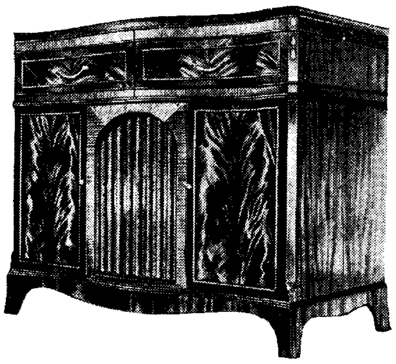

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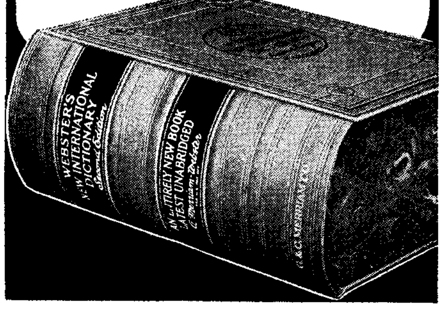
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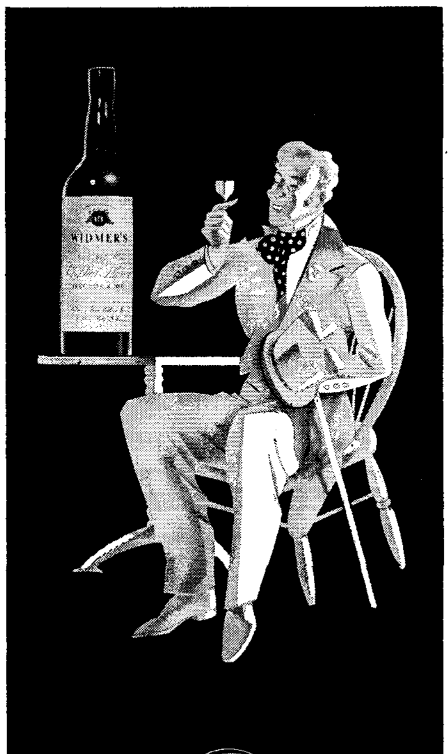

FINEST SINCE
1888
WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths

Widmer's Wine Cellars, Inc. Naples, N.Y.

He Talked to Japan

Continued from page 15

state, anything is good. The common Japanese shopkeeper or farmer can be handled the same as anyone else. It is our job to replace the state in the Japanese mind with Americans who can reach the Japanese mind in the same way and convince them that the state with its inviolability of motives is a bad thing and must be revised. Only then can we attain honest democracy in Japan and bring the country out of feudalism. Zacharias indicated in his broadcasts to Japan that *he,* at least, could reach the Japanese mind.

For Ellis Zacharias of Jacksonville, Florida, and the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, knows Japan and the Japanese thoroughly. An astonishing number of Japanese know him. This is not the first time he has been taken for a "well-educated gentleman from the Tokyo area." In 1931, when the Emperor's relatives, Prince and Princess Takamatsu, were touring the United States, the then Lieutenant Commander Zacharias was assigned by the State Department to accompany them as their aide. The Japanese ambassador's daughter, Setsuko Matsudara, was an alumna of Wellesley College, and the party attended a garden reception there. After listening to the sunburned Zacharias talk fluent Japanese to the prince for a while, and then converse with someone else in English, one of the Wellesley deans exclaimed, "My, Commander Zacharias, you must have lived in America a long time to have learned how to speak English so well."

As a hint of what he may achieve in the future, it should be noted that before the surrender, proof of Zacharias' effectiveness inside Japan itself was turned up every day by our Intelligence services. Every time he spoke, the Premier or one of his henchmen found it necessary to go on to the air to answer him. During the actual surrender period, the Japanese radio said time and time again, "We are ending the war in accordance with Captain Zacharias' interpretation of unconditional surrender."

Thus for the first time, the Americans had an Official Spokesman. The title perhaps sounds unfamiliar because Americans are a people passionately fond of speaking out for themselves without the assistance of a spokesman, official or otherwise. In this case, however, it was necessary, because the number of Americans qualified to speak directly and effectively to the Japanese could be, as one OWI official expressed it, "counted on the fingers of one thumb."

High-Powered Truth Machine

We had Zacharias as our Official Spokesman after V-E Day, when he made his first broadcast. The talks were recorded in Washington, and then the recordings were flown to California. From there they were rebroadcast for three days over big 50,000-watt OWI transmitters, in Honolulu and Saipan. This method of reaching the Japanese people worked better than most people realize. There is hydroelectric power throughout Japan and before the start of the heavy bombings the country possessed a total of 5,000,000 radio sets.

Also, there were street-corner radios in every town and village. All of these sets were dinky little affairs—the only ones allowed by the government—and they could be tuned only to three restricted wave bands on which nothing but the home Japanese stations could be heard. But the OWI's Saipan radio came in powerfully on all three of these wave bands, so that if the Japanese government jammed them, they also shut out their own broadcasts to the people. So Radio Saipan and Captain Zacharias always got through.

Elmer Davis testified before a Congressional committee that "the Zacharias broadcasts are the most effective and best co-ordinated we have." They were co-ordinated, of course, with B-29s, the Potsdam Declaration, the Soviet Far Eastern armies, carrier planes and atomic bombs. Columnist Walter Lippmann, who does not claim to be an expert on Japan but knows mass persuasion when he sees it, called the broadcasts "a model of clarity and statesmanship."

Zacharias reasoned, cajoled and commiserated with the Japanese people, and hit hard at the Japanese militarists who caused them all their trouble. He used every device, in reverse, which the militarists themselves used to whip up the patriotism of the people.

For instance, in every case where the Japanese people were called upon by someone in authority to take prompt action, it always was in the light of past Japanese history. The Fascist regimentation had completely sapped individual initiative, so as a substitute the Jap was made to visualize himself in the position of some long-dead hero. Thus, in the suicidal banzai charge, each Jap soldier visualized himself as Benkei, a legendary Japanese hero who did the same thing against the soldiers of a rival clan centuries ago and became a god.

Zacharias uses the same technique. He knows Japanese history thoroughly and he found examples like the case of Saigo Takamori. In 1877, Saigo led a revolt of the southern Japanese province of Satsuma against the authority of the Emperor. The civil war dragged on for six months and Saigo became a symbol of resistance to overwhelming force.

Finally, when the situation seemed hopeless, Prince Arisugawa, the Emperor's commander in chief, called on Saigo to give up. Saigo thought it over for two weeks. Then, on August 18, 1877, he said, "The bow and arrow and the sword of my soldiers cannot compete with the rifle of the soldiers from the north," and he surrendered unconditionally. Saigo Takamori, Zacharias pointed out, was a brave, yet smart man. Today, Satsuma is the most prosperous province of Japan.

Pressing at the Sore Spots

Zacharias knows all the weak points of Japanese psychology. He knows how the Japanese navy hates and envies the army, which took the leadership in this war. So he addressed himself to his former friend, Admiral Yonai, and reminded him of the bankrupt policy of Generals Tojo, Koiso, Hata, Sugiyama and Terauchi, who engineered the war. "In Berlin," said Captain Zacharias, "General Hiroshi Oshima collaborated to bring about the signing of the Tripartite Pact and made commitments on behalf of the Japanese nation. And more particularly, although an army general, he made commitments on behalf of the Imperial Japanese navy."

"General Oshima," he slyly concluded, "was recently found hiding in southern Germany by the United States Army."

Concerning the subordination of Japan to Germany, a real sore spot with the Japanese, Zacharias really launched a broadside. He described in detail the German "cultural" invasion of Japan after the signing of the Tripartite Pact in 1936. The once-great Yomiuri newspaper, he pointed out, was completely dominated by the representative of the German propaganda ministry in Tokyo, Erich Wickert, who had his offices in the German embassy. German agents infiltrated the Japanese industrial system. "The now thoroughly discredited German generalship was represented in your own Imperial Staff meetings," he said, "by Lieutenant General Eugen Ott, who was not a strategist, but is known to the entire world as one of the key men in the German Intelligence Service. He was permitted to attend the most secret conferences."

Then Zacharias threw the haymaker. "General Ott's own son," he said, "was guilty of espionage in Japan and was arrested in Tokyo."

The most effective thing about Zacharias' broadcasts was that these were straight, simple facts of which every Japanese was well aware. Zacharias never used anything *but* facts, and he used them the way a clever boxer uses left jabs and right crosses.

When Okinawa fell, he recalled Premier Suzuki's solemn statement a few weeks before that the outcome of the battle of Okinawa would decide the future of Japan. When the B-29s began to rain thousands of tons of bombs on Japan, he reminded the Japs of

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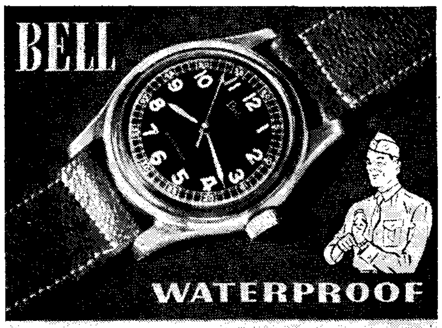

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Admiral Nakamura's statement in 1944 that "no American plane will ever raid Japan effectively." In passing he mentioned a similar statement about the "sacred soil of Germany" by one Hermann Goering. When Premier Suzuki made his "Victory or Extermination" speech to the Japanese people, Zacharias gently reminded them that the slogan in the days of General Tojo was just plain "Victory!"

He seemed to know everything that went on inside Japan. After the defeat of Germany, the Japanese correspondent, Jiro Taguchi, warned Foreign Minister Togo that the outcome of modern war is determined not so much by personal courage as by industrial superiority, which Japan definitely lacked. Zacharias informed the Japanese people of the statement. When his old friend, Rear Admiral Yokoyama Ichiro, was detached from duty as senior adjutant of the Navy Ministry, Zacharias announced that it was because Yokoyama knew too much about the naval power of the United States, and his colleagues were afraid his pessimism would influence others.

When Lieutenant General Katsuzo Kosuda, head of the Japanese Ordnance Administration, complained that "the standard of the finished product in Japanese war materials is regrettably low," Zacharias reported this revelation, together with an official Japanese government statement that the Munitions Superintendence Department was "a target of justifiable criticism for impotency in production."

When Vice Admiral Kondo counseled patience, Captain Zacharias revealed that we invaded Hollandia with 200 ships, at Okinawa that had increased to 1,400 ships, and now with the fall of Germany, hundreds more were heading to the Pacific.

In every broadcast, Zacharias offered the Japanese their only alternative to extermination, President Truman's honorable unconditional surrender, whereby their soldiers could return to their homes, and the people could begin to live normal lives again. He closed every broadcast with the ominous words, "But time is running out."

We know now that Broadcast No. 4 and Broadcast No. 12 were the most effective. After No. 4, in which Zacharias mercilessly exposed the Japanese military clique that brought on the war, there was an immediate popular reaction in Japan. In No. 12, Zacharias clarified the meaning of "unconditional surrender," on the basis of which the Japs finally gave up. Just before No. 12, the Japanese government asked the Russians to negotiate an end to the war. Our Intelligence reports that it was the broadcasts that first made the Japs peace-conscious and prepared the Japanese mind for surrender.

The "Official Spokesman" is a tall, mild, soft-spoken man with black hair and rimless glasses, who looks at least 15 years younger than his 55—especially when he sits around his office with his sleeves rolled up and his collar eagles askew. He could easily pass for a successful college basketball coach. He was born and raised in Jacksonville, where his family had settled generations before. When he decided that he wanted to go to Annapolis, he became the first Navy man the Zachariases ever had.

At the Naval Academy, young Zacharias was a member of the great 1911 and 1912 Navy gym teams, which at that time were as powerful as present-day Navy track teams. Some of his more illustrious classmates were Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Rear Admiral D. C. Ramsey, the former chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, and Vice Admiral Dan Barbey, commander of the 7th Amphibious Force. Even then they noticed his intense interest in things Japanese. Zacharias must have dragged them to see Madame Butterfly at least a dozen times.

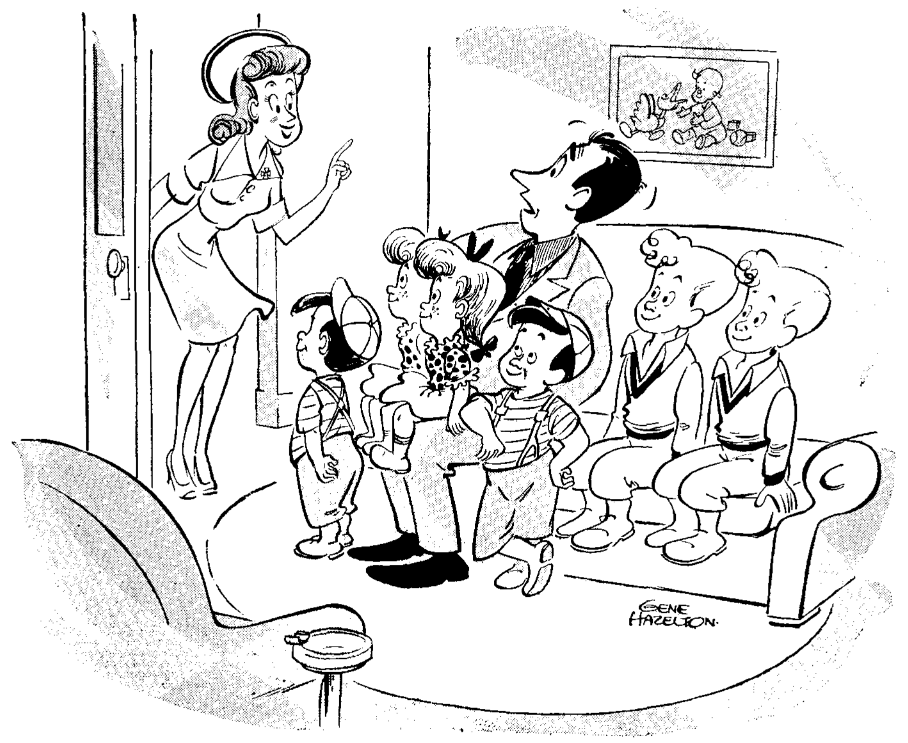
After he graduated from the Academy, Zacharias served on eight different ships. He was a young ensign on the battleship Virginia when one day, in the wardroom, he heard an American officer conversing in Japanese with a Japanese steward. Zacharias rushed over. The officer turned out to be Lieutenant (now Captain) F. F. Rogers, the first officer sent by the Navy to Japan to study the language in 1908. Zacharias and Rogers became close friends. The language was too difficult for Zacharias to pick up haphazardly, but Rogers recommended books on Japanese history and customs. Zacharias buried himself in them.

Devotion Brings Results

He went through World War I as a lieutenant on the Raleigh and the Pittsburgh. All the time he kept building up his reputation as a student of the Japanese. After the war, the government decided for the first time since 1908 again to send young naval officers to Japan. Zacharias was the first to be selected. Rogers recommended him. Zacharias was officially assigned to the American embassy in Tokyo as an attaché to perfect his knowledge of the language.

Learning the Japanese language is no simple matter. It is strictly a memory process and Zacharias had to get to know each of the hundreds of Chinese characters used in written Japanese. Not only that, but there are few fixed rules of grammar. The language is nearly all idioms. So each of the idioms has to be learned, too. Then there is the problem of words, written exactly the same, but each having a different meaning—according to the length of the vowel sound.

This similarity of words and differences



COLLIER'S "What do you mean it's a girl? Is there only one?" GENE HAZELTON

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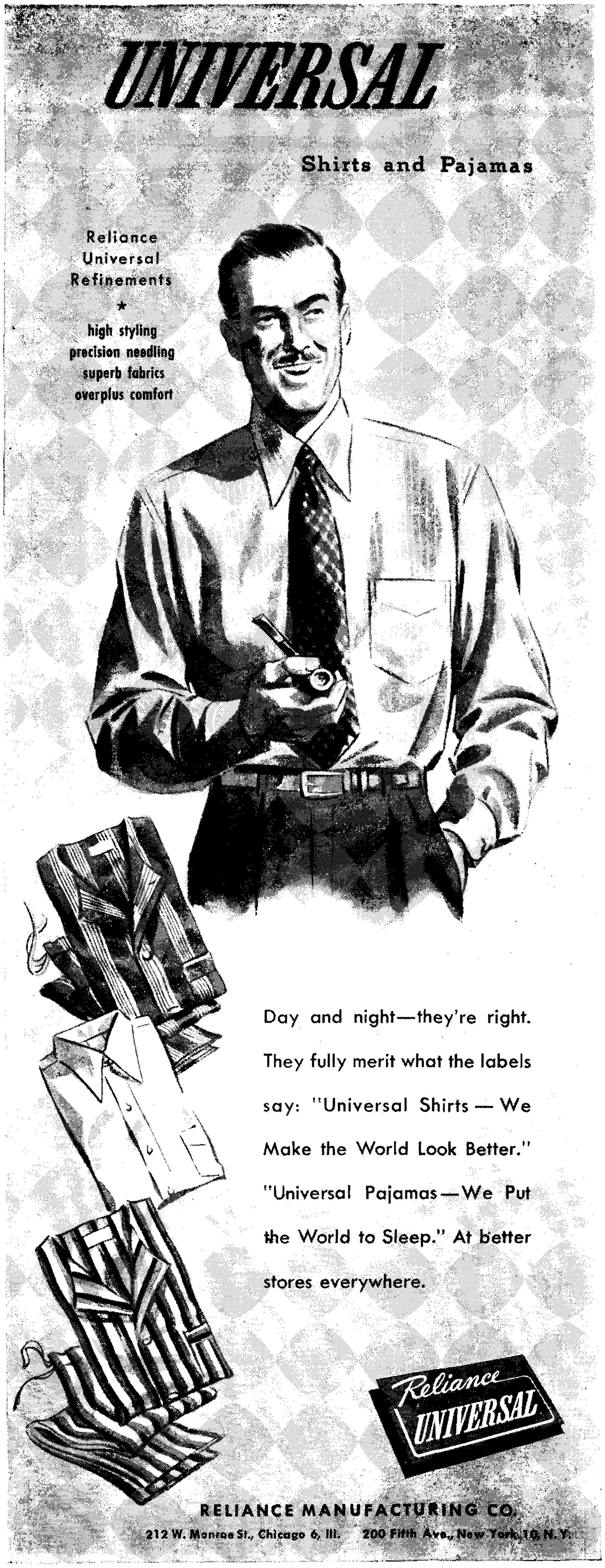

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of meaning is an extremely difficult thing to master. For a long time we weren't sure that the Emperor's acceptance of our surrender demand didn't say one thing and mean another. Even some of our most proficient psychological warfare experts got into trouble with it during the war. They were experimenting with skywriting over Japan. They had the skywriting plane spell out the word *Ma-ke-ru-zo*, which means "You are losing." The pilot made a slight mistake with the first Chinese character. The word came out *A-ke-ru-zo*. This is almost the same ideograph but it means, "*We* are getting tired."

In 1920, there were few Japanese teachers in Tokyo who spoke English. Zacharias had ordinary tutors come to his house. They made themselves understood with a combination of sign language and pidgin English. Zacharias studied at first out of children's primary readers, which used pictures to explain words. It was a tough haul, but in a few years, Zacharias was able to converse freely with the most educated Japanese. Later, in 1929, he had a hand in modernizing the language course for American students. He revised the texts and made the readers more fitting for an adult mind.

It was during this period in Japan that Zacharias got to know men like Admirals Nomura, Yonai and Nagano. They were all contemporaries of his, captains and commanders in the Japanese navy, and he whirled around Tokyo, visiting them at their homes and drinking tea with them at downtown Tokyo hotels. He got to know these men intimately, in Tokyo and Washington, on and off for twenty years.

That's why he was able to say in his first broadcast, "I was chosen as the spokesman to interpret for you the true meaning of events now shaping up because for twenty years I have always acted as a friend of the Japanese people. Admiral Yonai will recall our many conversations after his return from Russia as a language officer. Admiral Nomura will remember our frank discussions which Admiral Nagano attended. Generals Matsumoto, Washizu, Teramoto and Hirota will remember my frequent advice."

Again at the Washington Conference in 1921, Zacharias worked with the Japanese. En route home from the Asiatic Fleet, he returned to Tokyo in 1928, as acting naval attaché. And in 1931, he accompanied the Prince and Princess Takamatsu on their two-months trip through the country. But when Pearl Harbor struck, he had a fighting command. He was the skipper of the famous old heavy cruiser Salt Lake City, known affectionately to the men of the Pacific Fleet as the "One Ship Fleet" and christened the "Swayback Maru" by war correspondents.

Not a Military Objective

On the Salt Lake City, Zacharias became a legend, properly perpetuated by Correspondent Bob Casey in his 1942 book, Torpedo Junction. It was Zacharias who fired the first shot back at the Japanese after Pearl Harbor when he took his old cruiser into the mysterious Marshall Islands on February 1, 1942, and blasted Wotje Atoll. Zacharias thinks that first shot hit an outhouse, but at least it was a Japanese outhouse. After that he went on every raid with Halsey in the central Pacific. He supported the Hornet when it launched Doolittle's first 16-plane Shangri-La attack against the Japanese homeland, and was on the fringes of the Battle of the Coral Sea.

When the conquest of the central Pacific islands began, Zacharias was in that, too, this time in command of the equally famous old battleship, the New Mexico. At Guam, Captain Zacharias increased the legend and his stature as a commander. The Marines were having trouble with pillboxes and dugouts along a ridge near the beach, and Vice-Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner sent out the terse messages to the fleet, "Get those damned pillboxes." Obviously he meant for the destroyers and other light units to sweep in close and do the job. But Captain Zach, as his men called him, took the admiral literally. "Okay," he said. And he swung the ponderous old New Mexico to within 2,000 yards of the beach. Then he opened up on the little dugouts point-blank with his huge 14-inch guns. "We really dug them out, too," he said.

Last March, when Captain Zach had been brought back to the States as chief of staff of the 11th Naval District on the West Coast, Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal sent for him on his way back from Iwo Jima. Mr. Forrestal then informed the captain that he had been chosen by OWI Chief Elmer Davis, and the Navy Department, for one of the most important jobs ever assigned to an Army or Navy officer. The government had been looking for the right man since Pearl Harbor, and Zacharias was the only one to qualify. A month or so later, he took over as Official Spokesman of the United States government.

Today, when he is at home, Zacharias lives in a comfortable house in Washington's Cleveland Park section with Mrs. Zacharias, whom he met in the Panama Canal Zone. She was visiting at the time; he was on duty with the Fleet. He has two sons, Ellis, Jr., a 3d classman at Annapolis, and Jerrold, 17, who lives at home. Jerrold helps his father with his principal diversion, which consists of using his garden to raise what he modestly claims are the biggest tomatoes in the city of Washington. These are huge things, measuring more than five inches in diameter.

It's Strictly Business Now

The Zacharias home used to be cluttered up with Japanese furniture, prints and books, with which Mrs. Zacharias, an indefatigable collector, came home completely laden from Japan. Today, however, there are only the books and an occasional print. Zacharias never reads the books any more for relaxation. "They are," he claims, "much too tedious." But he does spend several hours a week poring over them, mostly for reference, and occasionally to keep up his knowledge of the language. Nearly all Japanese books since 1931 sound exactly like the worst propaganda of the Tokyo Radio and give the impression that they were written for the exclusive reading pleasure of the Kwantung army.

Zacharias spends most of his time when he is in Washington working with the best psychological warfare experts in the country. He has one office at the Navy Department, and one at the Office of War Information, to which he has been officially attached. When he works on a script, it sometimes takes days to prepare. Sometimes it is ready in a few hours. Zacharias and his team of Japanese-speaking assistants get around a big table loaded down with intelligence material and thresh the stuff out until a script emerges. In any case, the script never gets onto the air until it is approved by the highest levels—sometimes, it is said, even as high as President Truman himself.

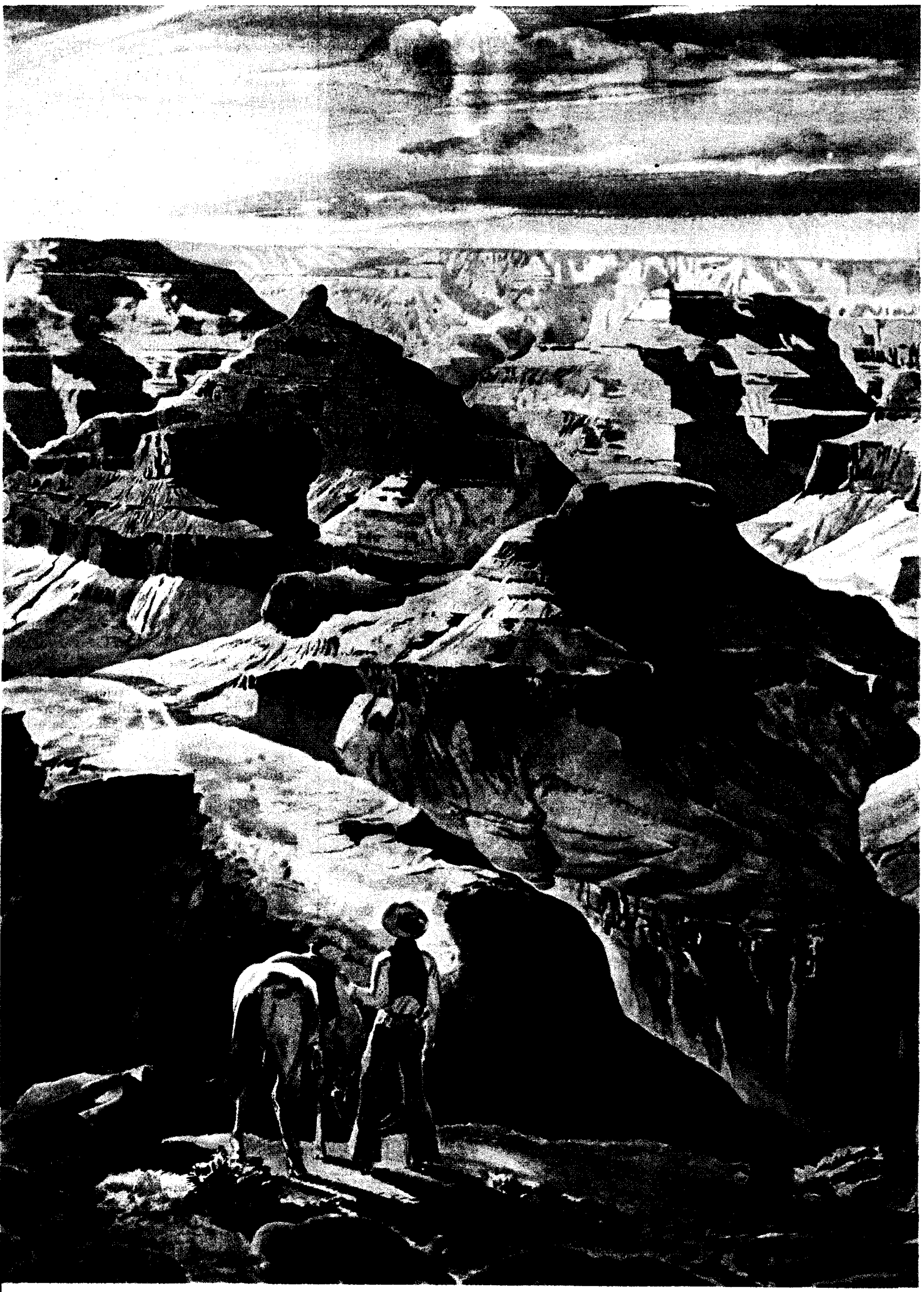
A script is written first in English. Then Zacharias and his assistants translate it into perfect Japanese. They write out the Japanese words in regular Roman letters, principally because there are no Japanese typewriters available, but also so Zacharias can give the words the correct accent and, consequently, the correct meaning. Just to be sure, Zacharias reads an English version after each broadcast. This is carefully labeled "the official text."

Each broadcast opens with an announcer saying: "*Tadaima beikoku kaigun taisa Zachariasu kakka no saijo tokubetsu renzoku hosu wo itashimasu,*" which means roughly, "You are about to hear another of a very special series of broadcasts by Captain Zacharias of the United States Navy."

Taisa Zachariasu denies that he has any particular feelings for his Japanese navy contemporaries or the Emperor or any other cliques in Japan. "Some of them were friendly to America," he says, "but only because they liked to live the way Americans live. It was American luxury and economic freedom that attracted them, not American political liberty. Like the rest, they were frightened to death that the infiltration of democratic tendencies into Japan would interfere with military policy."

"Taisa Zachariasu," said one Japanese officer prisoner of war on Okinawa, "sounds like our conscience."

THE END



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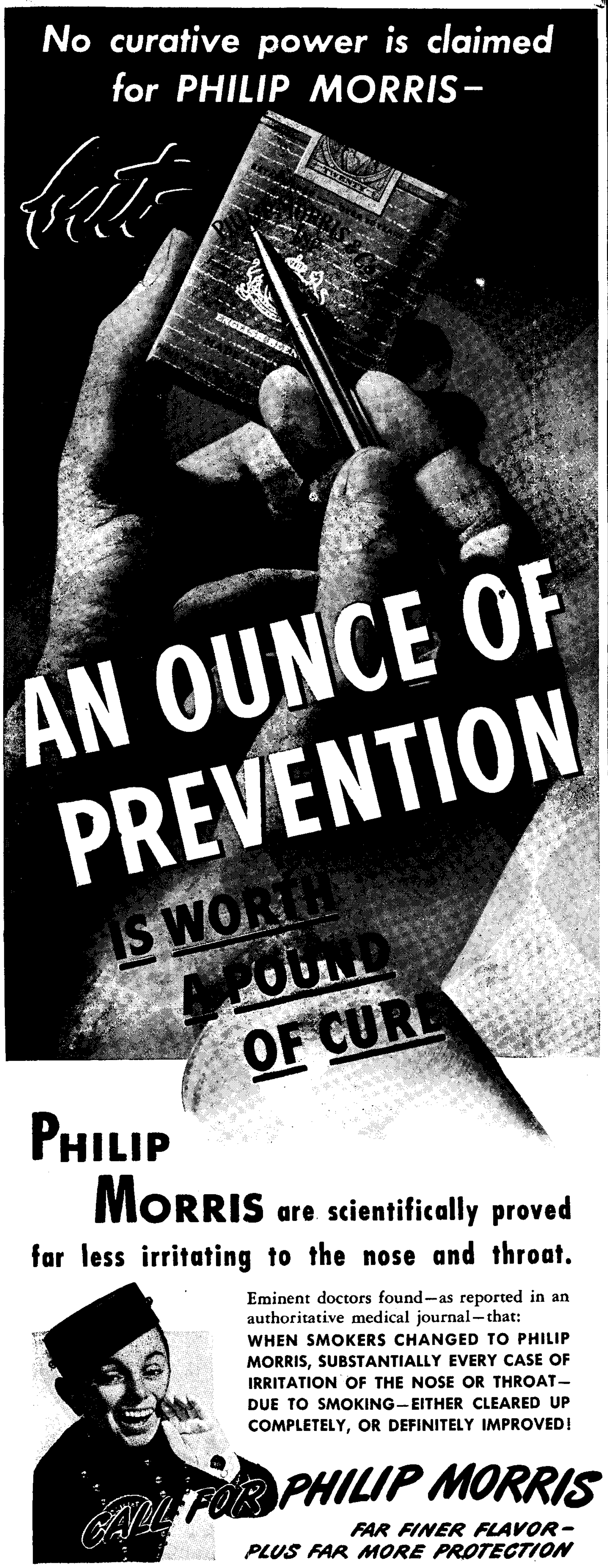

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Manpower Problem

Continued from page 38

"Every Sunday I can," Lane said. "That's interesting about your Tribune route—"

"There's a singer on the program—" Prentiss said.

But he never did get a chance to tell them about Annette. Two women barged into the group and took over. When he was finally free, he was surprised to find that his cocktail was finished and he began, once more, to wonder about the time. The waiter overhauled him again, and he took a fresh glass.

"It's seven-twenty-seven," the waiter said, before he could open his mouth. "Look, brother, I would take that bubbly a little slower. You want to be able to speak nice and clear when you get that long-distance call from Miss Annette Briggs in San Diego, California."

As a result of the waiter's warning, Prentiss nursed his drink. He talked to several people and found a man with a wrist watch who gave him the correct time. It was a quarter of eight. Suddenly the waiter hurried up, looking rather excited.

"Briggs is on," he announced. "In that little room over there, brother."

Prentiss excused himself and bolted for the foyer. On the way he became conscious of the drink he was carrying. He encountered a small blonde standing alone. She smiled at him encouragingly, and he noted that she had just disposed of an hors d'oeuvre and had a free hand.

"Good evening, honey," he said. "Hold this drink for me, will you? I've got to get a very important long-distance call."

Four or five women were standing in the foyer assassinating some other woman's character, but he paid no attention to them. On a small table near the doorway was a telephone off its stand. He clutched the instrument and banged it against his ear.

"Hello," he said. "Hello! This is Prentiss Havelock, Jr., speaking."

"Mr. Havelock is on the phone, Miss Briggs," the operator said.

"Tell me when my three minutes are up, operator," a velvety, deep voice replied. "Prentiss?"

"Darling!" Prentiss said loudly, startling the women in the foyer. "Darling-pie, this is Peachey. How are you?"

"Fine, Prentiss. And you?"

"Just fine. Your voice is like music. I think I'm hearing things, just hearing it over the phone. They used to play your records overseas once in a while, and I'd go crazy. When is the earliest possible moment I can see you?"

"Oh, Prentiss, I'm awfully sorry, but Mr. Lanson is taking the show on a tour of the camps. We're going to Arizona next week, and then from there on to Texas and New Mexico."

PRENTISS shook the phone impatiently. "Angel-pie," he said, "we've been waiting nearly three years for this reunion. Remember all the things we were going to do, including getting married? Are you kidding me? Shall I take the gun away from my head?"

There was velvet laughter in San Diego. "Prentiss, stop taking it so big. I know you've been away a long time—"

"I'm beginning to wonder if it was too long."

"That has nothing to do with it. You've had too much glitter, old boy, and so have I. Really, I—"

"Glitter?" Prentiss said. "Is that the same as dysentery? Look, you wrote to me. You said—"

"Darling, I wrote to you the same as I would any other man overseas. Those were morale letters. How else could I reply to those impetuous things you sent me? One can't belong to a Boy Scout troop forever."

"One what? You don't talk the same as you used to. What is this?"

"A lot of water has gone under the bridge, Prentiss. Perhaps I don't sound like a Hollywood high school girl any more. But there's been the processionals and the glitter—"

"Dysentery!" Prentiss said. "Angel-pie—"

That got another laugh in San Diego. "Prentiss, watch your language. You're a hopeless urchin. Won't you be reasonable and fly your pretty airplanes? Life goes on, old boy."

"Yeah, it sure does. How's the weather down there?"

"Fine. I adore you, Peachey, but . . . it's a processional. A pretentious glitter, but glitter."

"Processional," Prentiss said. "Glitter. I give you one more chance to talk sense—"

"Your three minutes is up, madam," the operator said.

"Goodby in a hurry, Prentiss. Love to all. Ever yours, Annette."

She was signing off as she did on the Jack Lanson program, and Prentiss realized he had just spent the worse three minutes of his life. He put the telephone on the stand and stared at the women in the foyer. They were silent and obviously fascinated. He lifted his head proudly and marched out of the foyer.

Almost immediately he met the waiter. Prentiss took a champagne cocktail from the tray and poured it down himself.

"Briggs have any news?" the waiter asked.

"Just the same old glitter," Prentiss said, and took another glass. "Have you seen any processionals around here?"

ONE drink later, he was confronted by the small blonde, still holding his glass. Prentiss had some difficulty focusing on her face. Finally he gave up and glanced through and beyond her, into a bleak vista of celibacy, bachelor apartments, draught boards, and a final flight in, say, a new six-engine transport to Tibet, where he would become the only monk capable of building a wind tunnel. Naturally, he would never listen to the Jack Lanson program, even if they had a good short-wave set at the monastery.

"Here is your cocktail," the blonde said. "Do you think you'd better finish it, Mr. Havelock?"

"I guess not," Prentiss said. "I feel a little sick. Nice of you to hold it, though. We must have lunch some time."

He started to move on, but the girl took his arm. She set his cocktail on a table.

"What we'd better have is dinner," she said, "and right now. You don't want to fall down in front of all these people, do you?"

"Does it matter?" Prentiss asked. "All I need to do now is pass the time until I die of old age."

"I have nothing to do at present myself," the girl said.

She steered him through a round of farewells, the grip on his elbow never relaxing. He mumbled correctly and tried not to appear too blank. The last faces swimming into his line of vision were those of Mr. Baker and Mr. Lane.

"Mr. Havelock has asked me to dine with him," the blonde explained. "I hope you don't mind, Dad."

"Not at all," Mr. Lane said, and smiled. "After all, Mr. Havelock used to carry a Tribune route, Judy."

"I did not," Prentiss said.

Mr. Lane seemed puzzled. "But I thought you said—"

"She asked *me*," Prentiss said.

"It's noncombat fatigue," Judy said. "I won't bend his fenders or anything, Mr. Baker."

"Please don't," Mr. Baker said, "for heaven's sake. He's starting as head of production with me tomorrow."

"If you listen to the Jack Lanson program on Sunday," Prentiss said, "you're crazy."

They went downstairs, and the doorman brought Judy's convertible coupé. It was a mild night, so the top was down. Prentiss slumped in the seat, began to take a deep breath, and abruptly stopped.

"I hate to breathe the same air they put that program on," he said.

"Steaks?" Judy said. "I know a place we can get them."

"Steaks are nothing to me," Prentiss replied. "I will never care for food again. But you must try to enjoy yourself."

"Thanks," Judy said.

She drove to the restaurant. The headwaiter was obviously an old friend, and he thought he could dig up a couple of New York cuts. Prentiss agreed grudgingly.

"Just set anything before me," he said. "I eat only to keep up my strength."

To keep up his strength he had shrimp cocktail, soup, all the steak but one small tip which was inedible, deep-dish apple pie, and two cups of coffee. His eyelids were growing heavy and his heart was broken. He lighted a cigarette and gazed solemnly at Judy.

"Don't be surprised if I seem silent and abstracted," he said. "There is an aching void inside of me."

"It must be pretty well filled by now."

"Nothing will ever fill it," Prentiss said, "except the mockery of my wasted life."

"We'd better get out of here," Judy said. "The atmosphere is closing in on me."

She returned him to his hotel. He stepped from the car, wheeled, lifted his hat, and smiled gloomily.

"I didn't quite catch the name," he said, "but you have been very helpful. Good night."

"Good night," Judy said. "My name is Judy Lane."

"Glad to meet you," Prentiss said. "Good night."

THE next day Air Age Aircraft had a new production chief with a combined headand heartache. The pain in Prentiss' head departed after lunch, but his heart was ruined. He plunged into his work with ghastly satisfaction. Somewhere among the drill presses and aluminum jigs he must find forgetfulness. Presently, among the executive offices, he found Mr. Baker.

"Ah, Prentiss," Mr. Baker said. "I'm glad to see you are taking hold so energetically. But I must add a word of caution."

"Yes, Mr. Baker?"

The president of Air Age regarded him cautiously. "My boy, last night I observed a tendency on your part to play fast and loose. Now, fun is fun, but you should curb that desire for too much celebration, Prentiss."

"Celebration?" Prentiss said. "Have fun? Ha! Mr. Baker, you have a production man through whom a ray of hope will never again pass. Last night was my farewell to pleasure. In the future, my only dissipation will be to produce aircraft which I trust will serve to speed lovers' meetings. Okay?"

"Okay," Mr. Baker said, and gave him a fatherly pat on the shoulder. "My boy, we must have a drink together one of these evenings."

Back at his hotel, Prentiss was finishing a predinner shower when the telephone rang. He wrapped a towel around himself and answered it.

"Prentiss Havelock, Jr., speaking," he said.

"This is Judy," Judy said. "What are your plans?"

"I was going to get a dinner from room service and then settle down in bed with my Gideon Bible."

"Have you a car?"

"Why should I?" Prentiss said. "There's nowhere for me to go."

"There is now," Judy said. "I'll be by for you in half an hour. Or do you prefer room service?"

"If it gives you pleasure," Prentiss said, "I have no objection."

Judy knew a restaurant where they got an excellent chicken dinner. Prentiss stuffed himself, and she had to remove him hastily before he grew sleepy. They drove by her house.

It was enormous, a mansion in Bel Air. A butler admitted them, and they went into a drawing room of a size Prentiss estimated as excellent for subassembly. Mr. Lane, on his way to a civic meeting, stopped a moment to chat with them. After he left, Judy turned on the phonograph, and the butler brought Prentiss a fruit punch. He sipped his drink and gazed fixedly at his hostess, whom he was really looking at for the first time. He saw a diminutive, beautiful blonde—a child of some twenty summers with a curly aureole of hair, big blue eyes, and an expression of great determination. A peculiar sensation stole over him, as though he suddenly had become airborne. His broken heart leaped up and kicked him in the chest.

"I was always given to understand," he said, "that rich girls were homely."

"Well, that's a matter of opinion," Judy said. "Do you find me attractive?"

"Even without a closer examination," Prentiss said, "I'd say you were practically perfect."

"In that case," Judy said, "we may be able to do business. No doubt you have noticed the advances I made to you?"

"You're not a backward girl."

"Backward girls haven't a chance these days. There's a manpower shortage, Prentiss. The situation is desperate. Men should be rationed, but the government hasn't got around to that."

"I would hate to have to tear stamps out of the book of a girl I had dated," Prentiss said.

"No doubt," Judy said, "and it does you honor. But let's leave your feelings out of this. We're dealing with my feelings now."

"Very well, Judy. How are your feelings?"

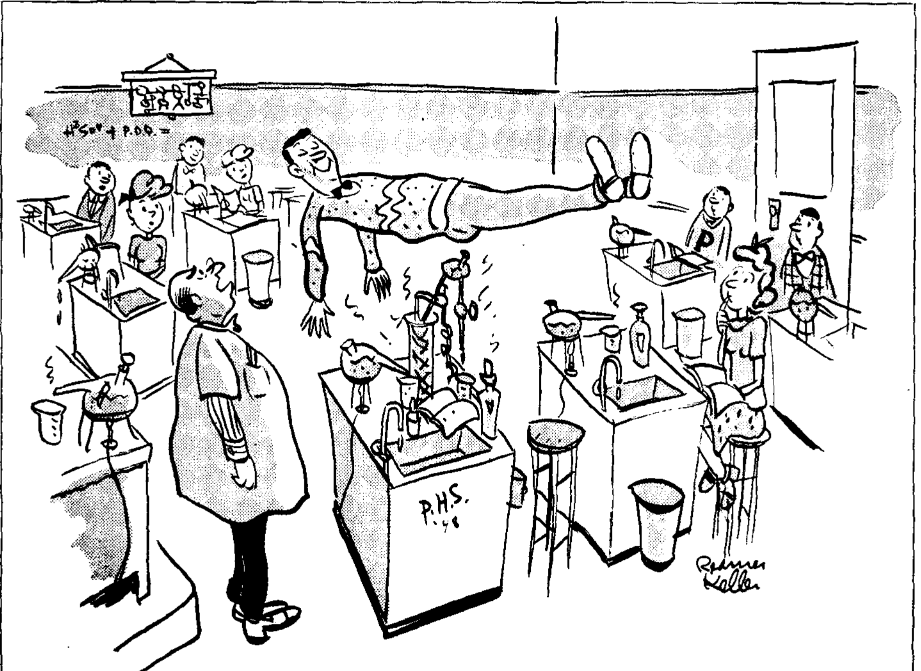
She frowned. "Hurt. Here I am growing up in a world without negotiable men, due to conditions beyond my control. I'm getting out of touch with things. It may handicap me later. Suppose I'm a confirmed old maid when all the guys come back? Suppose I have lost my touch?"

"You've got two or three good years yet. I wouldn't—"

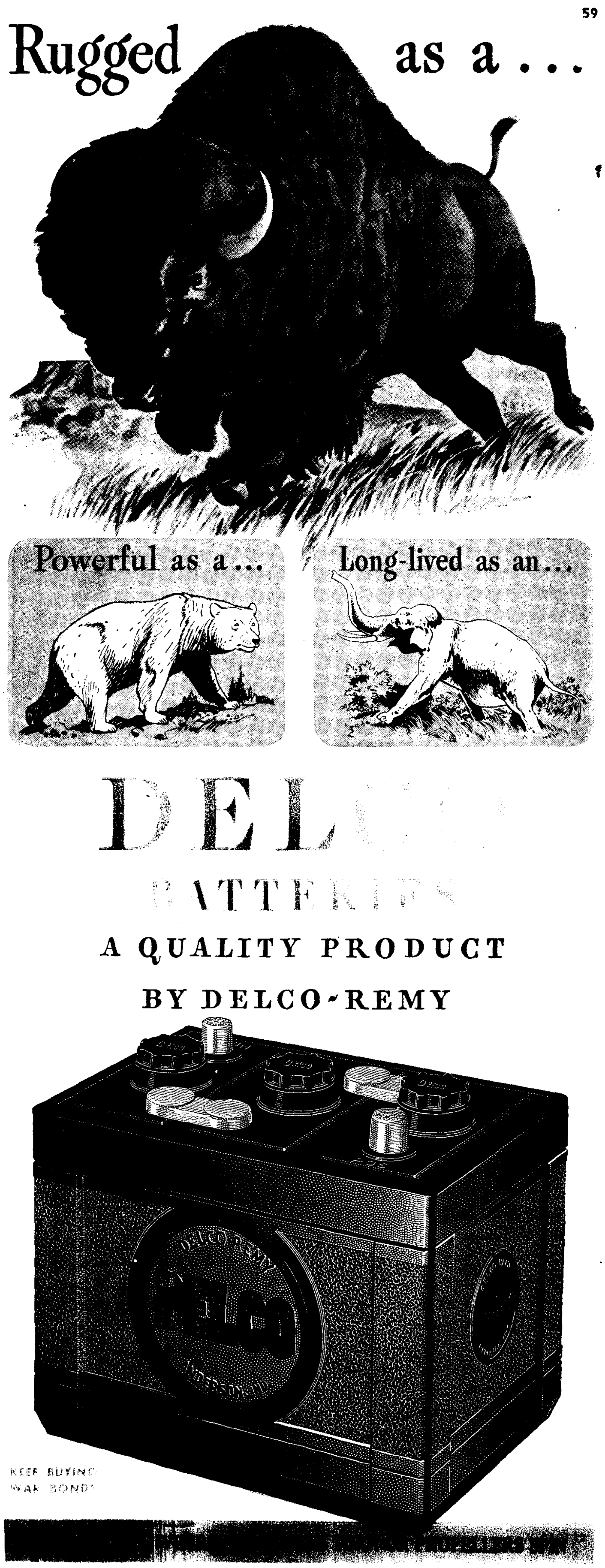
"But I do. That's where you come in."

"Sell me," Prentiss said.

"I'll be brief," Judy said. "You are apparently in between engagements. I have not been spoken for. My proposal is that



COLLIER'S "Stick to the regular textbook experiments, Parker!" REAMER KELLER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we form a nonprofit organization. You squire me around, send me flowers and telephone me often enough to make it look good. In return, I will pay half the expenses, laugh at your jokes, help you hunt for an apartment and even try to improve you if you want."

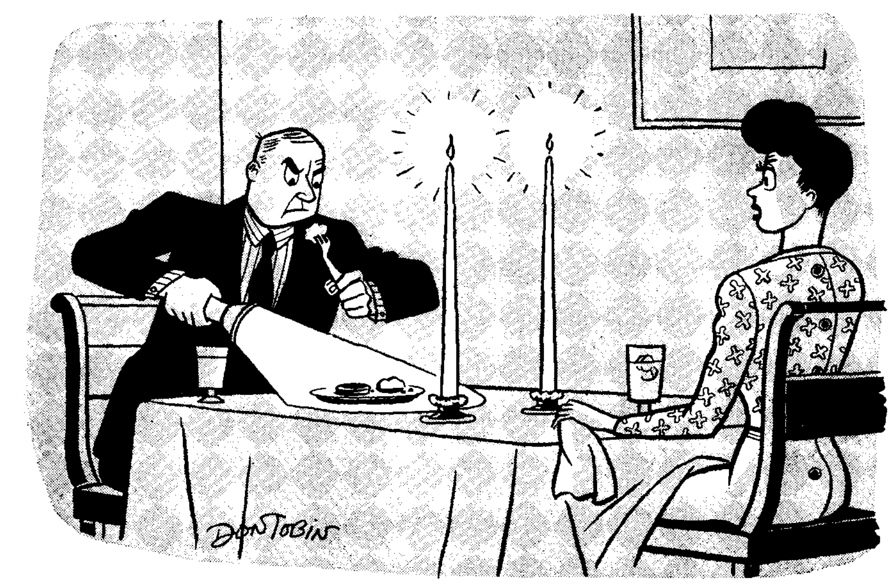
The phonograph changed a platter and began playing a hit number called Lament to Love—one of Annette's favorite torchers. Prentiss, who had been on the brink of unloosing a big smile, abruptly clammed up. He rose, walked to the phonograph, and turned it off. Once again he could feel Annette's monogrammed knife neatly between his shoulder blades. Tibet was beckoning.

"I have no objection to volunteering for service with you," he said, with simple dignity, "but I fear you are getting the worst of the bargain. I am a broken man, Judy. Never more will I know the love of a good woman. You will be associated with an empty husk."

"I'm concerned with the exterior," Judy said, "and you look all right to me. I don't want your affections or your confessions—just your company. Everything will be on a businesslike basis."

"I'll send you a bill every month," Prentiss said. "Shall we call in an attorney?"

IN THE ensuing sixty days, Prentiss saw a good deal of airplanes and Judy, in the order named, Judy had the most effect. She found him an attractive apartment, odd bits of good furniture to relieve the initial bareness, and a secondhand car. She helped him to select new ties, shirts, socks, shoes and a couple of hats that didn't make him resemble a cross between a forty-niner and one of the Pilgrim Fathers. His hair was combed and cut regularly, and Judy ordered him to take vitamins. He filled out a little and became something of a dude.



COLLIER'S "You could at least pretend to be romantic!" DON TOBIN

It was too good to last, of course. One night as he was driving Judy home from a party at Mr. Baker's house, he put his arm around her. She didn't seem to object. When they stopped, he bent to kiss her. She shoved him away.

"That's not in the contract," she said.

"I want to add another clause," Prentiss said; "about kissing."

"Sorry. We stick to the original terms."

"Why don't you want to kiss me? Am I repulsive when I'm puckered up?"

"No," Judy said, "it looks pretty good from my bleachers seat, but we said we'd be businesslike. Anyway, you're an empty husk. There was a woman in your life who shall be nameless named Annette Briggs."

"I thought I would bear that secret with me to the grave," Prentiss said.

"You would if you'd died that night at the cocktail party. I'm not batting second in this game, Prentiss."

He peered down at her. She looked unhappy and decisive. A small blonde like that made you want to take her on your lap and dissolve all her troubles. By a powerful effort of the will, he put his hands back on the steering wheel. In his mind's eye was a medium shot of that cell in the monastery in Tibet. He gave a long sigh.

"It's better this way," he said; "without the farewell kiss. With the shadow of that chanteuse between us, what happiness could we find? Good night, Judy."

"Keep 'em flying," Judy said.

When he got back to his apartment, Prentiss undressed and probed his soul. He discovered to his surprise that the romance with Annette, to coin a word, had been only "glitter"; he discovered that in the last two months he had completely forgotten Annette and fallen in love with Judy. But his old trouble had come back. Despite being absent, Annette was still in the way. He whistled a few bars of Lament to Love and felt glum, in a new fashion.

Courage, Prentiss, he told himself: It is by no means a hopeless situation. Other men have faced harder problems. Think of the Wright Brothers.

He thought of the Wright Brothers. At Kittyhawk they had conquered the problem of how to make flying machines fly. But, just for the record, neither of the Wright Brothers had ever married. He decided to go to sleep.

In the morning, while poring over some plans in his office, he suddenly thought of a plan. At that point, Mr. Baker entered.

"Eureka! I have found it!" Prentiss said. "This will revolutionize things!"

"What?" Mr. Baker asked excitedly. "What is it, Prentiss?"

"Nothing," Prentiss said. "This is a personal matter. Don't bother me."

"Would it bother you if I told you that the board of directors has just named you the new vice-president in charge of production for Air Age?"

Prentiss was smiling to himself. "Thank them for me."

"See here, Prentiss—" Mr. Baker began.

"Some other time, Mr. Baker," Prentiss interrupted. "Did you know that I was practically betrothed?"

"No, damn it!" Mr. Baker said. "Congratulations."

PRENTISS appeared early at the Bel Air castle that evening. Judy, who had a good book in her hand and was about to settle down, was patently surprised at his visit.

"Won't you have a chair?" she said. "I thought last night was the end."

"Only the end of my double life," Prentiss said. He sat on a hassock beside her and took her hand in both of his. "Darling, I am a liar."

"I know that, but—"

"Wait'll I finish, will you? Darling, that singer—that Annette Briggs—is a figment of my imagination."

"And the Jack Lanson program, too? That's a pretty big figment."

"You don't understand," Prentiss said, hoping she wouldn't. "I simply picked her name out of the blue. She doesn't know me from Adam. I thought that when I came back, I'd have more glamor if I had had an unhappy romance in my past. I imagined girls would want to mother me, to take me in hand because of it. There's nothing so strange about that, is there?"

"No-o."

Prentiss grinned uneasily. "Well, there you have it in a nutshell. This is a humiliating confession, Judy, but I believe you'll understand."

"I understand," Judy said. "You're just a liar."

"That's right," Prentiss said.

Somehow he had got off the hassock and into the chair, and she was sitting in his lap and he had kissed her. He gazed deep into her wide, innocent, heavenly blue eyes, thinking what a simple and unsophisticated kid she really was. His conscience, which was just coming out from under the ether, he waved away. He'd never, never lie to her again, except in a moment of like emergency.

"You may kiss me again," Judy said. "We'll just try one on for size."

"This is a wonderful success story," Prentiss said, after they had found their lips were a perfect fit. "Here I began by carrying a Tribune route, and now I'm going to marry the boss' daughter. It could only happen in America."

"It could only happen to me," Judy said.

"Air Age made me vice-president in charge of production today, too."

"They did?" A thoughtful gleam came in those big blue eyes. "Prentiss, you need publicity. I'm going to get you some."

"Why?" Prentiss said. "What good will publicity do me?"

"Baron Munchausen did all right with it," Judy said.

THE following morning Judy arrived at the Air Age plant with a photographer and a dilapidated newspaperman named Gus, who was chewing gum and smoking a cigar. Gus got Prentiss talking about himself. Prentiss grew fascinated and held forth at considerable length. Then the photographer took pictures. The whole visit was very pleasant, and it gave Prentiss an opportunity to kiss Judy goodby. For a while after the others left, he sat alone in his office and considered his rise to potential riches, fame and happiness with his intended. The spectacle was spellbinding.

That evening the Tribune had a long article about him on the second page, together with a picture. He was a little disappointed that it contained no mention of his betrothal to Judy, but he took his shoes off and sat down to read the piece again and to stare at his picture. Several almost forgotten acquaintances telephoned their congratulations. Judy arrived unexpectedly.

"Honey, this is a fine job in the Tribune," Prentiss said. "You'd be surprised at the attention it's attracting. People I'd forgotten are getting in touch with me."

"I'm not too surprised," Judy said. "Publicity is a great way of uncovering things."

The doorbell rang, and Prentiss went to answer it. Before him stood a tall, dark, svelte woman no fortuneteller had told him would come into his life. Annette threw her arms around him and gave him a kiss, leaving a thick deposit of lipstick on his cheek. She was wearing a picture hat and an organdy dress. She looked ravishing—and she left him cold.

He brought her into the presence of Judy, bared his teeth in dreadful geniality, and made the introductions. Then he merely stood while the shining edifice of his life crashed down around him.

"Peachey," Annette said, "you're gorgeous. You've got glitter. I read in the paper that you're a vice-president or something. What have you been doing to yourself?"

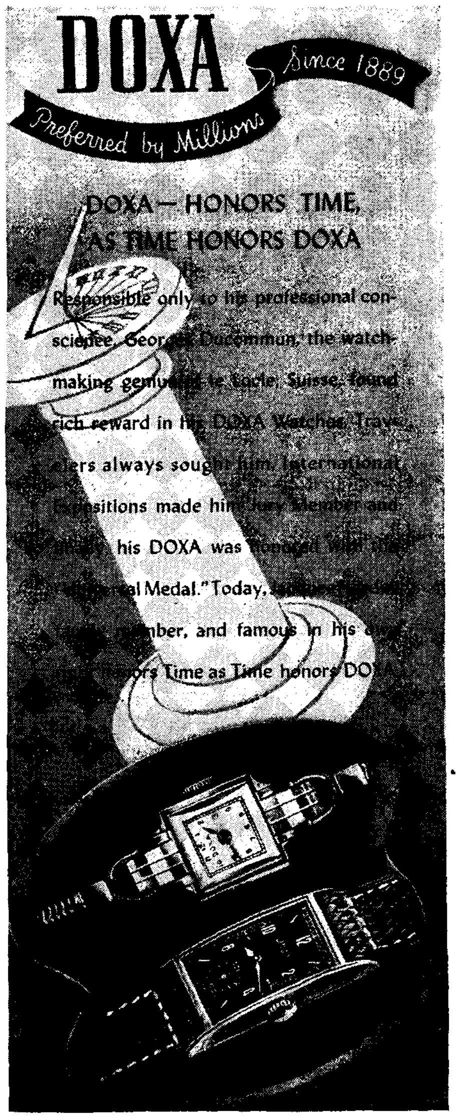
"Nothing," Prentiss said. "I—Miss Lane, I mean—"

"Miss Lane has to go home," Judy said. "She has a date tonight. So nice meeting a figment of the imagination, Miss Briggs."

Prentiss accompanied her to the door. "I can explain everything," he said. "I swear I am innocent."

"Put it on paper and send it with your bill the first of the month," Judy said. She shook his hand formally. "It's been a pleasure to do business with you."

Prentiss watched her go, and went hope-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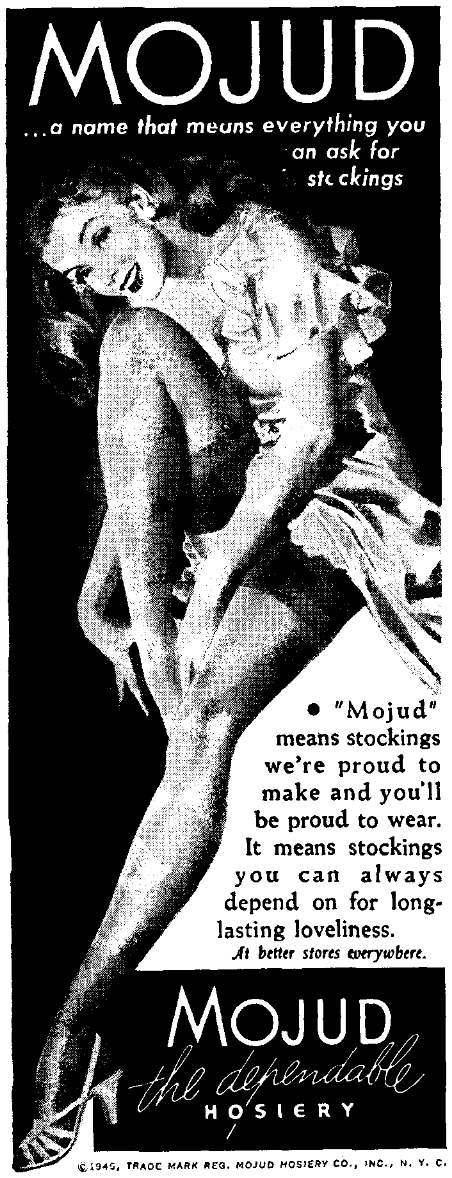

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lessly back to Annette. "Miss Briggs," he said. "I cannot—"

"Miss Briggs?" Annette's eyebrows arched. "I thought I was angel-pie. Peachey, let's go somewhere tonight."

"Not tonight," Prentiss said. "I have a terrible headache and dysentery. Some other time."

Annette departed finally with many fond words, pressing a slip of paper with her telephone number and address on it into his hand. They were going to see much of each other in the future, she felt. Things were settling down. Mr. Lanson had canceled further camp tours for the time being. She would have a lot of evenings for Peachey.

Prentiss washed his face in cold water, put on a hat, and walked down to the corner drugstore to dine on a deviled-egg sandwich and a glass of root beer. The sandwich seemed to give him strength, and the numbness gradually left him. He foresaw the only course of action left open to him: Get Annette, lay the cards on the table, and go with her to Judy. With the brunette freely and openly releasing him forever, the blonde might be satisfied. But he must act fast.

He called Annette from the drugstore, telling her that he needed a quiet talk with her. She agreed readily, and he promised to be by her place in an hour. Only as he left the telephone booth did he realize that he hadn't put his shoes on. The dead feeling in his heart had spread to his feet.

AT THE precise moment set, he picked up Annette. She was wearing a daring dress, and he was wearing his shoes. Her idea of a quiet place to talk was the Lido, the town's hottest night club. He took her there rather than argue. There'd be enough arguments later on.

The Lido was crowded, but the headwaiter knew Annette, and they received a desirable table. As Prentiss started to sit down, he recognized the back of a familiar blond head a few tables away. It was Judy, with a party of eight or ten, and she was sitting beside her father. The headwaiter was skillful, and Prentiss collapsed in a chair instead of on the floor.

"Let's have a drink and go somewhere else," he said wildly. "I'm tired of this place."

"Now, Peachey," Annette said. "This is the best night club in town. It has glitter."

Maybe Judy wouldn't see him. The place was awfully crowded. Maybe he could close the deal with Annette and they could go over to Judy together. Maybe everything had worked for the best. But time was running out.

"Listen, Annette," he said. "Angel-pie, Peachey wants your ear for a minute. This is the situation—"

A blinding light flashed in his eyes. A spot had landed squarely on their table. The orchestra leader was at the microphone.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we have an unusual honor tonight. Miss Annette Briggs, of the Jack Lanson program, is with us. I'm going to try to persuade her to do a number with the band. Will you help me with a little applause?"

The clapping sounded like thunder in Prentiss' ears. He gazed dully into the glaring light and smiled idiotically, the numbness once more stealing over him.

Everybody in the club, including Judy, looked at him and Annette. This was authentically the end.

"Do you mind if I do one number for them?" Annette asked. "It's a processional, Peachey, and absurd—but it's glitter and all that."

"What do I care?" Prentiss said brokenly.

The light went off him, following Annette to the stand. By the time his eyes were back in focus, they were on Judy. She was bending over him, and tears were making her mascara run.

"I've got a good notion to bust you one," she said. "I thought she'd come back to you *the moment she read your name in the paper* and found you were a success. That's why I got the publicity for you. But I didn't think you were so fickle and cheap and dumb that you'd take her out the minute she said hello again. You're a wolf in the clothing I picked out for you!"

"You think you hate me," Prentiss said. "How do you suppose I feel about me? I wish I could leave here this very instant without myself. I was only trying to tell her—"

"I know what you were trying to tell her!"

Annette was singing—and Judy and Prentiss looked at each other yearningly as they listened to the haunting, mellow music.

"I still love you," Prentiss said. "My heart is broken again, and it's your fault. You brought her between us."

"I know, Prentiss. Can you forgive me?"

"Not here."

"In that case," Judy said, "I suggest you come with me. We can hear that dame any time on the Jack Lanson program."

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

votes anyway. He is now out of a job and is fixing to run for the United States Senate. He is sixty-three, says he can square the circle and is very nearly confident that Congressional efforts to solve unemployment will come to naught unless he's a member. "Never again," says Mr. Olsen, "will I allow Congress to sit idly by while public welfare is getting out of all proportion."

SIMILARLY Mr. David L. Crossbaugh of Carmel, California, has decided to run for the Senate. We met Mr. Crossbaugh in Washington where he is making a preliminary survey. He has his own party—The Frank and Honest Party. Mr. Crossbaugh's platform consists of a single plank—No Secrets. He told us: "I will demand that anybody knowing anything come out with it. Anybody not knowing anything will have to come out with that, too. This will not only serve to guide the common citizen but will stop a great deal of noise. I do not promise to make all who vote for me happy, but if they are reasonable they won't say they wish they had it to do over again."

WHEN Mrs. Minerva Minister of Searsport, Maine, considered all the possibilities of the much advertised reorganization of the State Department she rebelled. What with one thing and another in the past decade or two, she says, the cultural level of the State Department has fallen pretty low. "It has got so," she says, "that there is really no place any more in our government for a gentleman."

OTHERWISE our mail is a bit on the barren side this week. We have a post card from a Mr. B. Fuerscheschwa of Duluth, Minnesota, saying: "Who is it writes all this stuff I see in the newspapers? This is not to settle a bet either." And a slightly staggering order from Miss Thelma Dille of Madison, Wisconsin: "Please send me the addresses and telephone numbers of all persecuted minorities and sex please." Then there's a poser from Miss Jeanne Ostertag of Billings, Montana: "I am about to write fiction stories for your magazine for a living. Does a story have to be true before writing it up as fiction and what do you pay for same?"

WE CALLED the Pentagon Building hoping to find a colonel we hadn't seen for a long while. We told the young lady that we hadn't. She said she hadn't, either. "I think," said she, "that his name is on the list of officers missing in inaction."

ALONG with you we had been worrying a bit about jobs for the veterans. But no longer. A fellow who works in the Veterans Administration has just told us that if that agency continues to expand its personnel at the current rate for a few weeks more, all the vets will be working for it. . . . W. D.

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Labor Answers the G.I.

Continued from page 23

private employer shall restore such person (honorably discharged serviceman) to such position or to a position of like seniority, status, and pay, unless the employer's circumstances have so changed as to make it impossible or unreasonable to do so."

Charley reads all this pretty critically, and it appears to be fair enough. He can get his old job and demand the current wage scale even if it has increased during his absence, or he can apply for a new job. A good deal. But suddenly, Charley frowns; he's no dope.

"What happens to me if all the good jobs are snapped up by the time they let me out of this monkey suit?" he asks. "I read in Stars and Stripes where somebody—I think it was Barney Baruch—said America is going to have all kinds of booms and prosperity for at least seven years after the war. If that's true, I won't need any help from unions. I'll find a job myself.

"But suppose Baruch is wrong, what then? What's the score for me if there aren't enough jobs to go around? The 4Fs and the old jokers and the guys who got out of the Army early because they had housemaid's knee or their mothers were scared by a top sergeant, those creeps will have all the jobs tied up. What's the union going to do for me? Will it kick out somebody who took care of himself pretty good while I was knocking my brains out, to make a place for me?"

That does it. That touches off the most controversial issue in the recent history of labor relations. Charley's question is wrapped up in a new word in the language—superseniority. You'll be hearing it kicked around with increasing fervor and frequency, and unless Charley and all of us give it a lot of clear, objective thinking, it can disrupt the entire rehabilitation program and produce malignant antagonism between serviceman and civilian.

In words of one little syllable, superseniority means that a veteran who left employment to join the armed forces has the right to take a nonveteran's job if none other is open to him. Advocated by the American Legion, this war-born idea has been supported by Major General Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, in his highly explosive Local Board Memorandum 190-A, which interprets Section 8-B in this fashion: "A returning veteran is entitled to reinstatement in his former position or one of like seniority, status, and pay *even though* such reinstatement necessitates the discharge of a nonveteran with greater seniority."

Paying Off Our Debt

Hershey insists the intent of the law is to set servicemen apart as a class which contributed more to the war and sacrificed more for it than any other group. Labor, fighting for its life, argues that Hershey's ruling can lead only to artificial class distinctions that will result ultimately in economic warfare and social tensions that will split the country. In the meantime, Charley is standing on the side lines listening to the debate and the big brains and wondering whether the country will pay off its debt to him with a free license to sell apples on street corners.

There is a gimmick in labor's application of seniority accumulated in service that will drive Charley wild when he encounters it. Such seniority does not count until Charley is employed. In other, blunt words, he cannot use these credits to establish his right to a job. It was this ticklish issue that impelled the Veterans of Foreign Wars, which had gone down the line with union policy, to announce an open break with organized labor on August 30th.

Labor takes the position that there is absolutely nothing in the Selective Service Act or the G.I. Bill of Rights which purports to give a veteran benefits or advantages he would not have enjoyed in the normal course of events had he retained his civilian status. The Disabled American Veterans support labor's stand.

Conceding that the nation never can fully repay the veteran for his sacrifices, labor maintains that the cost of restoring him to his place in competitive society must be shared by the nation as a whole. Extending superseniority to all trades and professions, labor whips up a pointed analogy: No one yet has suggested that a veteran can put the finger on any store or farm and appropriate it in return for his military service. Similarly, a doctor who served in the Medical Corps cannot usurp the practice built up by a man who did not go to war.

"Why pick on us?" labor asks. Why reward the veteran only at the expense of the worker? Under conditions of modern total war, all people make contributions and sacrifices in a manner determined largely for —not by—them. We performed the task required of us, labor says, by turning out the material necessary to win the war. It was a job just as vital as the farmer's, the merchant's and the professional man's. Our people gave more than $200,000,000 to Red Cross and USO appeals. They donated blood and volunteered on all sorts of drives, like all other good Americans. If you want to give veterans special concessions, swell, but spread the cost equally among all civilians.

The Case Cracks Open

Reluctant to appear before the public in a role that can be construed as hostile to veterans, labor was unwilling to accept Hershey's challenge to fight his interpretation of superseniority in court. It hoped the issue could be resolved without resorting to such action, but a decision in Brooklyn Federal Court forced the fight into the open on August 31st.

Judge Matthew T. Abruzzo ruled that a veteran was entitled to the job he held before entering the service even though it meant the dismissal of a worker with greater seniority. The decision was made in the case of Fishgold v. The Sullivan Dry Dock and Repair Corp. when Abraham Fishgold was laid off and saw his welding job given to a nonveteran at the union's insistence. Selective Service challenged in court the union's decision and won the ruling it sought after a long hearing.

"Congress intended that during the one-year period of re-employment," Abruzzo declared, "the veteran is entitled to work on any day there is work to be given, and no nonveteran shall do that work when any such work can be done by a veteran."

The Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, a C.I.O. affiliate, immediately announced it would appeal the decision in Supreme Court.

The case intensified nation-wide demands upon Congress for clarification of the issue with industrial management, caught in the middle, yelling frantically for plain, straightforward action, and no double talk. Significantly, the majority of heavy thinkers on the subject expressed the uneasy opinion that Judge Abruzzo had gone off the deep end.

"There's trouble ahead if the courts continue to hand down such interpretations," James W. Cannon, of the VFW, said. "Talk to the boys themselves and you'll find they don't want such special privileges. All they want is something fair and equitable. They don't want to hold jobs while persons with long experience—possibly including World War I veterans—are laid off. We want a fair break, sure. But nothing unreasonable."

Now Charley, still standing on the sidelines, has a crooked, cynical smile on his face that is not pleasant to see. It is a stab at your conscience; you can hear him saying to himself: "You've had it, sucker. You might've known this is the way it would wind up."

You ask Charley what he's going to do. He shakes his head.

"It beats me, Mac. All I know is that I and the guys with wives and kids can't go hungry. You got any bright ideas?"

Just one. It's the same old answer, the only solution to all economic postwar problems: Full Employment.

THE END

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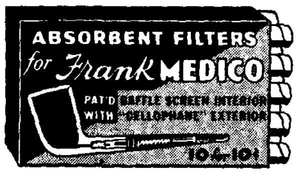

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Down with worms ...Geep

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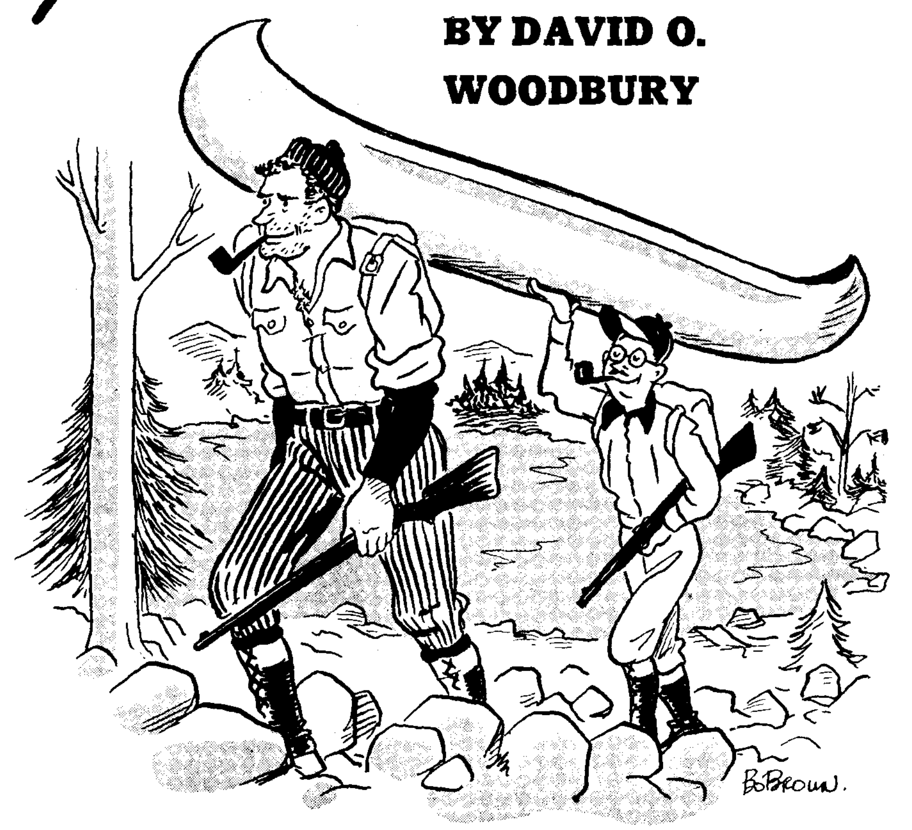
BY DAVID O. WOODBURY



BO BROWN

Hellcats to Canoes

Hold your hat for this one! Aluminum canoes and boats are coming, and early trials indicate that they will beat the old style of wood-and-canvas craft in many ways. Lighter, stronger, more streamlined, better looking and more durable, they will be one of the outstanding applications of war techniques to be adapted to peacetime production. Aluminum craft may be as revolutionary in the water-sports world as the automobile was in land transportation.

Metal boats are not new. Steamships have carried sheet-steel lifeboats for years. But metal pleasure craft have never been popular. They are too heavy, and rust is their deadly enemy. Aluminum canoes were tried before the war but they were abandoned as too expensive, for they were a long job to build by hand.

Now that war has taught craftsmen the secret, aluminum canoes and boats can be made by the thousand, in the same price range as canvas and wood types. The trick is turned with a giant metal press of special design. In the plants of the Grumman Aircraft Corporation this machine has been busy forming aluminum sheets into wing and body parts for Navy fighters. With certain modifications, it can take sheets the right size for a canoe and manipulate them over a form to produce smooth curved surfaces entirely free from strains or weak spots. When the job is done, the metal is actually stronger than the original sheet because it has been toughened by the forming operation. Any practical boat model can be produced without great cost.

To build a canoe, the aircraft engineers make out two aluminum sheets with identical curves on the same form to produce the two halves of the craft. These are made perfectly symmetrical, bow and stern, so they can be joined together along the keel with rivets to produce a whole hull. Channel-shaped ribs and thwarts are then riveted in to give great stiffness. Any desired lines can be given the canoe, so long as it is the same shape fore and aft.

Some years ago Russell Bontecou, a sportsman, persuaded the Aluminum Company of America to build him an aluminum canoe to his own design. The little boat cost $750 to build and was out of the picture as a commercial venture. But its performance on fishing and camping trips was so remarkable that he was determined to find some way to cut costs and enter production. After a long search he finally interested W. J. Hoffman of Grumman and found the solution to high cost in the forming machine that could do in a few minutes what hand labor took weeks to do, and then could not do well. Very soon now they hope to begin their revolution in the sports world.

ALUMINUM is tough enough to resist the knocking around a canoe must stand in the swift water of wilderness streams or on the rocky shores of lakes. Aluminum alloys are used entirely for seaplane floats and the bodies of flying boats, and take the terrific beating of the waves during take-offs and landings. The new alloys will stand up fully as well as steel—often better because of their lightness. They will last indefinitely in fresh water and equally well in salt if properly painted.

Here are some reasons why the aluminum canoe should be a world beater: It will weigh from one half to two thirds as much as the conventional canvas model. This extreme light weight will mean that a 17-foot craft, suitable for two men and their camping gear, will weigh about 50 pounds—a featherweight carry for one man.

The aluminum canoe can be given the lines that designers and guides have dreamed of: wide, flat bottoms, short "snug" curves at the bilge. Without the limitations of bent wooden ribs, such curves can be designed for maximum stability and roominess from stem to stern.

The aluminum canoe will be safer, too. Standard airtight end compartments are provided, which give enormous buoyancy if the craft tips over. In tests already made, two girls have actually capsized the new canoe in deep water, swum under it while it was bottom up, lifted it over their heads, tossed it over right-side-up and dry and climbed back into it. Such a feat is impossible with a canvas canoe.

Nor is the canoe the only craft so far planned. Rowboats, dinghies and small sailboats are equally easy for the special presses to turn out. ★★★

The Man Who Made Manhattan

Continued from page 13

The snapping of the tent flap in the wind and the thunder of the storm awakened General Groves. He saw Doctor Conant move his head to the foot of the cot to get it out of the rain. He thinks he fell asleep again. He is certain he would have slept quite soundly had it not been for the storm. About 1 A.M. he was summoned to the control center 10,000 yards from the steel tower. There a bunker had been scraped out of the ground to shelter, in a heavily timbered hut, instruments to record this new star power.

At the center he found soldiers and scientists trying to keep their nerves tuned against anxiety. In a huddle of them was Doctor J. Robert Oppenheimer, who supervised the assembly of the bomb.

General Groves said he never thought about failure. Certainly, on this night-morning, he did not act as a man afraid of failure. He went to the huddle where men were urging Doctor Oppenheimer to postpone the test because of the storm. With the great physicist he walked out of the huddle. Together they paced back and forth in the rain. They didn't talk about failure. As dawn thinned out the darkness, the storm rumbled off. At 5:30 A.M. the bomb was tested. That was man's first attempt at atomic explosion. It was successful beyond anyone's expectation.

On that morning of July 16th, Groves knew that in a few weeks General MacArthur would set in motion the invasion of Japan. If the atomic bomb were to make invasion unnecessary, atomically explosive materials and heavy machinery would have to be rushed to the Marianas. On that morning the problems of getting bombs and equipment to the Marianas were yet unsolved. It is understandable that, as General Groves put it, he "wanted to talk business." It is also understandable that, as he said, he found no one in the mood. (To carry the light explosive material, Manhattan operated an airline of its own C-54s and B-29s. The heavier equipment traveled in the record-breaking run of the cruiser Indianapolis which was sunk after she had delivered her cargo.)

That the first attempt at atomic explosion should have been successful to any degree was as though James Watt had sat down and made a locomotive after watching steam lift the lid of his grandmother's teapot. Only two parents could have had the Atomic Age for their child after a marriage of only three years. They were World War II and the American industrial giant. How long nuclear energy would have remained a secret without them is any man's guess.

Whatever Manhattan needed, America could make in profusion: big tanks of special sorts, centrifugal pumps, a great number and variety of instruments and tens of thousands of other manufactured products. England was seriously impeded as a partner in the race for the bomb because she simply did not have the industrial plant to do the job. Power was another critical consideration. The sites at Clinton and Hanford were selected with the knowledge that power would be available, from Norris and Bonneville. There was enough of everything.

In picking his key men, Groves had a problem similar to the one he had with the companies. He had to get competent men to accept grueling work of transcendental importance without being able to tell them what that work was until they agreed to work with him. He had to be as certain as possible that the men he asked to work with him were qualified, since he could not afford to let too many men leave Manhattan with the secret. Relatively few key men left the project to take other jobs.

"If you waited for a man to fail, it would have been too late," Groves said. "In making replacements, I acted in anticipation of failure, even though I might have been wrong. My only thought was that if I could get a

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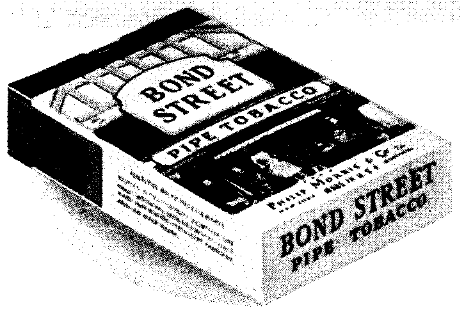

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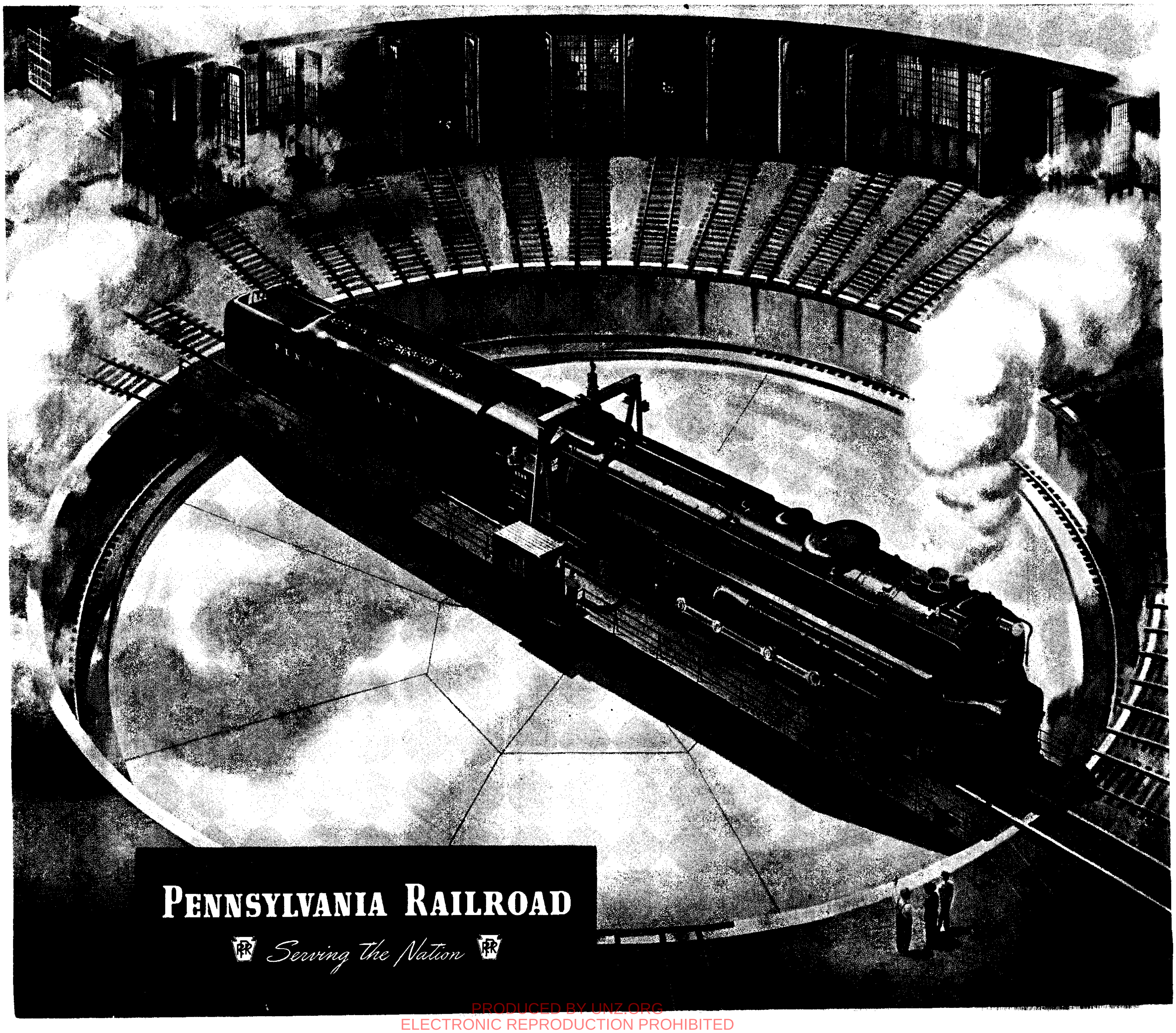

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

nan who would make the atomic bomb a better gamble, I had to replace somebody, although the man I replaced might have been one of my closest friends. I had to choose between hurting a man's feelings and makng the gamble better. I was ruthless because I had to be. For the men who did leave, I can ay that they did so well on their next jobs hat they were soon promoted."

In his old job as deputy chief of construcion in the Corps of Engineers, General Groves used to fire a new secretary about once a week. That was a very high rate of attrition, and, as you can imagine, it atracted some attention among the secretarial help. In June, 1941, about fifteen months before he was assigned to run Manhattan, Groves asked General Styer to send him a secretary so good he couldn't fire her. Styer sent him Mrs. O'Leary, who, on the first day she reported for work, was asked by one of the girls in the office, "Are you joining the passing parade?"

Mrs. O'Leary not only kept her secretarial job through the hectic months while the general was in charge of building the camps, but after he became the head of Manhattan, she was promoted to the position of Groves' executive assistant, a job held previously by a succession of three lieutenant colonels. Mrs. O'Leary, a blonde, is a very durable working girl. Her associates probably were most impressed by the reports she wrote for the general giving reasons, for him, why he made some of his decisions.

Pace Prescribed by Timetable

In Manhattan's laboratories, plants and offices, men and women like Mrs. O'Leary—civilians, soldiers and scientists—worked with typewriters, telephones and brains at a pace prescribed by the timetable of Pacific invasion. It was not alone a question of whether bombs could be made. It was also a question of whether they could be produced in time to make the Japs surrender without still heavier expenditure of American and Allied lives. They might have made bombs, but made them too late, and, meantime, the military leaders would have had no choice but to get on with invasion.

In Manhattan's Washington offices, most of the personnel considered it advisable to be on the job no later than 8:15 in the morning. They learned very soon that General Groves might be at his desk earlier, but almost never any later; and if he were to leave town one day, you couldn't be certain he would not be back the next morning. For most of his people, including small-salaried clerks and stenographers, the work day ended after seven in the evening. Key personnel worked later—until 10 P.M. two or three nights a week. The general brought a sandwich from home and lunched at his desk. His subordinates either did the same, found fifteen minutes for lunch in the cafeteria downstairs, or munched peanut crackers.

ATOMIC HIGH JINKS

"Ouch!"
Said the nucleus
Of the atom
Of uranium
Conked,
By a neutron,
In the middle
Of his cranium.

—Benjamin Shalett

General Groves was particularly fond of chowder his wife made from minced clams. About 6:15 in the evening, he would receive a telephone call from her. He would ask her what she was having for dinner. If she said chowder, he went home. The general referred to this dish as "stew." And that is why when the words "It's stew!" traveled the secret corridors, all knew that on this night there would be an hour for dinner.

To Groves there was no tougher problem than the personnel problem. To the complication of hiring many people and keeping them at work without telling them what they were doing, you can add the complexities of running the lives of 125,000 persons. That was the total population of Clinton, Hanford and Los Alamos. They had to have all of the facilities of any American town—sanitation, health, churches, schools, police, recreation, etc. The direct responsibility, of course, belonged to others, but he was finally responsible much in the way a governor is responsible to the population of his state.

Always he was concerned about morale. Like every military leader, he knew that success or failure could well depend upon how some man might feel about what he was doing, or how he was living. He sent Mrs. O'Leary out to Hanford to make an inspection of food and living conditions for him. At Clinton, he told a meeting of 5,000 foremen:

"You'll just have to take my word for it that this is a very important undertaking, the most important of your lives. All I can promise you is that if this project succeeds (as I am certain it will), you'll never have to be ashamed of the part you played."

You can't explain General Groves by the little things that keep up the morale of many men. He never lost faith in his ability to succeed. He and his friends will tell you that quite simply and without pretension. His friends would ask him how he bore his responsibilities. He would grin and reply, "If I can't do the job no one man can."

"My emotional graph is a straight line," Groves told me. "I never worried. This job would never have been done if I had. I never had any doubts. Not having any doubts, I could not feel very surprised or elated by our success.

"I had the very best training for this job that a man could have. I was brought up in the Corps of Engineers. Since July, 1940, I had been in direct charge—under General Robbins, chief of the construction division—of the camp construction program. At the peak we were responsible for spending 600 million dollars a month. Then I began to get used to long work days. Then I began to feel tired for the first time in my life. I began to acquire a dead weariness that has never left me. In those years I was never sick."

There's a vast difference between a worrying man and a man with a good nose for trouble. Groves was the latter.

One of his advisers, Doctor Richard C. Tolman, dean of the graduate school of the California Institute of Technology, said of him, "He can sense impending difficulty quicker than a bird dog can nose a covey on a cold morning."

Mrs. Grace Groves, the general's wife, is a small and pretty woman who rather liked her husband's habit of reticence about his work. She had known Leslie Richard Groves at Fort Lawton, Washington, where his father was a Presbyterian chaplain on duty with a regiment commanded by her father, Colonel Richard Hulbert Wilson. She married him in Seattle and bore him two children, Gwen, now sixteen, and Richard.

"General Groves was his father's favorite son," Mrs. Groves told me. "He gave his son a strict Presbyterian upbringing. He gave him a relish for scholarship and his own exceptional emotional stability. Of all those gifts, General Groves was to need the latter most. His ability to fall asleep the minute he lay down was, for example, indispensable."

Dining Under Difficulties

The general and his family live in a semidetached house on northwest Thirty-sixth Street in Washington. While the bomb was being made, the dinner hour was anywhere from nine to eleven P.M., which made it impossible for Mrs. Groves to have servants, if they had been available. There was no social life except for occasional dinners with their old friends—Brigadier General and Mrs. Farrell and Lieutenant General Edmund B. Gregory, the Quartermaster General, and Mrs. Gregory. The meal would start late and end early and was subject to interruption at any moment, frequently by a courier bearing top secret papers in Manila envelopes sealed with red wax.

At home the general is known as "Judge Deno" or "The Circuit Judge," since it has long been the practice of members of his family to lay their daily problems before him for solution in the evening, one after the other.

Some of Mrs. Groves' friends thought it slightly absurd and a little exasperating that she should inevitably reply when they asked her what the general had been doing for three years, "I haven't the faintest idea."

She hadn't, of course. No man or woman on the project told anyone what was going on. Mrs. Groves had a vague notion that the general was connected with some sort of "building" and that the "building" was proceeding in New Mexico and Tennessee.

The general used to say, "Someday I'll tell you all about it. After the war you'll know."

On Monday morning, August 6th, Colonel Consodine telephoned Mrs. Groves and told her to be sure to have her radio turned on for the noon news broadcast.

"Is the general in trouble?" she asked.

"No," the colonel replied, "but you'd better be listening to your radio."

At 11 A.M. a statement from President Truman told the whole world what General Groves had been doing. That afternoon the telephone rang on his desk. He could hear the voice of his daughter: "Am I proud of my father!"

THE END

"Those holes were probably put on there to give you more draft"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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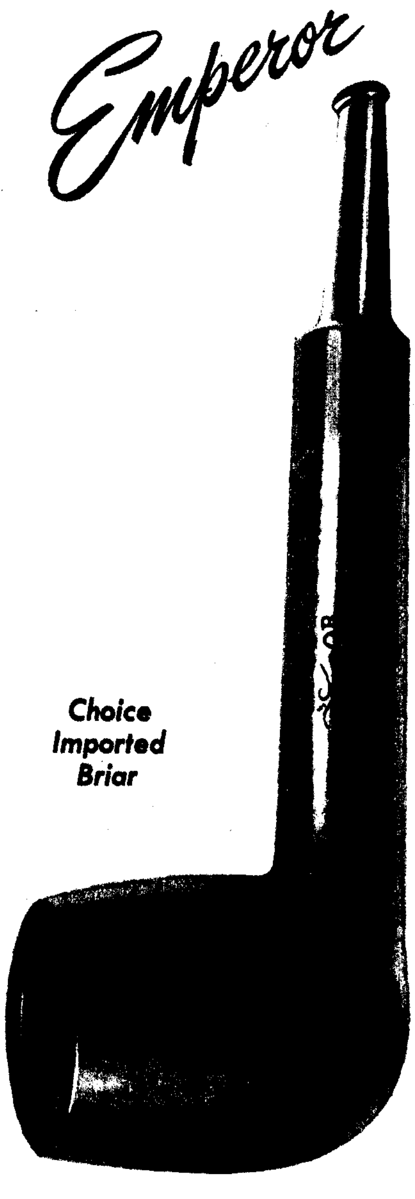

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Cloak and Dagger

Continued from page 19

the surrender of the Nazi S.S. Headquarters at Villa Locatelli in Cernobbio; arranged with the German general in command at Como to confine his troops to barracks and yield three quarters of his arms, in exchange for a guarantee of protection from the aroused and blood-crazed Partisans; negotiated a similar truce between Germans and Partisans in Milan, under which thousands of Germans and Fascists surrendered unconditionally to our troops on their arrival without the loss of a single Allied soldier; and, as a climax to his personal invasion of Italy, made a prisoner of Marshal Graziani, chief of the Italian Fascist army, as well as Generals Bonomi and Sorrentino and other leaders who were to be turned over to Allied Intelligence.

This last proved to be a ticklish business. The bodies of Mussolini and other prominent Fascists were dangling upside down in Milan, and the frenzied populace demanded Graziani as well. But Captain Daddario had orders from Allied headquarters to bring Graziani back alive. Somehow he managed to spirit his prize prisoner out of Milan. Several times the O.S.S. party was under fire from excited Italian Partisans, the car which was assigned to the marshal was dynamited and an O.S.S. lieutenant badly wounded, but Graziani was delivered intact.

By now these O.S.S. agents had effectively demonstrated that Yankee ingenuity and disregard of danger could accomplish anything; and in this spirit, in the summer of 1943, an O.S.S. unit embarked on an ultrasecret mission that was historic if only in its colossal impudence.

Earlier that year, O.S.S. had learned from Marcello Girosi of New York that his brother Rear Admiral Massimo Girosi, commander of the Royal Italian Navy, was an anti-Fascist and sympathetic to the Allied cause. The brazen plan was to land on the German-held Italian coast, use Marcello as an intermediary to split the top command of the Italian fleet away from the Fascist regime, and through these high-ranking officers secure vital information on certain secret naval devices, including the three-man "commando" submarine—intelligence which later proved of inestimable value in the development of new weapons, according to Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox.

Men from Varied Walks of Life

Spearheading the mission were Commander John M. Shaheen of Chicago, officer in charge, and Navy Lieutenants Henry Ringling North, of Ringling Brothers' Circus, and Edmund M. Burke of Mt. Kisco, N. Y., former Penn All-America. All three were subsequently awarded the Silver Star. With them were Girosi—who also received the Silver Star, one of very few civilians ever to be given this award; Peter Tompkins of New York, in peacetime a CBS announcer; Carlos Conti, a Spanish Republican refugee who acted as radio operator for the project; and, in lieu of an army, Joe Savoldi of Michigan, Notre Dame fullback and noted professional wrestler.

Joe had a personal reason for hating Fascism. Invited to wrestle in Italy just before the war, he had sweated his way around the garlic circuit for ten weeks, only to have the Fascists appropriate his purse. He viewed the mission as a crusade to make Italy safe for honest wrestlers.

Preliminaries were worked out, plans laid, policies approved by President Roosevelt and Secretary Knox, who personally appointed Captain Edward A. Hayes, USNR, former national commander of the American Legion, to serve as liaison officer with O.S.S. Through Navy Captain E. M. Zacharias, assistant director of Navy Intelligence, and Marine Colonel William A. Eddy, former president of Hobart College, the needed green light was secured from the various theater commanders. Shortly after the Allied invasion of Sicily in July, 1943, the seven-man unit left to join the Navy's PT Squadron 15, based on that island. They left Washington in the greatest secrecy. Joe Savoldi had been assigned as personal bodyguard for Girosi; and to avoid suspicion, he was told to smuggle his charge stealthily to the Washington airport an hour before departure. When the rest of the O.S.S. party arrived, they were startled to discover hundreds of cheering G.I.s and passengers gathered around their special plane. In the center of the crowd, Girosi's bodyguard was bowing to the admiring throng, signing autographs, and clasping his hands above his head in the traditional ring gesture of greeting. At the outside of the circle, the secret emissary was trying pathetically to fight his way through to Joe to get guarded.

A message had been relayed by underground channels direct to Admiral Girosi, advising him that his brother Marcello was willing to meet him, as an agent for the American government, to discuss matters of an urgent and confidential nature. An escaped anti-Fascist Italian soldier was recruited to serve as go-between in arranging a conference between the two brothers.

Hymn of Hate—with Flowerpots

Further problems for the little O.S.S. party were provided when this go-between gave vent to his distaste for Fascism by dropping flowerpots out of his hotel window on the heads of passers-by whom he suspected of being Nazis. To everyone's great relief, word was finally received that successful contact had been made with the admiral, and on a cloudy midnight in August the mission set out to land the Italian soldier on the jittery German-held coast of Italy near Terracina.

Just before the three PT-boats carrying the little party entered the Gulf of Gaeta, a flight of German Ju.-88s swooped low over them. They killed their engines and lay doggo in the water; the phosphorescent wake of their boats faded. The Nazi planes circled them futilely a few times and disappeared. Approaching Terracina, disaster threatened once again. A patrol squadron of Italian MAS torpedo boats passed within sixty yards of them—so close they could smell garlic on the pilot's breath, they said later. The activity precluded any hope of a successful landing that night, and the three PTs returned to Sicily.

Two nights later they penetrated the ring of patrol boats without detection, slid up to within a couple of hundred yards of the beach at Calabria, and lowered a rubber dinghy. The Italian emissary paddled ashore with muffled oars, carrying the message concealed in the slit cover of a book, from Marcello to the admiral. He was instructed to bring back an answer and rendezvous with the O.S.S. party in Terracina Harbor at the same hour, just two weeks later.

With two weeks on their hands and nothing much else to do, they decided to employ their time to advantage by capturing an island. Stromboli, directly on their homeward course, was known to be the site of a small German radio station. They prepared some impressive-looking surrender documents, and on their way back to Sicily the party of twelve put in at Stromboli Harbor. The loyal Italians welcomed them, and the proud mayor led the Americans up the hill to the German station, whose little garrison meekly surrendered. The impromptu conquest was carried off with appropriate pomp; Bud North arrived at the top of the hill astride a small Italian donkey, with the gay populace fanning him and plying him with wine and cheese. The Navy was so impressed that it organized a full task force to capture the rest of the islands in the neighborhood.

Two weeks passed, and on the appointed night the same three dogged PTs sneaked once more through the closely guarded Gulf of Gaeta to their rendezvous in Terracina Harbor. There they waited till almost dawn, their dark hulls riding more and more conspicuously on the harbor swells as the sky lightened. They decided it was too risky to stay any longer, and they ran out of Gaeta Gulf just ahead of the dawn.

The failure of the Italian soldier to keep the rendezvous (later they learned he had delivered the letter successfully, but then had executed a strategic withdrawal from the whole project) effectively removed any possibility of carrying out their mission before D-Day. Now the O.S.S. unit decided to try an even more audacious scheme; they would land with our invasion forces, and filtrate Marcello Girosi personally through the enemy lines. On D-Day plus 2, Commander Shaheen, Burke, Joe Savoldi and the rest of the party landed with Girosi in broad daylight on Salerno beachhead. Immediately the German 88-mm. guns in the surrounding hills opened fire, effectively blasting the radio equipment they had planned to use in maintaining communication. For a week they tried to pierce the tight German lines at various points, but even the redoubtable Jumping Joe could not get so much as a toe hold.

Over and over they were under severe shell and mortar fire. While they were sleeping in a half-bombed building in Salerno, a German patrol stole into the city and machine-gunned the streets. Nazi artillery in the hills still commanded the approaches to Salerno; and as they returned to the harbor they were again taken under fire by German guns. A jetty extended three quarters of a mile into the harbor. The enemy in the hills spotted the group and laid down a series of salvos with their 88s, the shells landing in the water as close as twenty feet as the party ran to the end of the mole. A British admiral, seeing their predicament, zigzagged toward them in his motor launch and took them out to rejoin the fleet.

From the Italian Secretary of the Navy at Brindisi, site of the provisional Italian government, Commander Shaheen learned that Admiral Girosi had read his brother's six-page letter before the Italian Joint Chiefs of Staff—the Commando Supremo—where it was received with approval and helped pave the way for the surrender of the Italian fleet that immediately followed General Eisenhower's terms to Badoglio.

After the fall of Capri, word reached the party that the anti-Fascist Vice-Admiral Eugenio Minisini of the Royal Italian Navy, former head of the navy's principal research and experimental board and also president of the Italian Torpedo Works at Naples, was being held on that idyllic isle in protective custody. He was ready to help the Americans in securing blueprints and samples of the secret Axis weapons.

They hurried to Capri to see the admiral. A couple of enlisted men moved into the only available quarters, which happened to be Mrs. Harrison Williams' villa. A couple of days ago they had been eating K-rations in a slit trench in Salerno; now they were quartered in individual houses, with four servants, a butler apiece, and formal dinners served to the two occupants each night at either end of a long glass-topped table with glistening napery and candles.

There was even a garden, complete with gardener, they said; they picked three pomegranates out of it and mailed them back solemnly to Mrs. Williams in New York. They never found out if she got them. To top all the rest, they had their own chauffeur. "He had a car, and we had cigarettes," they said.

For a week the O.S.S. party worked day and night with Admiral Minisini. Major James Rand, an authority on technical matters, secured full descriptions of various secret underwater devices which were in production in Italian laboratories and learned the result of their latest experiments with naval and aerial weapons. The admiral divulged specifications of the Nazi radio-guided aerial torpedoes, a "commando" submarine capable of great underwater speed, an improved radio-controlled aerial bomb, a powerful new torpedo motor, and the long-sought electromagnetic pistol for torpedoes. He gave them detailed plans of his own factory, indicating where specimens of the new models might be found, and charted for them the location of a bargeload of new-type torpedo parts that had been sunk in the Bay of Naples to keep them from the Nazis.

Finally, he agreed through O.S.S. to place his full technical knowledge at the disposal of the United States Navy and gave them the names of twelve other Italian technicians and electronics experts who would likewise be willing to lend their services in the war against Fascism.

Diving for Priceless Salvage

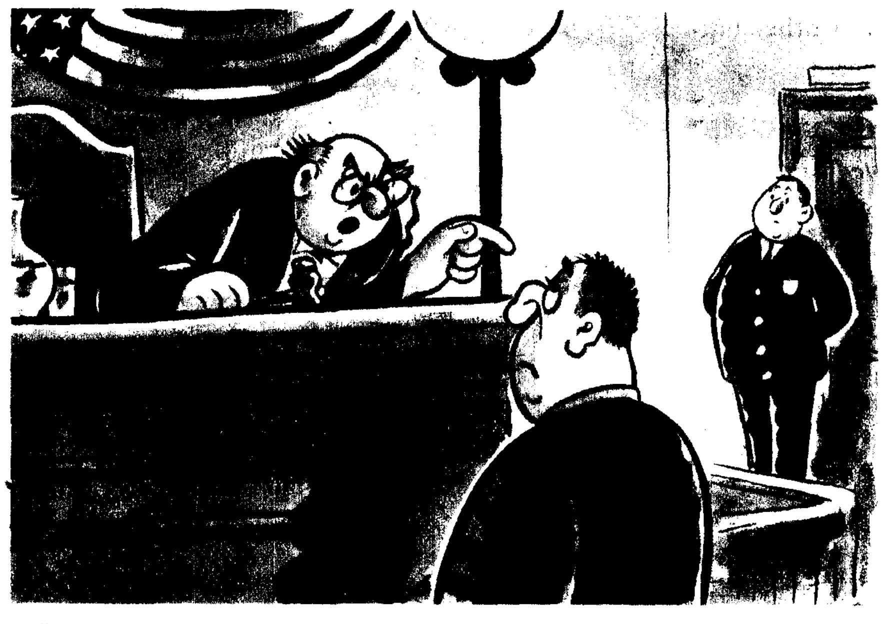
Lieutenant North was chosen by Commander Shaheen to stay and conduct the salvage operations. He hired the only deep-sea diver in Naples and set him to work in Naples harbor within range of the German shore batteries. Ordnance factories were ransacked despite booby traps and mines. Tons of equipment, including a whole midget submarine, were gathered and delivered intact to U.S. Navy Intelligence.

The rest of the group meanwhile prepared to spirit Admiral Minisini and his wife back to the States. They were transported safely to Africa aboard a PT boat, its deck incongruously littered with striped deck chairs, hatboxes and civilian luggage. The admiral's wife enjoyed the trip hugely, including the American pancakes served at a Navy mess, and she made a great hit with the crew.

The twelve other technicians were sneaked out of Italy and flown direct to the U.S. Naval Torpedo Station at Newport, Rhode Island. Professor Carlo Calosi, leading electronics expert, was discovered hiding in a convent in German-occupied Rome. He was spirited through the lines, rushed to the Tyrrhenian coast, met by a PT boat, which ran the gantlet of guns to pick him up, transported to Corsica, and loaded aboard the plane for the States.

Oh, yes. A final detail. Joe is back wrestling again. He is being billed today as Jumping Joe Savoldi, The Mystery Man of World War II.

(To be continued next week)



"I hope you haven't made any plans for the years 1945 to 1985, inclusive!"

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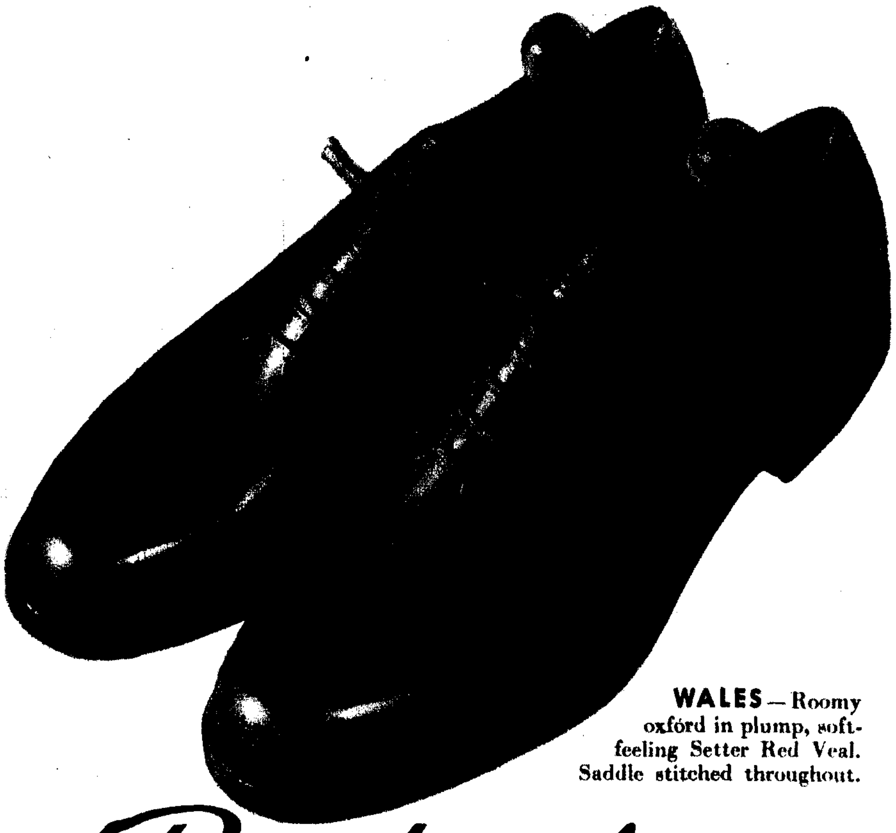

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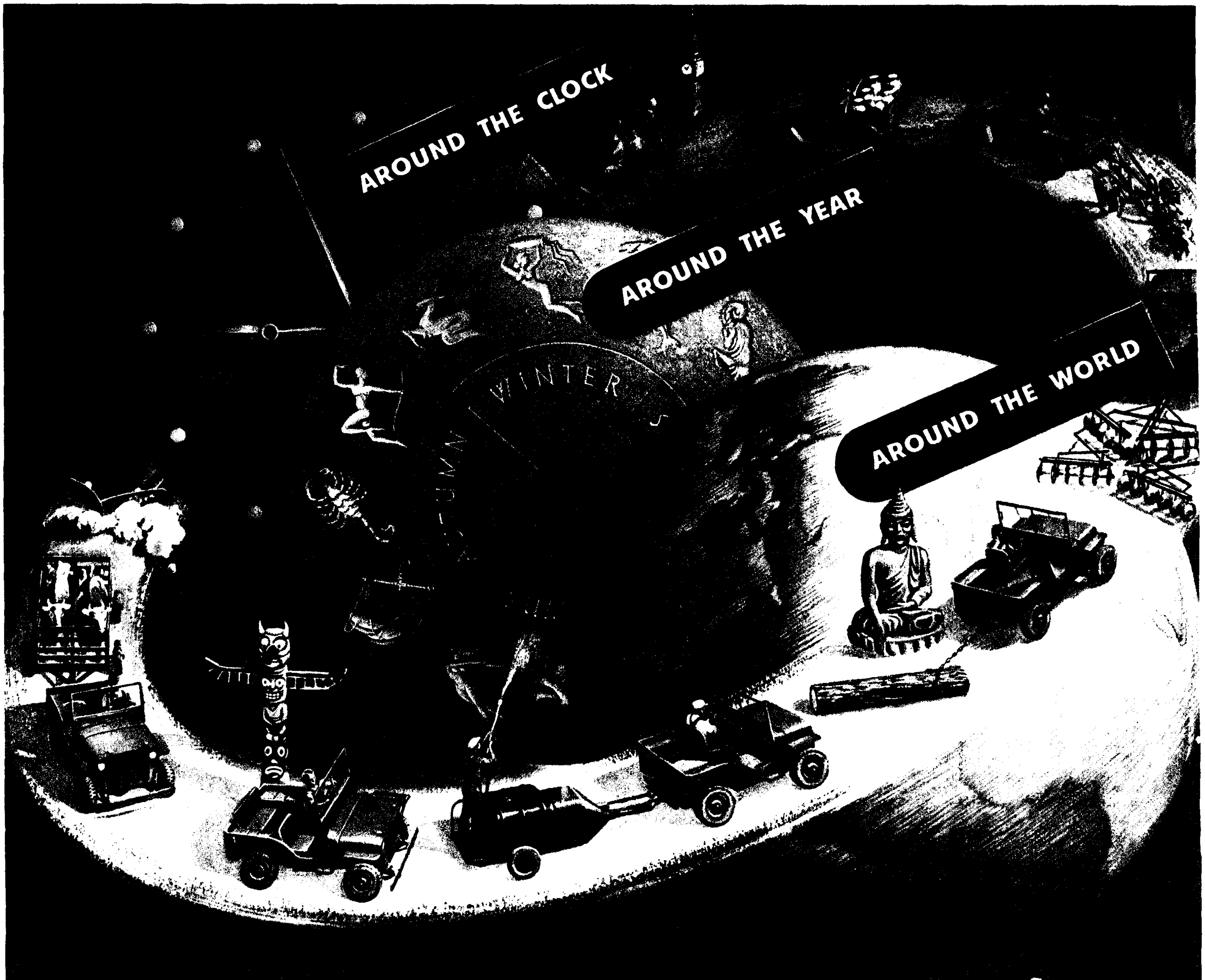

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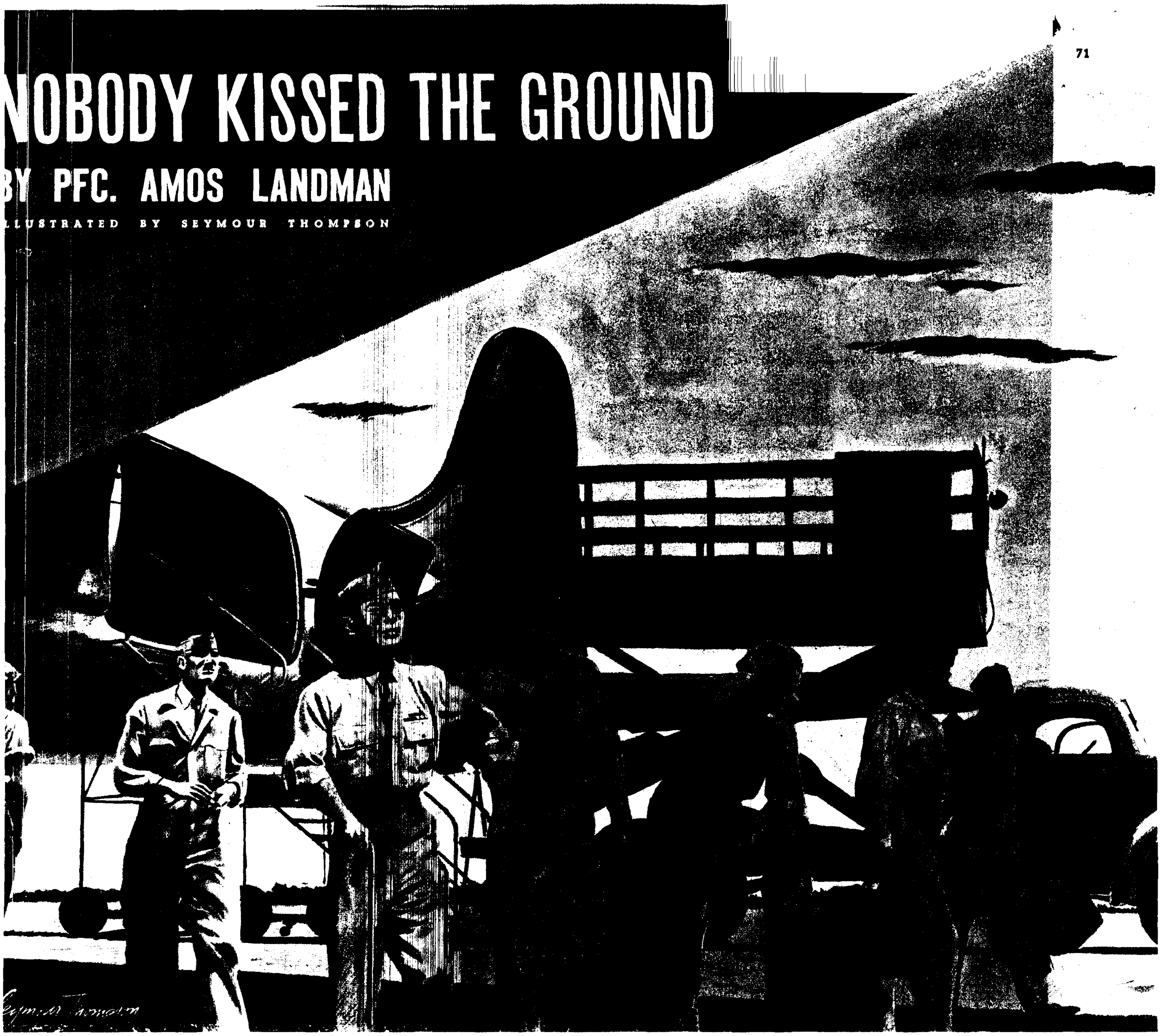
NOBODY KISSED THE GROUND

BY PFC. AMOS LANDMAN

LLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR THOMPSON



Some of the men stretched their cramped legs. Some walked around briskly. Nobody tossed his hat in the air. Nobody kissed the ground

What happens when our fight-ng men, who have dreamed of homecoming for months and years, at last come home

NOT long ago, I was one of twenty-odd enlisted men about to fly home from Hawaii. Most of us had come rom remote specks of coral in the far Pacific. We were on the flight line at Air Transport Command operations. In thirty minutes, we would be on our way; in twelve hours we would be back in the States.

You'd think it would be a glorious feeling o come home from the corrosive Pacific, after two and three years. Many of these slands are tiny blobs of land compounded of coral, jungle, rain, mud, heat, disease, and loneliness. The larger islands are no beter than the small ones.

These are places where it gets so hot that or weeks and even months the body is always wet with sweat; where the heat is so intense hat even the lobes of your ears perspire; where it rains every other hour during the wet season, and every other day during the dry season; where you can stand—and often have to stand—in mud to the calves, and at the same time inhale deep draughts of coral dust; where most everyone suffers from skin diseases—tropical ulcers, heat rash and others—which medical science most often can do little to help; where the sickening odor of disinfectants used in latrines gets into your tent at night; where the only food is a monotonous round of tasteless canned rations; where the only entertainment is an implausible, stupefying Class B movie, which you'd skip in the States but which you reach early in the islands, to get a seat on a palm log or an empty oil drum; where the warmth and softness and gaiety associated with women is only a maddening memory.

For the combat soldier, going home meant even more. It meant no more killing.

If there was joy in the hearts of these twenty travelers, it didn't show. Maybe time in the islands does things to a man.

A weapons carrier, a squat, open, O. D. truck with wooden seats in the rear, had picked up the enlisted men at the transient barracks and taken them to ATC operations. When I climbed in, there was a soldier in the front seat next to the driver, and another in the rear. The latter was a Hawaiian-born staff sergeant of Japanese ancestry with an orange crepe-paper lei around his neck. His shoulder patch bore the red steer of the 34th Division, and he had been a part of the 100th Infantry Battalion.

This battalion is composed of Japanese-Americans, or Nisei, and it made a distinguished record in the Italian campaign. A black patch over the sergeant's eye showed how he got the Purple Heart. He had been home on furlough in Honolulu and now he was being flown to a hospital.

The weapons carrier collected other soldiers. These men had been flown to Hawaii from the Philippines, New Guinea and Saipan. They walked to the truck, heaved bulging duffle bags and flight bags in and piled in after them. Without expression or conversation, the men sat bouncing together.

At the flight line, the Nisei sergeant went around to the front of the truck and helped out the passenger who had been sitting there. The man was a tiny Nisei private, also from the 100th Infantry Battalion, and he, too, wore a lei and the Purple Heart. He was blind. One eye was covered. The other was clearly sightless. Because of a hip injury, he used a cane.

Without being told, the men got their luggage and shuffled into line. The Nisei fell in at the end. The others, who had spent two or three years hating, hunting, killing Japs, looked at them without interest.

At the flight line, a lieutenant colonel, two first lieutenants, and a second lieutenant were already there. The lieutenant colonel was a picture. His uniform was fitted and pressed. His hair was slicked down and his mustache was waxed. He looked to be forty-eight hours away from a swivel chair in the Pentagon.

The men lounged in the waiting room. Then a loud-speaker ordered us to the briefing room.

A private first class with a Southern accent explained the use of the life-saving equipment carried on long overwater flights. I had just come 3,000 miles over water without such a briefing, but was glad to get it.

"Anyone who has had this briefing in the last ninety days," began the Pfc., "may leave." He paused.

The lieutenant colonel shifted about for a

(Continued on page 80)

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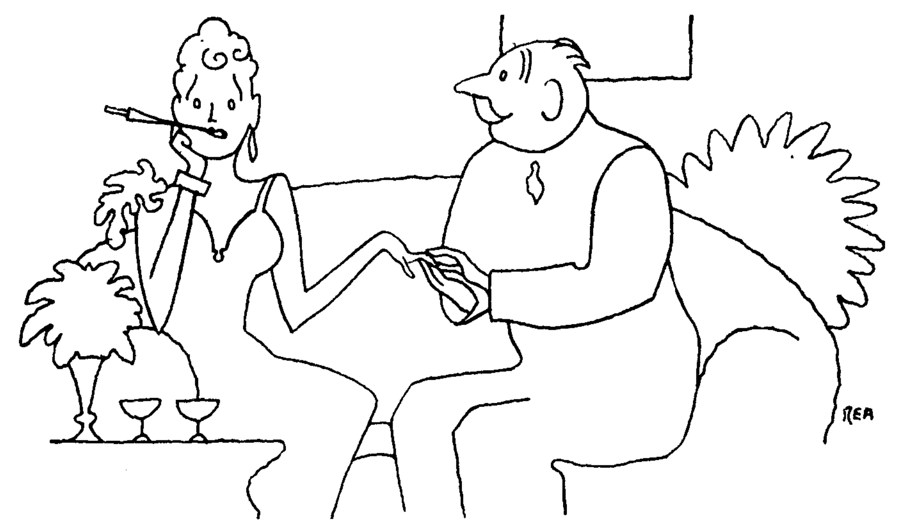
War Crimes

Continued from page 11

Crimes Commission, Associate Justice Robert H. Jackson, of the United States Supreme Court.

Justice Jackson has treated the contentions of the critical lawyers as mostly high-sounding nonsense. He has pointed to a fact they had ignored, the fact that fundamental changes took place in international law during the 1920s. In 1927, it was solemnly agreed by 48 members of the League of Nations, including Germany, that a war of aggression constitutes an "international crime." In the Briand-Kellogg pact of 1928, Germany and Japan joined with the United States and most of the other nations of the world in renouncing war, except in self-defense, "as an instrument of national policy," and bound themselves to the settlement by peaceful means of disputes between nations.

Four years later, Stimson, then our Secretary of State, announced that a war of aggression, according to the pact, is illegal. Germany under the Nazis, stated Justice Jackson, had flouted its pledged word. Germany, with Hitler and other Nazi leaders openly and repeatedly boasting of the fact, had deliberately fomented an aggressive global war. Therefore, Germany and the German leaders are guilty of a crime. Justice Jackson might have added that the Nazi boasts disposed of any difficulty in defining "aggression." He might also have noted that our own courts every day deal with equally vague words, such as "due process" or "unfair competition," that many a man has been sent to jail for transgressing a law which makes it unlawful "willfully" or "maliciously" to do this or that.



"It seems as though I'd known you forever, too, Mr. Fonsett!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

On Jackson's suggestion, the principal charge against Goering and his associates is that of conspiracy, a conspiracy of "planning, preparing, initiating and waging" a war of aggression. It is nothing new to hold as criminals those who conspire to commit a crime. In the courts of every civilized land it has frequently been decided that actions that occur in the furtherance of an illegal conspiracy are themselves illegal.

With such decisions in mind, the justice found it easy to include in the scope of the charges against the Nazi leaders the atrocities they committed against Germans. For, he said, "the persecutions of the greatest enormity on religious, political and racial grounds, the breakdown of trade unions and the liquidation of all religious and moral influence"—all this "was not the legitimate activity of a state within its own boundaries, but was preparatory to the launching of an international course of aggression and was with the evil intention, openly expressed by the Nazis, of capturing the German State as an instrumentality for spreading their rule to other countries." The Nazis, he declared, were a band of gangsters or brigands who had seized control of the German State and had used that control in an attempt to legitimize their assault on the members of the "family of nations." Thus this cautious but clear-headed Supreme Court judge pronounced it absurd to allow these German racketeers to hide behind the defense that their misdeeds were the legitimate conduct of a legitimately established government.

The Nazis, he held, being but marauders, were piratical outlaws. To make clear the justice's position, let us assume that the late Legs Diamond had "muscled in" on governmental control of the State of New York, appointed his own henchmen as policemen and then had had the effrontery to call it a legal act when his fake officers committed mass murders of New York citizens. If these murders had been authorized by Diamond as the initial step in a successful plan to control America and then to make war on the globe, the gangster would stand guilty of an international crime. Even if (says Jackson in effect) he had seen to it that American laws had been passed which called the murders legal.

Viewing the Nazi regime as an anti-world criminal conspiracy, the justice attacked the argument that the Nazi chieftains enjoyed legal immunity as rulers of a state. At best, he remarked, this idea is a relic of the obsolete doctrine of the divine right of kings. He also denied that orders from a superior officer can in any case afford legal protection to a soldier "who has discretion because of his rank or the latitude of his orders"; and he further reported that a defense based upon superior orders cannot possibly apply in a case of voluntary participation in a "criminal or conspiratorial organization," such as the Gestapo or the SS.

In a recent utterance, he candidly met one of the most serious criticisms of the trials. "However unfortunate it may be," he said, "there seems to be no way of doing anything about the crimes against the peace and against humanity except that the victors judge the vanquished. The scale of their attack leaves no neutrals in the world."

Listening to some of the international lawyers, one might have concluded, as did one of Charles Dickens' characters, that "the Law is a Ass," since it seemed impossible by legal means to achieve the common-sense aim of bringing the leading Fascists to justice. Justice Jackson has shown that law need not be asinine. It was he who persuaded the four governments to rest their case principally on the conspiracy of individuals to violate the Briand-Kellogg pact. Thanks to the justice's good sense, combined with his legal acumen, many of those who "were in authority in government in the military establishments, including the general staff and in the financial, industrial and economic life of Germany," now are called before an international military tribunal, along with the leaders of the "voluntary organizations" which "played a cruel and controlling part in subjugating the German people and their neighbors."

The cynics are saying: "But what's the use? Our newspapers tell us that the bulk of the Germans, unregenerate, still sympathize with Nazi aims, regret nothing but that they lost the war. Punishing the leaders will only leave a more embittered Germany, the more ready to follow another Hitler."

Others, less cynical, hope that the evidence carefully presented at the trials and the spectacle of a court sentencing the ranking Nazi sadists will instill, at least in the next generation of Germans, a feeling of shame and repentance. They trust that the punishment there meted out will act as a warning to Germans who may, in the future, contemplate renewed efforts to realize the Nazi ambitions.

But the principal purpose of the trials is not the regeneration or the re-education of Germany. Far more important is the moral effect on other peoples. Were these masters of supercruelty to go unpunished, the host of their living victims, the relatives and friends of the slaughtered, would be left with a disintegrating sense of futility, a lack of faith in the meaning of civilization.

Suppose that in America, within the space of a few years, there occurred well over a million murders and kidnapings—and no effort were made to punish the perpetrators. Would this not symptomize the crumbling of American society, a reversion to barbarism? We dare not frustrate the urgent human desire to penalize gross evil-doing through "retribution by law." Doubtless for that reason, some four thousand American psychologists recently agreed that for future world peace it is necessary to have a "clear-cut and easily understood definition of war guilt" and "a consistent severity toward those who are judged guilty."

With the dropping of the first atomic bomb on August 6, 1945, lasting world peace became the immediate concern of everybody on this planet, including the hard-headed practical realists. For the maintenance of such peace a vigorous, organized world order is imperative. The Nuremberg trial signalizes the emergence of such a world order. It furnishes the precedent for a world court ready and able to punish disturbers of international peace.

Symbols of Law and Order

Within any country—the United States or any other—the chief value of the police and of criminal courts is that they help both to build up and to preserve the law-abiding customs of the community. The youngster who sees the policeman on the beat now and then making an arrest learns the habit of obeying the laws. Social order depends largely on such habits. But criminal impulses occasionally surge up in the best of men. Our police and criminal courts, as visible symbols of the Law, act as brakes on these impulses, reinforce the habits of orderliness. These habits and law enforcement interact. Each makes the other possible.

So with world peace. Unless we are to perish altogether, we must speedily build up the customs, the habits of a peaceful world order—wherefore the epochal importance of the Nuremberg trial. To the prisoners' dock are called men once mighty—among others, a Reich Minister Goering, a Foreign Minister Von Ribbentrop, a Labor Minister Ley, a Field Marshal Keitel. Their very presence dramatically affirms that a robust world morality is alive at this moment, that a world conscience is on its way to becoming an accepted world custom.

The trial says to men everywhere: "This is the first step toward establishing basic legal and moral tenets, which shall transcend the legal and moral code of any particular nation. We mean business when we declare that universal peace and order are essential and that we shall use the might of the United Nations to assure them. We are the active agents of a world society whose moral demands have now become legally enforcible."

The "conscience of mankind" is not, from now on, to be a mere sentiment, a vague aspiration, fitful and often futile in its manifestations. It is expressing itself in concrete supernational governmental action. Thus we begin to establish, on a solid foundation, a vigorous global society with a global law. A world community is in its birth process. With the atomic bomb we revolutionized the art of war. With this trial we revolutionize the art of peace.

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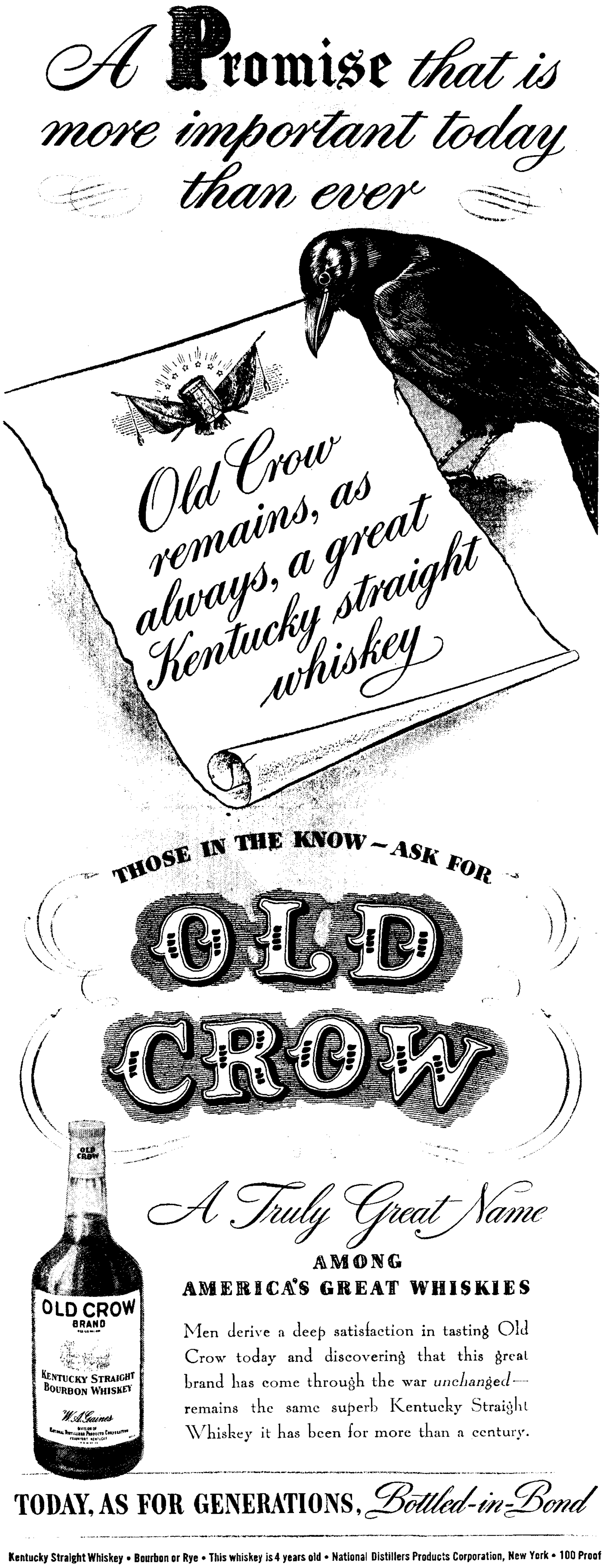
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The Piper's Son

Continued from page 24

be sun enough for you tomorrow. This doesn't last."

"A spot of fire will ease things, miss," said Quinn, walking toward the hearth, "if I won't be crowding you."

"Not at all."

He could see her more clearly now. A slim figure in a gray wool skirt, and a sky-blue cardigan. Her shoes had the rich look of fine leather, well molded. The money that bought those, thought Quinn, never came out of a pub's till in Killennis. Aloud, he said: "Is the man about?"

"Somewhere. This is Mark O'Fallon's place." She offered the information politely, glancing up. Her eyes were the color of her sweater.

"Brian Quinn, miss." Quinn touched his cap.

The girl nodded, and bent over something in her lap.

Quinn held his hands toward the flame. The firelight was full on her face, and he gazed down at her. Brown hair with tints of red, fine features, a smooth skin tanned to the golden duskiness of real Irish whisky. I have seen lashes like that. Quinn said silently. But in another land, and those were false.

In her lap light sparkled, the sharp, white glint of steel. Glancing down, Quinn saw what she held. With firm fingers, as slender as the knife blade, she was carving a piece of dark wood. Quinn stared. The wood was shaped, hollow, thinner at one end. It looks, he thought, like an enormous cigarette holder.

The girl was intent on her work. She said: "And what brings you to Killennis, Brian Quinn?"

With the question Quinn realized what she was carving. The back of his head was cold. The girl's knife was finishing a chanter, the mouthpiece of a bagpipe.

She raised her head, waiting for an answer.

Quinn said: "From one fair to another there is always a road, miss. And Killennis sits astride this one."

"So," said the girl. She looked at him. "A gypsy without horses, or a tinker without tools?"

"A little of both, miss," said Quinn, laughing. "They are sharp men in the north. It was small silver they paid for my horses, and it shrank in my hand when they named a price for their own. So I shook the dust of Fermanagh on shanks' mare."

"Just passing then, gypsy man?"

"Aye, miss. But glad I am to be over the border and breathe free air again. I have no liking for Ulstermen, and less for the way they trade."

The girl laughed. She shut her knife and rubbed the wood with the heel of her hand.

A man came in from the back of the house, and stared at Quinn. A big man, in shirt sleeves, with grizzled hair and mustache. He hooked his thumbs in the armholes of his knitted vest. The eyes under his shaggy brows were cool and steady.

"Mr. O'Fallon," said the girl.

"I'm already beholden for your fire, Mr. O'Fallon," Quinn said.

O'Fallon looked at Quinn's boots. His head turned as he glanced at the mud tracks from the door. O'Fallon said, "There is a scraper by the step."

Quinn grinned. "And didn't I nearly fall over it," he said, "in my hurry to get inside." He made his tone impudent. He welcomed O'Fallon's frown. A man annoyed by gypsy banter was less likely to suspect what business brought one. Gypsies had no business.

The girl's laugh tinkled. "What can you expect from a gypsy man?" she asked. "His name is Brian Quinn, Mr. O'Fallon."

"Munster born," said Quinn. "And named for the old king." That at least is true, he thought. Munster born and New York raised.

O'Fallon said: "You're a long way from home."

"That I am," agreed Quinn. Longer than you think by an ocean, big man. Aloud, he added, "And perishing of thirst."

"He has you there, Mr. O'Fallon."

"Has he?" O'Fallon didn't move.

Quinn chuckled. He dropped his bag on the floor and took a coin from his pocket. Watching O'Fallon, he clicked the coin once on a tabletop.

THERE was no change in O'Fallon's face. Reaching behind him, he lifted a section of the bar, backed through, lowered it. Without speaking he raised one big hand.

The coin flashed spinning through the air.

O'Fallon caught it deftly. He looked at it, turned it. He rang the coin on the bar, and listened. Finally he pinned it under one finger. O'Fallon said: "What'll it be?"

"Grown men," murmured the girl.

"A man has to be careful, Miss Eileen," said O'Fallon. He put a glass on the bar, and a bottle.

"I've got to go along," said Eileen, "if my things are dry. They'll be waiting tea."

O'Fallon was watching Quinn pour. He said: "I'll fetch them, Miss Eileen."

"No. Stay there. I want a word with your wife anyway."

Quinn turned as she crossed the room. She was tall, taller than he, and she moved easily. The wooden mouthpiece was tucked under one arm. At the doorway, she paused.

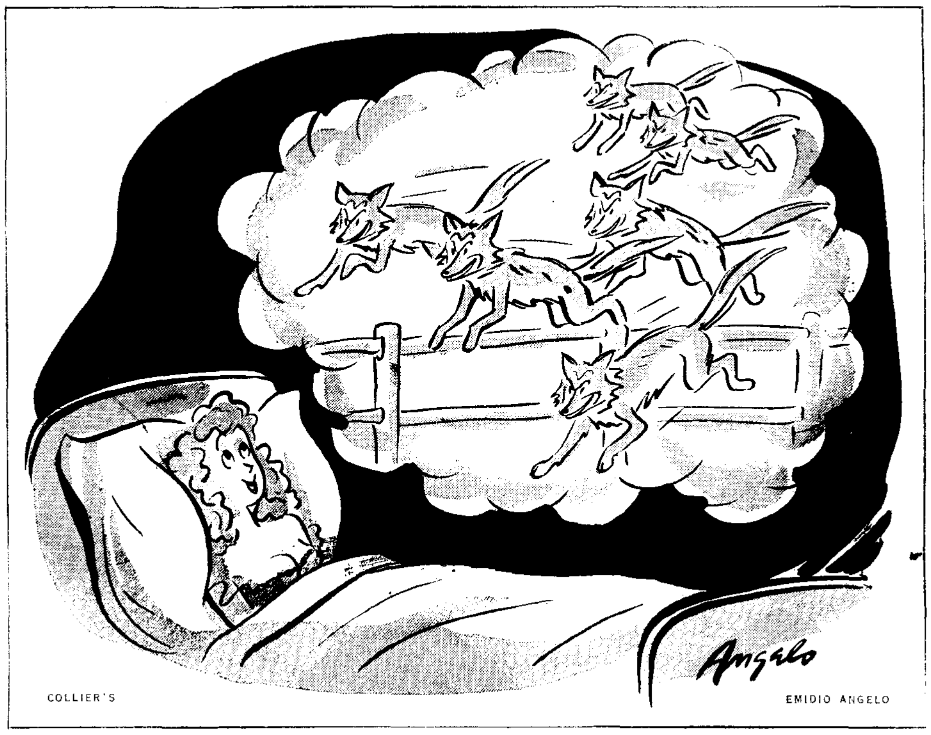
"Mr. O'Fallon."

"Miss?"

"You might tell your lodger I waited."

"I will, Miss Eileen."

"Good day, then." She caught Quinn's



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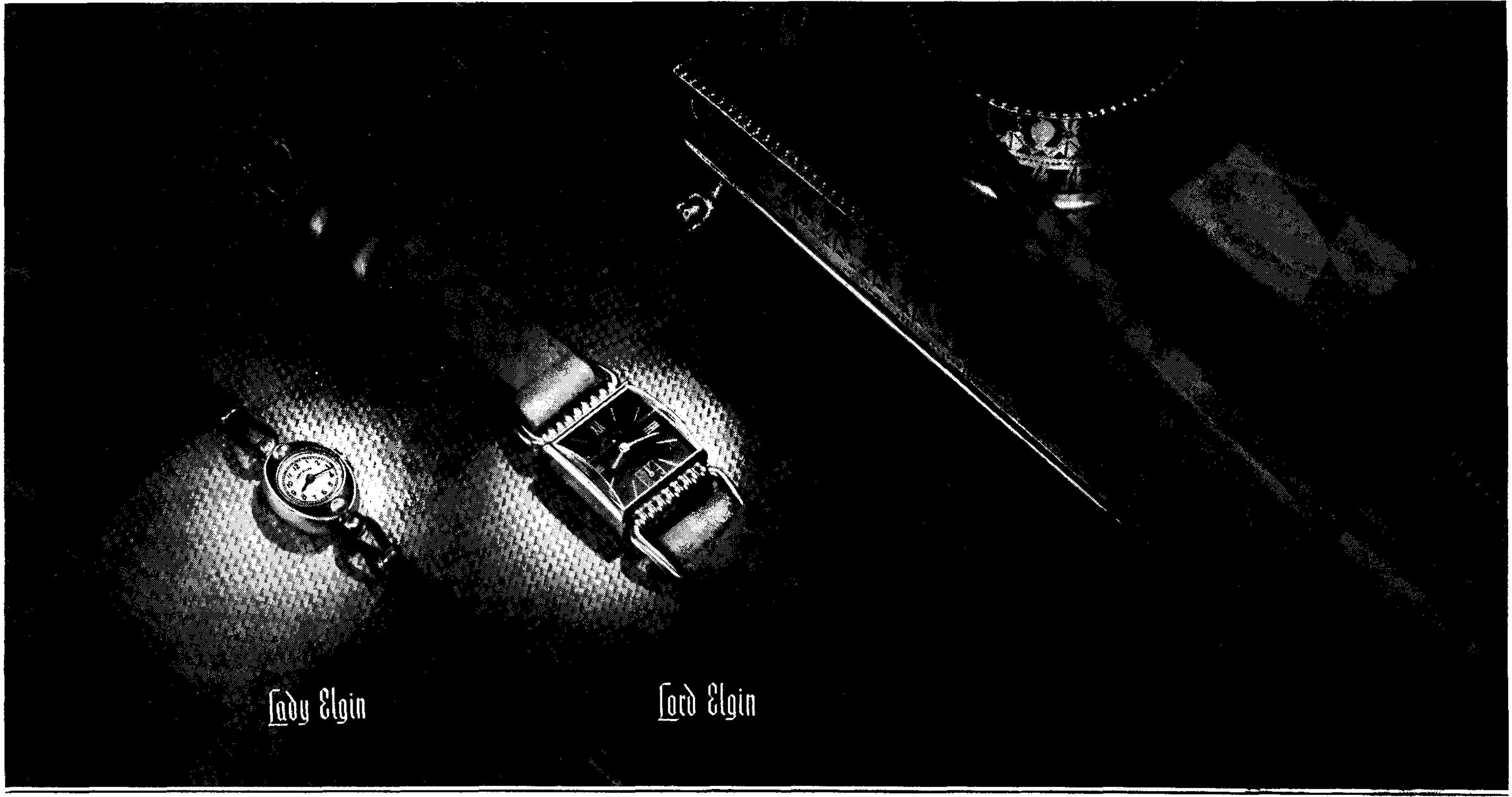

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glance and bowed her head, smiling. "And good day to you, gypsy man." With a whirl of skirt she was gone.

Quinn sipped his drink. He remarked, to no one in particular: "Anyone who would keep that lass waiting is plain daft."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head," said O'Fallon, growling.

"I had no thought else," said Quinn. "Don't you think I know Miss Eileen is real quality?" He had to find out about that piece of bagpipe. "A fine lady."

O'Fallon grunted.

"Could you put a man up for the night?" asked Quinn, shifting to another tack. "A bed and a bite, maybe, and a drop more of the same to keep the chill out?"

O'Fallon tapped the coin with his fingernail.

"Aye," said Quinn. "There's more, man. Though I'd sooner trade a spot of work for my keep. I'm a handy man with machinery. Or I'm wonderful tender with a sick colt."

"My horse is fine," said O'Fallon, glaring. "And I'll take care she stays that way."

"Sure," said Quinn. "Sure. But there's other things. The woman of the house now—she might be wanting some pots mended. Or a finer edge on her knives. There's any number of things I can turn a hand to." He finished his drink and poured another. Very casually, he went on: "I've even fixed bagpipes in my time."

"Bagpipes?" said O'Fallon. His hands were flat on the bar, and his voice was low: "And what made you think of bagpipes?"

"The lass. She was whittling on part of one."

"That is all?"

"All? All of what, man?"

O'Fallon leaned closer. "Listen to me, gypsy. And mind. Eileen Mulcahy has as old a name as ever came down this road. She can make bagpipes, or carve them, or play them, or whatever. But this is Killennis. Killennis of the Piper. It's a kind word I'm giving you. Stay well off the subject of bagpipes."

A kind word or a warning, thought Quinn. He said, "The Piper? Now, wait, wait. You don't mean— Up. Regan?"

"Kevin Regan. There was only one."

"Regan was from here?" asked Quinn, looking around the room. He sounded surprised. "It wasn't here he died. Not in the tale I heard."

"You needn't be telling me that," said O'Fallon. His gaze was over Quinn's shoulder at something far away. "Not I, that was less than ten feet from him when the bullets hit. In Connacht it was, along the Shannon. You could see the Tans' lorries blazing in the water. On the road and in the water. As if Regan had doubled their number when he struck."

"You were on one of the Piper's raids?"

"He was a Killennis man," said O'Fallon. "And I was in his column. But that was his last raid. He was standing as close as that hearth, and his pipes skirling and trumpeting and urging us on."

QUINN shook his head. "Then, it's true. I never more than half believed he played them in battle."

"Play them, gypsy? You never heard the like. Regan tore you in two with those pipes, and both halves throbbing with the fierce, wild urge he put on you. There was no army too big for the Piper's men when the wind was in his reeds."

No wonder his son is safe in these hills, thought Quinn. He said, "You were telling how he died." It was better told than when he'd heard it from the general.

"Aye. He died. They were beat and we were on them. And all six feet of Regan was clear against the sky, the pipes around his head like horns. Wailing a song of victory."

Quinn waited, not moving.

O'Fallon sighed. "A machine gun. Whoever the gunner was—and he died that night too—he was a soldier. He'd set up his gun in a dark corner and waited for our charge. One short burst. And the wild song stopped with a sigh as the bullets ripped through. The Piper was dead when he fell."

The shadows were deepening in the room. Quinn picked his words with care. He wanted O'Fallon to go on talking. The Piper had a son. Would there be any mention of that, even to a casual, gypsy listener. "God rest his soul," said Quinn.

O'Fallon's eyes slowly focused on Quinn's face. The big man reached beneath his bar, set out a glass, filled it. He tossed the liquor down. O'Fallon said, "Kevin Regan."

"The Piper," murmured Quinn. He was reaching for the bottle when he heard it.

Thin and distant shrilled the music. The faint, high notes of a wailing bagpipe.

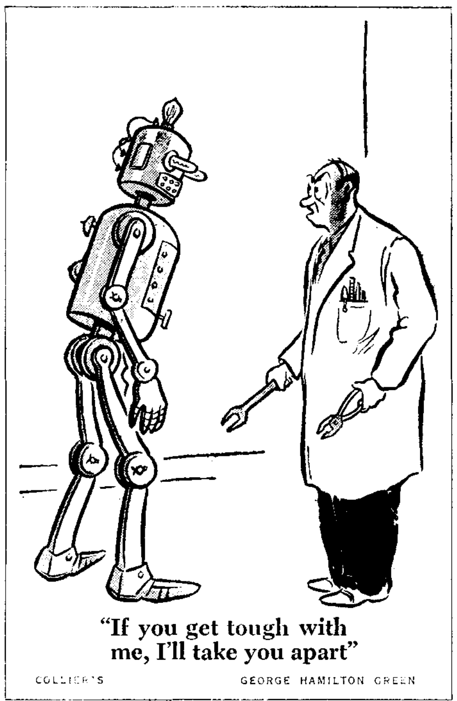
Quinn stared at O'Fallon. There was no surprise in the big man's face. But a shadow passed over it, as if someone had crossed in front of a lamp. And there was pain in O'Fallon's voice. "I was afraid of that," he said.

The music faded away. In the silence Quinn's mind was racing. He thought of his assignment. The dead man in the ditch. The girl. He weighed O'Fallon. Did the big man follow the son, the way he had followed the father? But when Quinn spoke, he was all gypsy and shaken.

"Glory be to God, man! Did you hear it? And us talking of him this minute!"

"Don't be a fool!" said O'Fallon.

There was the creak of a step and a draft from the door. Quinn, turning, saw that three men were in the room. One was at the doorway from the back. Two came from the street. It was sudden and swift; done with the ease of long practice. All three glistened with mist, and their hands were in their coat pockets.


"If you get tough with me, I'll take you apart"
COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

O'Fallon sighed. He looked at the man in the inner doorway. "Why, Tom?" he asked. "Why is he coming here?"

The man called Tom lounged against the doorjamb. He said: "Miles will tell you himself, O'Fallon. We don't know."

Quinn moved away from the bar. His head turned as he glanced at each man in turn. "Is it the I.R.A.?" he asked. When O'Fallon nodded, Quinn scooped up his bag. "If it's something the I.R.A. is in, I'll just be moving along. If it's all right?" He shuffled his feet, and looked at Tom.

"Sit down," said Tom, amused. "Sit down. I sent your wife off to a neighbor's, O'Fallon."

O'Fallon nodded. Quinn slumped into a chair. That general, he thought. I give him credit. He said the trail led to Killennis, and this spot I'm on proves it.

There was a murmur of voices outside, and a light laugh. The door opened.

Eileen Mulcahy came in first. The girl's face was wet and rosy. She was carrying a bagpipe and laughing up at the man with her. Eileen called out from the threshold, "It's Miles, Mr. O'Fallon! Miles!" Her voice was like a bugle.

"Mark O'Fallon," said Miles. "Scowling behind his bar like the crack of doom. Now, haven't you a word of welcome for a wandering man come back to his own place?"

Quinn looked at him. This would be Miles Regan. The Piper's son. The English-hater. A tall man, broad of shoulder and jaw. They grow them tall around here, thought Quinn, hunching smaller in his chair. He sighed. There were not many who could claim to have seen Miles Regan. Even the file at headquarters was sparse. A name and a reputation, and a long list of deeds that had aided the enemy.

Eileen was talking: "I was on the way home. When I heard the pipes I knew it was he at once. Did you hear them, Mr. O'Fallon?"

"I heard," said O'Fallon.

"A little light," Miles Regan said. "It's dark in here."

Matches flared. Candles flickered on the mantel. A lamp glowed on the bar.

Quinn nodded. Men moved when this one spoke. His voice told that, for all its Irish lilt. Then, the gray eyes turned toward him. Quinn's stomach muscles tightened. He touched his cap.

"This one would be the gypsy," said Regan.

"A Munsterman, Commandant," said Quinn hastily. "Name of Quinn."

REGAN'S gaze was as expressionless as stone, and as cold. He said: "We'll see." He turned his back on Quinn and spoke to O'Fallon: "I've an uneasy feeling, Mark. An uneasy feeling."

O'Fallon grunted. He said: "You should have. I haven't felt a moment's peace since you've been back." There was resentment in the big man's voice.

"Back?" Eileen was surprised. "But, Mr. O'Fallon. Miles just got here. I met him outside the town."

"He's been up in the hills for a month," said O'Fallon.

Thirty-five days, Quinn amended silently. We lost him in Dublin thirty-five days ago and his German friend disappeared a week later. O'Fallon's sore about something; there's an edge in his words.

"A month," repeated Eileen.

"Yes, Eileen," Regan said. "I kept under cover until it was safe."

"Safe? The Piper's son? In Killennis?"

Regan's head turned slowly, and he stared at Quinn. His voice was cold and annoyed. "You might watch your tongue, Eileen," he said. "Before strangers."

Quinn saw the girl blink and step back as if she'd been slapped. He felt them all looking at him, but he couldn't glance away from Regan.

"Commandant," said Quinn. "Commandant, you wouldn't be worrying about me, Commandant. It's deaf, dumb, and blind I am, when it concerns the I.R.A."

"But, Miles," said Eileen. "What difference does it make now? It's over, isn't it? Isn't that why you've come home?"

"No, Miss Eileen," said O'Fallon. "That's not why he's come home."

"Maybe you don't like something, Mark?" asked Regan.

"Maybe I don't like the company you keep."

Regan's retort cracked in the room: "Shut your mouth about the company I keep!"

The man behind the bar glared. "Watch your tone, Miles Regan. I wouldn't like to forget whose son you are."

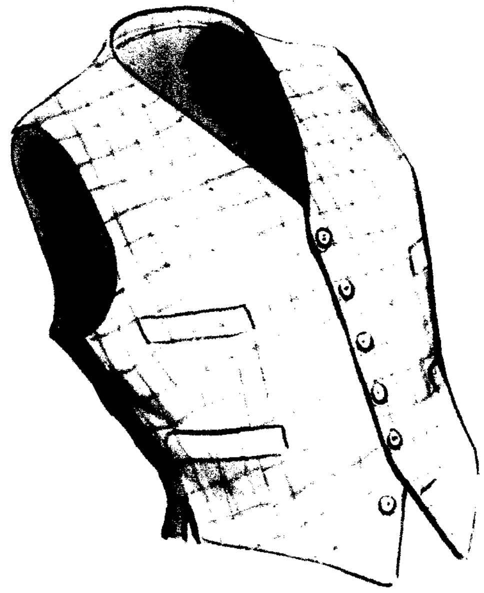
There's division here, thought Quinn. Go it, my boyos. The bigger the brawl, the better for the gypsy.

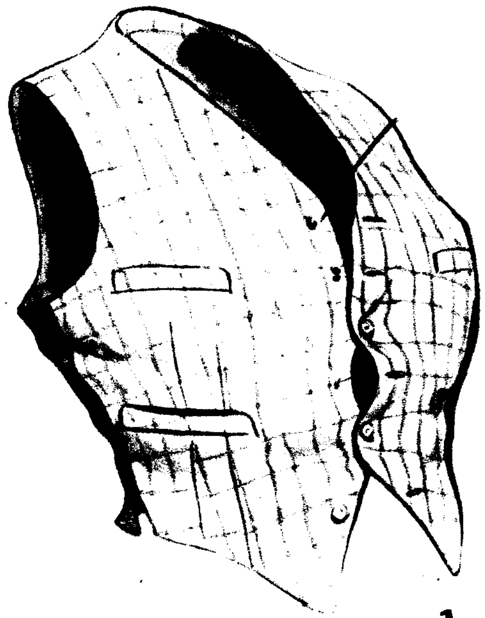
"Miles! Mr. O'Fallon!" Eileen raised a hand to each of them. "We can talk this out without quarreling." She smiled at the younger man. "Miles, when I heard the pipes—" She reached and touched them on the table beside her—"I thought you'd come back to me. It's five years I've been waiting, Miles."

Quinn lowered his eyes before the look on the girl's face. Damn him, he thought savagely. Damn him! Off playing I-spy with his Nazi friends, and she eating her heart out at home.

Eileen went on: "I've never questioned why you went, or what you've been doing. I didn't understand it, but a man must follow his feeling. You were against England like your father before you. Against England, and for Ireland in your own way, no matter what they said in the Dáil."

"Must we discuss this in a pub?" Regan said.





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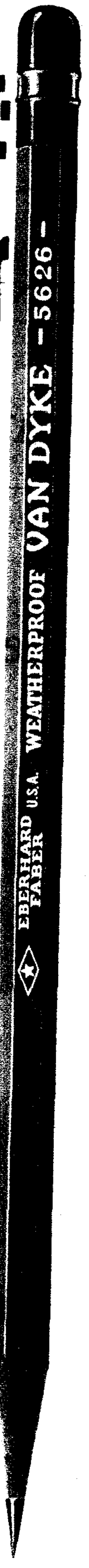

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"Yes, Miles." Color rose in Eileen's cheeks, but she sounded determined. "Because there's something I must straighten out. I've been expecting you for weeks now. Ever since the world knew that Germany couldn't possibly win. I thought that meant your work was finished."

Oh, no, said Quinn to himself. When rats leave a sinking ship they must find a place to hide.

"Finished?" Regan laughed. "With De Valera still in the saddle?"

"That's politics." Eileen brushed it aside with her hand. "Free State and I.R.A. That's a family fight." She raised her head, suddenly hopeful. "Is that all you're going on with?"

"No." O'Fallon made the word flat and final.

Regan whirled toward the bar. He exploded, loud with anger: "Damn it, O'Fallon! I've stood about all of your butting in that I'm going to! You'll keep your place, or I'll teach you how!"

"Miles!" Eileen's whisper was shocked.

"I mean it! Just because he's done us some favors doesn't give him the right to tell me what to do!"

"Favors?" said O'Fallon. "If you mean running those supplies in and stocking that place in the hills, that was no favor. I did it in memory of the Piper."

"Then, what's eating you? Speak your piece, man!"

"I will that," said O'Fallon. "A man can lie, and spy, and kill if he has to, and I have done my share. But these things are done for Ireland. Not for pay."

"Pay!" echoed Eileen.

QUINN watched Regan clench his fists, open them, clench them again. The pub keeper had scored with that one.

"The man's my friend," said Regan. "Am I to turn on him now because his luck is bad?"

May his luck be worse, hoped Quinn. May Herr Capitan Ernst Berchmann of the Gestapo have nothing but bad luck! He and Miles Regan had run Nazi espionage in the Free State. Berchmann had no friends. O'Fallon was right; the Piper's son was playing a tune for a price.

"What man?" asked Eileen, puzzled. "You mean Mr. O'Fallon's lodger? I tried to meet him, Miles. I thought maybe he brought a message from you."

"He was no man of mine," Regan said. "And he came here after something. You mentioned pay, O'Fallon. Some people pay for information."

And some, said Quinn silently, have a roundabout way of calling another an informer.

"I told him nothing," said O'Fallon. "And he paid only for his room and board. I run a public house. A salesman, he called himself. Some form of cattle dealers' co-operative insurance."

"Salesman!" Regan's laugh was like a bark. "Show him, Tom."

Quinn watched Tom walk over and put a revolver on the bar. The blue steel glinted in the lamplight. Quinn could see it plainly. A Colt .38 Special, a twin to the gun under his coat.

"That's the kind of insurance your lodger had in his pocket," said Regan.

"Had?" Eileen said.

Regan nodded. A smile flickered on Tom's thin face. He gazed at Quinn, but Quinn was careful not to meet the look. I'll remember that smile, he thought. If that's the gun I think it is, I won't forget Tom.

"A constable," said O'Fallon. "In plain clothes. Looking for a hidden poteen still?" It was a question.

"More likely a British agent," said Regan. The big man shook his head. "He was no Britisher."

Eileen stared at Regan, her eyes wide. She said: "Miles. Do—do you mean you—killed him?"

Miles Regan frowned with impatience. "We are not playing games, Eileen. I can't have strangers popping up just now. It might throw the whole scheme."

"What scheme?"

O'Fallon answered her: "Miles is taking paying guests."

"Shut up!" Miles snapped the words. He pivoted on his heels until he faced Quinn. "Even your thick skull, O'Fallon, should figure it strange that this one should come along right on top of the other."

"Just passing through, Commandant," said Quinn. "Following the fairs, you know. Never a word will I mention—"

"Aye," interrupted Regan. "The last is true anyway." He reached a long leg out and drew a chair close with his foot. Sitting down, he said: "We'll want a bit more fact than you gave Eileen."

Tom stepped forward and kicked the musette bag away from Quinn. "He came into town by the east road, Miles. Ask him why."

"It's the road west," said Quinn. "And west is where I'm going."

"I think you're a liar," said Regan in Gaelic.

Quinn replied glibly in the same language: "Is it truth you want, or a poet's rann?" He knew his accent wasn't so good as the other's. But gypsies spoke Irish in a manner of their own.

"Why waste the time?" asked Tom. His eyes brightened, and he pushed his pocket forward.

"Not here," said O'Fallon quickly.

"No! No, Miles!" Eileen's voice shook.

Regan smiled. "No. Not here. And not now." He grinned at Tom. "Berchmann will make him talk. You were too quick with the other this morning, Tom."

Tom shrugged. "I was afraid he was leaving us."

"Mike. Stevie." Regan's command was crisp. "Fetch Captain Berchmann."

The two men at the street door went out. Quinn saw that it was dark outside now. But the man called Tom didn't relax. He watched Quinn like a snake waiting to strike.

"Eileen," said Regan curtly, "you'd better get along home."

For a long moment the girl stood there. Then, she said: "And that's all you have to say after five years." She spoke very quietly.

"This is not woman's work, Eileen. Go home."

"Gladly, Miles Regan. And you'll not be seeing me again." She was turning away, when Quinn made his move.

"Please, miss. Wait, miss," he said, rising.

Tom jerked an automatic from his pocket. He held it steady at his hip.

"Miss, please. You're my only chance." Quinn held out a shaking hand.

"Sit down," said Regan. "Go on, Eileen."

EILEEN smiled with pity. "I can't help you, gypsy man."

"Make them listen," said Quinn. "Look, miss. I can play the pipes. I can, miss." He scooped the bagpipe from the table, cradled it in his arms.

Tom raised the automatic.

"What's piping to do with it?" asked Regan.

"I can play all the old tunes," Quinn pleaded. He was babbling; he hoped it rang true. "I can, Commandant. The Soldiers' Song! The Captain's Daughter! All of them. Would I be knowing those if I didn't think right?"

"Everybody knows them." Regan wasn't impressed.

"Gypsy tunes too. Have you ever heard a gypsy piper? You play yourself, Commandant. You could tell if it was true gypsy or not. And wouldn't it be proving my story?"

"Miles," said Eileen, "if there's heart at all left in you, give the man a chance."

O'Fallon said, "Let him play. He has a point. Let him try to prove it. He won't fool us on pipes."

Regan's fingers tapped the table. "All right," he said. "All right. What harm to hear a little music while we wait? Let's have it, gypsy."

Unbuttoning his jacket, Quinn took a deep breath and exhaled. He held the bagpipe across his chest. It was the old Irish type, worked with the player's wind alone, no bellows. Quinn prayed that his wind would hold out. His fingers measured the holes on the chanter pipe; the mouthpiece felt cold against his tongue. When he felt the bag was ready, he began to play.

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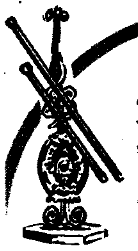

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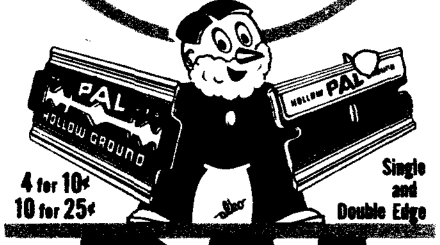


PAL
HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR BLADES

"Garryowen," said O'Fallon.

"A gypsy tune!" scoffed Regan.

Eileen said, "Give him time. He's only warming the pipes."

The perspiration was chill on Quinn's forehead. Not looking at them, concentrating on the music, he shifted to another tune. This was the one the general had made him learn from that Scotch Highlander.

It was a lively air at the start and it rattled the windows. The pipes snarled a wild defiance. Then the strains were milder—the low, sobbing wail of sorrow. The sound was eerie in the lamp-tossed shadows of the room. On the mantel the candle flames swayed and bobbed, as if dancing to the pipes.

Quinn knew he had never played so well, not even parading up Fifth Avenue on St. Patrick's Day. Near the finish, he stole a look at his audience. Miles Regan, chin on hand, was listening with shining eyes. O'Fallon was nodding. The girl brooded, staring at the floor. The watchful Tom leaned against the bar; the gun in his hand, muzzle down, was beating time.

Quinn finished with a flourish. He felt weak and drained; his lips ached. He saw Regan glance, smiling, at O'Fallon. It has to be now, thought Quinn. He gulped a breath; his hand slipped behind the bagpipe into his coat.

"Encore," cried Regan.

IN ANSWER Quinn moved. His left hand swung the bagpipe, slamming it across Tom's face. As the man staggered, Quinn let go, leaped back. His revolver was out and ready. "Reach, Regan!"

The Piper's son didn't reach. Surprise and decision mixed in his face. Hurling the table ahead of him, Regan charged. He shouted, "Tom!"

Quinn fired twice. He tried to sidestep, but the man came too fast. The table rammed Quinn, crashing him into another. As he went down, he realized that Regan had stopped coming. Quinn was twisting to face the bar when he hit the floor. He crouched, on elbows and knees, expecting Tom's shot.

A gun slammed. Tom cursed, choked with fury.

Quinn saw why Tom had missed. O'Fallon, half sprawled across the bar, was hanging onto Tom's wrist. Tom smashed his left into the big man's face, a quick blur of jabs. He jerked the automatic free and spun around.

Quinn shot him through the head. The bullet drove him back against the bar, and he slumped sideways to the floor.

Panting, Quinn pulled himself up on an overturned table. He heard the girl moaning, and looked down. Eileen was on her knees beside Regan. She rocked back and forth, hugging his head against her breast; her fingers patted his cheek. The Piper's son was dead.

O'Fallon had the other .38 in his big fist, and he leveled it. There was blood on O'Fallon's face.

Quinn felt tired and sick. He raised his gun. "Well?" he croaked.

Eileen began to sob.

The two men stared at each other. O'Fallon brushed the back of one hand across his face. He glanced down at Tom, back at Quinn. "I don't know why I did that," O'Fallon said, wondering. "Except I've always been on the side of the pipes."

"And you don't like Nazis," said Quinn. "Who the hell are you, anyway?"

"G-2." Quinn could see that it meant nothing to O'Fallon. He explained wearily: "U.S. Army Intelligence." He gestured toward Regan's body. "He was setting up a hideout for Nazis. You know that. This Berchmann was the first. We figure they ought to get what's coming to them."

Eileen raised her head. Her eyes were wet and blank.

Quinn said, "I'm sorry, miss. They didn't give me much choice."

"Go away," said the girl. "Haven't you done enough?"

O'Fallon sighed. He put the gun on the bar. "I guess we'll have no more killing. Get out. You're safe enough. I'll lead them up the lane." He sighed again. "The Piper's son. I didn't like the way he was heading. Well, it's over. Get out while you've time."

"One thing," said Quinn. "What's the serial number on that gun?"

O'Fallon turned the revolver and read it off. "107347."

"Thanks," said Quinn. "47. That would be Conroy." The number on Quinn's revolver ended in 43. Only the men in the general's division had that particular gun, numbered from 30 to 60. The man in the ditch was Conroy and would have to be reported.

O'Fallon let Quinn out the door. "Back the way you came," he said.

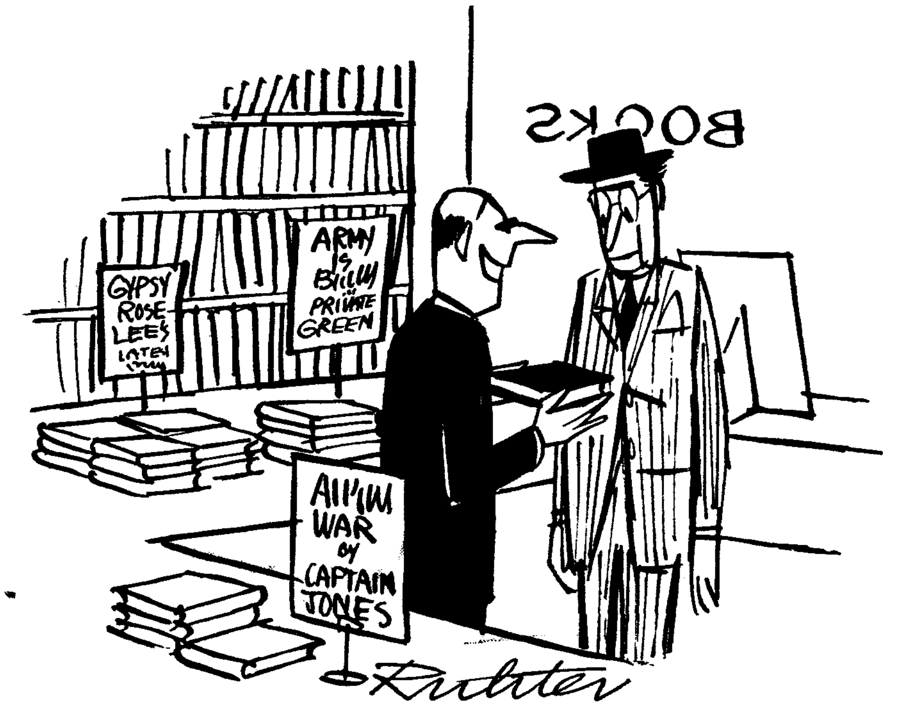
The street was dark and deserted. Quinn held out his hand. "Thanks. For in there, Tom."

"You're as bad as he," said O'Fallon. "And you'll have no luck." He went back into the pub and slammed the door.

Quinn started to walk. Men who have followed pipes to battle, he thought, have little use for logic. Well, the general should be pleased. Without the Piper's son, Berchmann would be easily flushed. Quinn wondered if the general had intended him to shoot Regan. It wasn't in the orders. But how else could he have got off the spot the orders put him on?

He was outside Killennis before he noticed that a fresh breeze was behind him. There were stars overhead, and the mist was thinning rapidly. Eileen was right, thought Quinn. There'll be sun enough tomorrow. He plodded on through the mud.

THE END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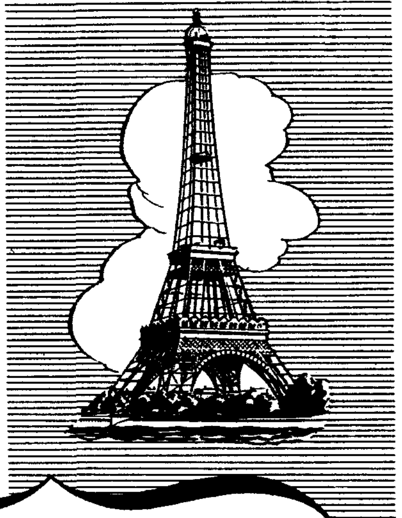
COLLIER'S

MISCHA RICHTER



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What do you know about-

A Jesse J...?

Used to get so disgusted with scratchy, old-fashioned underwear that he shot it full of holes. Sometimes there would be people in the underwear. This gave him a bad reputation. (Too bad he didn't know Allen-A)

An Allen-A...?

Twentieth century name for underwear, hosiery and sportswear that no one shoots full of holes. Why? Because Allen-A underwear's knit the way you're built. Fits like your skin only more comfortable. It's a name to remember for quality underwear, hosiery and sportswear! Remember . . .

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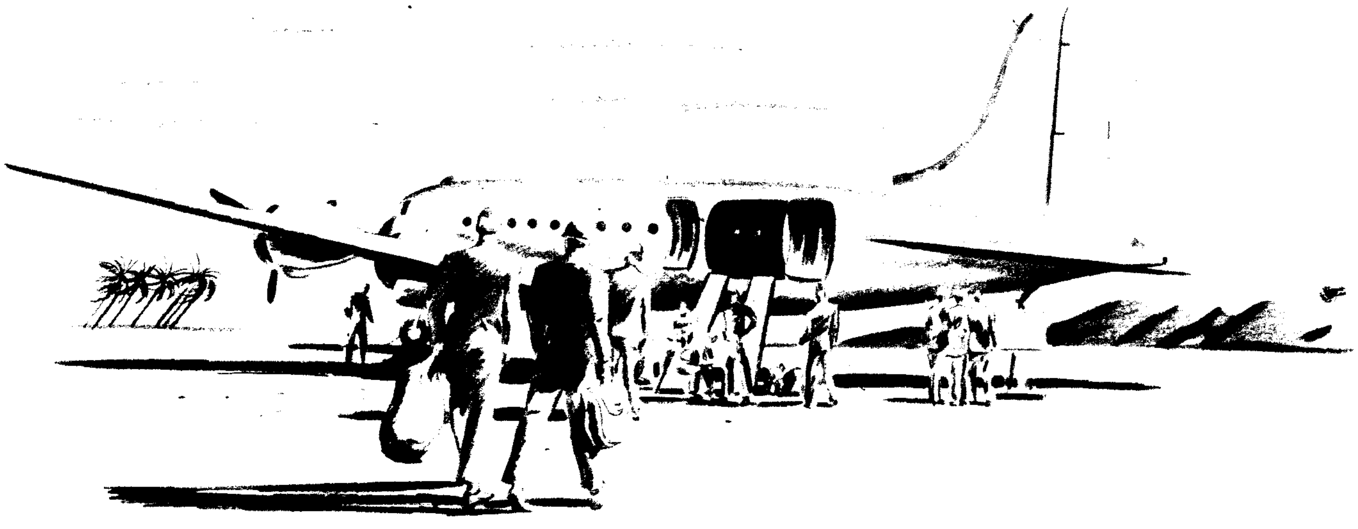


We boarded the C-54 Douglas transport for the 2,400-mile flight. The pilot and the crew were already aboard

Nobody Kissed the Ground

Continued from page 71

moment, then said, "I have," and left. Everyone else remained.

"I don't like telling you this any better than you like hearing it," said the briefing soldier. His tone and manner suggested that he had made the same speech in the same words innumerable times. "Chances are you won't need this stuff." He motioned behind him to a 10-foot-high board on which the pieces of rescue equipment were displayed. "But if you do need it, you're gonna need it bad." He paused for effect.

There followed an explanation of how to inflate the yellow life rafts and yellow Mae West life vests, how to operate the Gibson Girl radio transmitter, how to use the first-aid kit.

"If you crash, don't smoke and don't talk," he went on. "It'll make you thirsty. Thirst is your big enemy. There's another reason for not talking. When men are in a life raft, they get to hate one another. They want to fight. Keep your mouth shut and you won't fight. Take my word for it; this is one thing we learned in this war. Don't get panicky if you're forced down. There's a lot of traffic over the route you'll follow. They'll find you—before very long."

The men listened attentively, but with no show of their feelings. Seated side by side, the Nisei were dead-pan. Perhaps they were wondering who would fight them if they talked in a life raft.

We boarded the four-engined C-54 Douglas transport for the 2,400-mile flight. The crew was already aboard—pilot, copilot, radio operator, flight engineer, and navigator—all civilian employees of a commercial airline operating under contract with the ATC, and a flight traffic clerk, an ATC private. He had red hair and he was twenty.

A full colonel wearing the insignia of the General Staff Corps, grave and very military, was aboard. His Mae West was on, and his safety belt fastened. The rest of us donned our life vests, took the seats which line the sides of the fuselage and secured our belts. One man, as though it were a sign of weakness, surreptitiously looked to see if his Mae West had been fitted with the cylinder of carbon dioxide with which it is inflated, as we had been directed to do during the briefing. Immediately, the rest of us did likewise.

The Nisei sergeant tried to adjust the length of his buddy's safety belt, so that it fitted snugly. The private sat still, his head tilted back. We were off at 9 P.M.

As the transport circled Honolulu, some of the passengers clustered around the tiny windows to look at the view of lights, hills, and harbor. Nobody commented.

Then it got cold. That was funny. This was the first time these men had been cold in a long, long time; they didn't enjoy it. They shivered. The flight traffic clerk distributed blankets two to a customer. First, he offered a couple to the colonel, who shook his head without saying anything, got up, dropped his Mae West on his seat and went forward to the crew's sleeping quarters, which resemble Pullman berths. He had arranged with an official to sleep there.

Smoking was forbidden in the passenger compartment, but the flight traffic clerk announced that passengers could go to the crew's sleeping quarters, one at a time, for a cigarette. Thereupon, the lieutenant colonel took off. He came back in an hour.

The ship leveled at 8,000 feet, the plane headed east at better than 200 miles an hour. The air was smooth. The men lolled limply. It was too dark to read. Nobody said a word.

The Nisei sergeant spread two blankets over the laps of himself and the private. One of the other soldiers helped them tuck it under their legs. This was the first time anyone had taken notice that the two were not like any other soldiers.

The private continued to hold his head high. He seemed to be looking off into space, and he wore the expression of brave loneliness which the blind often have.

Bedding Down for a Hard Night

Some of the men were dozing when the flight traffic clerk turned out the lights at 10 o'clock. A few rolled up in their blankets and lay down on the floor. Then others followed. This left space on the seats, and others curled up there. The floor is made of corrugated steel, and the seats, called "bucket seats," have depressions to accommodate buttocks. Neither floor nor seats make comfortable beds.

Near the door of the transport, the flight traffic clerk spread two blankets for the Nisei, on which they lay down. He covered them with two more. One man used an Army-issue field bag for a pillow. The other used a blue PX-bought beach bag. The blind boy closed his uncovered eye.

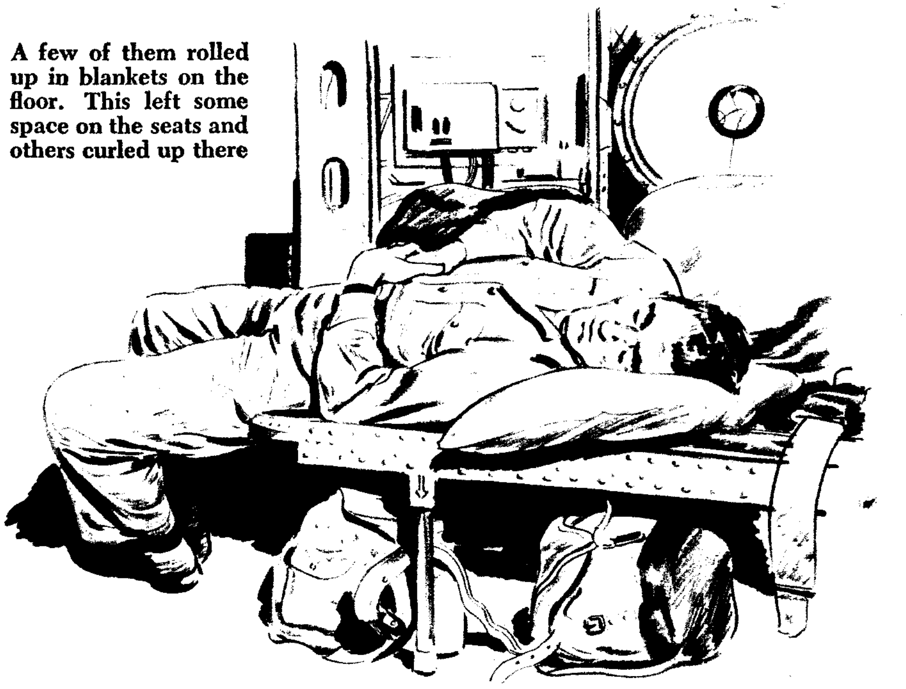
A technician who had three years of overseas duty looked at them and said softly, "It's a rough war."

Someone suggested to the flight traffic clerk that we make use of the litters which were folded against the sides of the plane. He said no. The man let it go at that. It got colder and colder. I don't think half the men got any sleep.

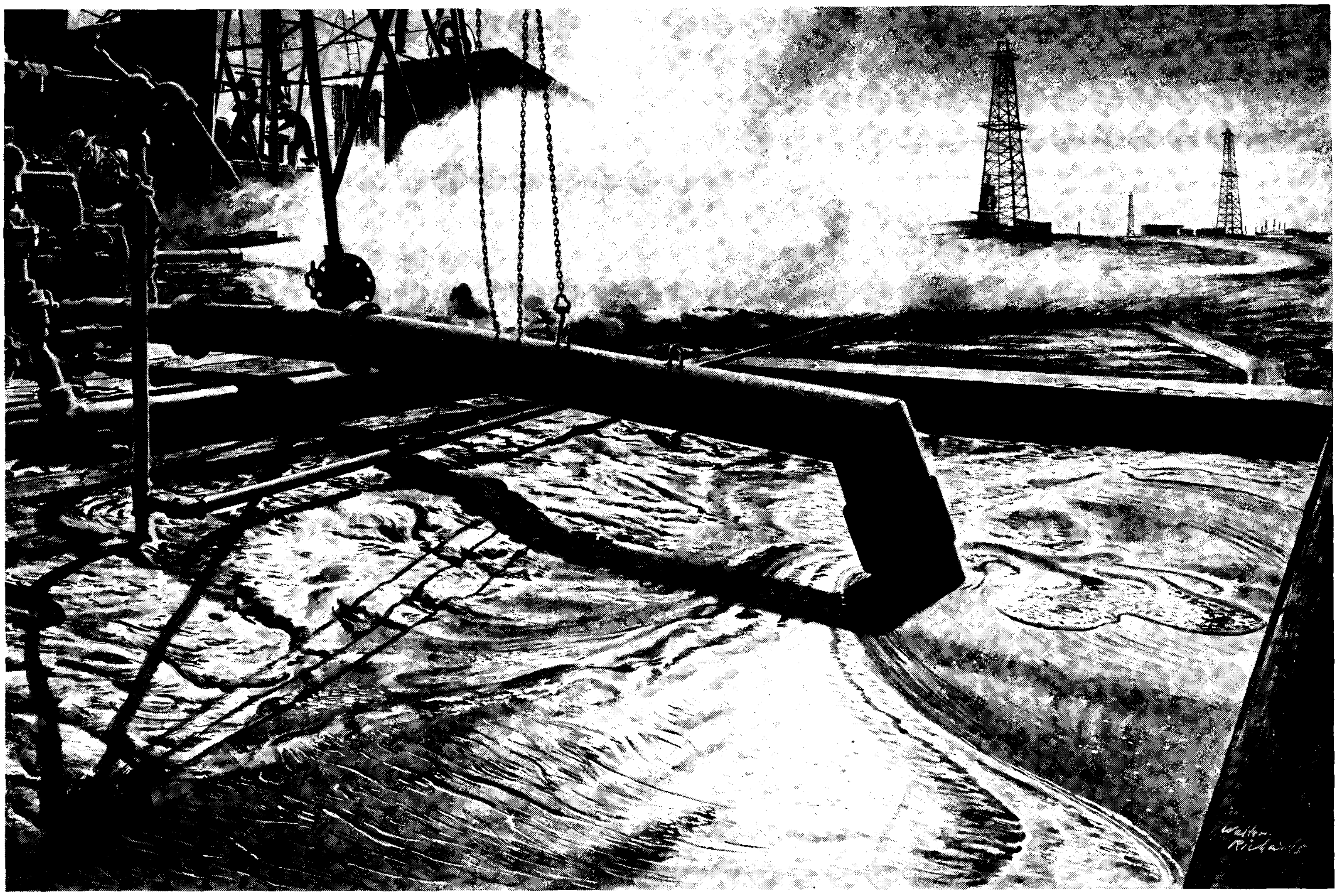
So smoothly did the plane fly that we got a feeling of not being anywhere, of nothingness. The blackness seemed to have consistency. It covered the windows and the plane's huddled, inanimate cargo. The long tubelike interior of the plane seemed to have no end. There was no movement, and the only indication of anything human was an occasional sigh and an occasional snore. The drone of the engines emphasized the silence; it seemed to be a part of the silence.

Some little warm air was blown into the plane from a vent in the ceiling. You had to stand directly under the vent to feel it, and then only head and shoulders were warmed. Occasionally two or three men would stand under the vent. They did not speak. After a few minutes they would curl up and try to sleep again.

One man sat up all night, with a blanket wrapped around him, Indian-fashion, bobbing from side to side. His face showed he was trying not to vomit. Despite the cold, perspiration covered his brow. It didn't seem possible that he could be airsick, but that's what it must have been. When it became



A few of them rolled up in blankets on the floor. This left some space on the seats and others curled up there



The Mud...*that brings you Oil and "Gas"*

THIS is the story of *mud* . . . mud that goes *into* the ground to help drill *out* of it the petroleum which powers our ships, planes, trucks and cars.

Yes, it's a very unusual kind of "mud" . . . a soupy mixture of clay and water to which are added various specially processed minerals and chemicals known as "drilling-mud materials." Made by our Baroid Division, they represent another of National Lead's diversified activities.

These materials are used for many reasons. For one thing, drilling an oil well is much like digging any hole in the ground—because, you must bring to the surface the excavated material. In the case of an oil well, you sometimes have to dig *three miles down*. And the deeper down you drill, the harder to bring the shale, rock or sandstone cuttings up.

But not too hard for properly compounded mud. It is pumped, under great pressure, all the way down through the long hollow drill pipe. There, it spurts out through holes in the bit, mixes with the cuttings and flushes them up alongside the drill to the surface.

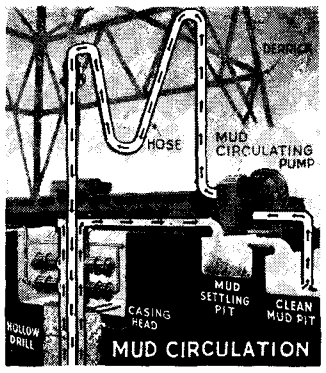
Here the cuttings are screened out of the mud, or allowed to settle out, in pits. The clean mud is then sucked up and recirculated by the pumps, as shown above.

But Baroid drilling-mud materials have many *other* jobs. For example, special materials are added which, by making the mud gel-like, seal the wall of the well so that the drilling mixture can't seep *out* and loose earth formations can't cave *in*. Still others increase the weight of the mud, thus reducing the hazard of "blow outs" due to oil or gas pressure and limiting the entrance of water into the well.

National Lead's Baroid Division even maintains a motor car fleet of modern "laboratories on wheels" by which, through constant analysis, muds can be properly compounded for each condition met. Another field analysis activity, known as "well-logging service", tells the oil and gas content of each formation drilled through and cuts down the chance of overlooking productive fields.

Today, Baroid engineers and products are active in every oil field in America. Thus, in oil production, as in many other industries, National Lead is serving the Nation and you. National Lead Company, 111 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

CROSS SECTION *of rotary drilling rig shows how pump, at right, sucks "mud" from pit and forces it up through flexible hose and down through the hollow drill pipe. Also how mud and cuttings are forced up sides of drill pipe and out into the mud-settling pit.*



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THE FIVE KINDS:
Manhattan, *65 proof*
Dry Martini, *71 proof*
Old Fashioned, *80 proof*
Side Car, *60 proof*
Daiquiri, *70 proof*

light, I couldn't identify him. Everyone seemed to be all right.

For a while the second lieutenant and an enlisted man listened to the plane's radio, near the door. Each held one earphone. They heard a program of recorded jazz and then the news. They grinned derisively when an unctuous announcer extolled headache powders. There are no commercials on the G.I. stations overseas.

Up in the forward part of the plane it was comparatively bright and warm. The curtains of the upper bunk were drawn where the colonel slept. From time to time a passenger would come in for a smoke and to warm up. The copilot dozed in his seat. The navigator was reading. The radio operator twirled dials, hoping to get a good program. The flight engineer kept checking gas consumption. After an interminable night, dawn came up. There was no glow on the horizon. A reddish purple gauze seemed to cover the sky above and the sea and clouds below.

The flight traffic clerk led the Nisei to the crew's compartment to warm up, wash, and have a smoke. He took one arm of the blind man, the sergeant took the other, and they stepped over the recumbent officers. The blind boy accidentally stepped on the leg of one of the lieutenants, who sat up. Smiling an embarrassed smile, the blind man groped with one hand. The lieutenant went back to sleep. Fifteen minutes later, the two returned, with hair combed, looking fresher.

Box lunches and hot instant coffee were passed out by the flight traffic clerk. Below was a fluffy layer of clouds. A soldier asked the flight traffic clerk whether it would take long to clear Hamilton Field, our destination, and get home on furlough.

"Nothing like it in the Army," the clerk replied, with almost personal pride. "Most efficient thing you ever saw. They'll issue you whatever clothes you want for your furlough, arrange your transportation, and you'll be out of there before dark."

We then learned that Hamilton Field, California, was closed in by fog and that we would land at Fairfield-Suisun Army Air Base. None of us had heard of it before, but we soon found that it was halfway between San Francisco, and Sacramento.

Some of the men were now watching for a glimpse of land, and after a while, we came in over the rocky coast. I was bubbling with excitement, but those who had been away over three years were impassive, so I kept my feelings to myself. The flight traffic clerk picked up and folded the blankets; then he walked through the plane with an aerosol bomb. This is a spray to kill what the Army Medical Corps calls "insect vectors," or insect carriers of disease. We landed, and taxied past rows of dark green eucalyptus trees and fifteen or twenty C-54s parked on the flight line.

The plane stopped near the one-story frame buildings of the Aerial Port of Debarkation, and the full colonel came out of the crew's quarters for the first time, ready to get off. However, the flight traffic clerk announced that no one could leave until an ATC officer had boarded and inspected the plane. We waited. The field was deserted as far as we could see, but after three or four minutes, two enlisted men, heavily bundled in flying clothing, ambled over to the plane, looked it over and then, after deliberation, trundled over a portable stairway.

Somebody called out, "Hey! Are the natives friendly here?"

We were not permitted to leave. We were told that the ATC inspecting officer, a second lieutenant, was having coffee. He arrived after a while, climbed the steps to the door of the plane and, without entering, bade us debark. The colonel and the lieutenant colonel, the latter natty as ever, stepped off first, and then the two Nisei, arm in arm again, started to leave the transport.

"You better wait for the others to get off," said the ATC officer.

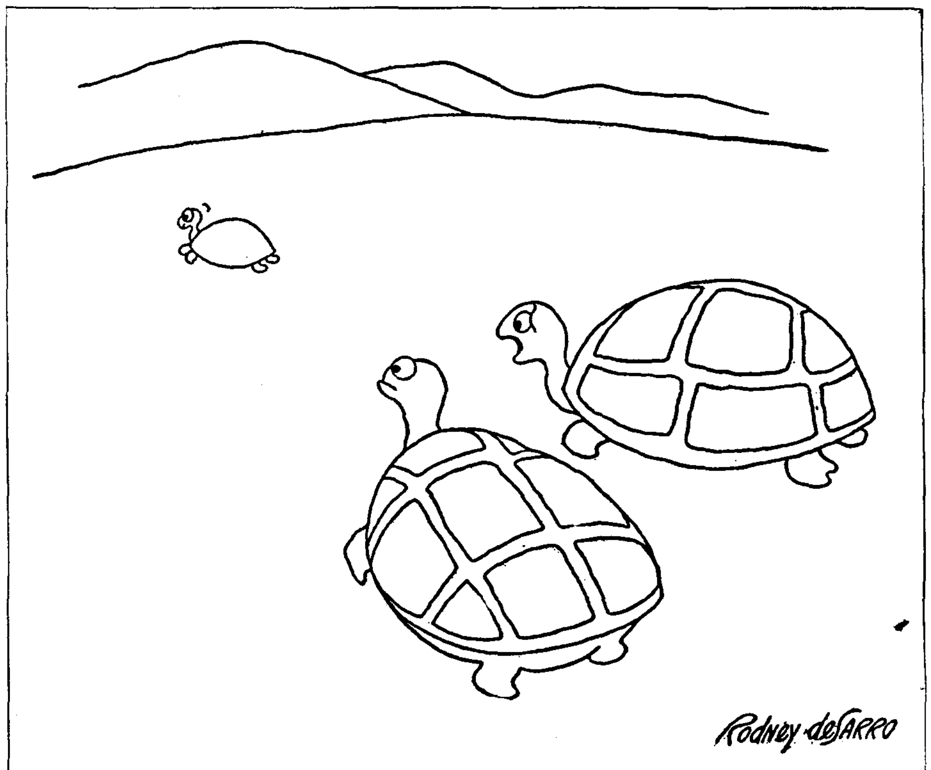
No Brass-Band Welcome

And now, with no more excitement than when they boarded the plane in Hawaii, the passengers set foot on home soil. They looked about, but there was nothing much to see except the planes, the one-story temporary buildings, and the dead, brown grass of the airfield. No women. No brass bands. It looked like many other small airports, here and overseas. Some of the men stretched their cramped legs. Some walked around briskly to warm up. Nobody tossed his hat in the air. Nobody kissed the ground.

The first thing to happen to the returning soldiers was that they were directed to the flight surgeon's officer, 200 feet away. Twenty-odd enlisted men crowded into a small, barely furnished room, comfortably overheated. Two medical captains, wearing overseas ribbons, inspected them for vermin. Officer passengers were examined privately, but the enlisted men stood in the loose circle around the room, with coats, blouses and shirts off, and trousers and undershorts around the knees, while the medical captains peered at their sunburned bodies.

That was the last I saw of the Japanese-Americans. They stood there, undershirts pulled up around their necks, their legs apart to keep their pants off the floor. The private still had his head tilted back. He was smiling a little. It wasn't a happy smile, but it was the only smile in the room.

THE END



"I think Junior's running away again. The next few days will tell"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

AIR POWER

We've Got It—Shall We Keep It?

Air power proved the deciding factor in defeating Germany, admits the captured German general Von Rundstedt. It has played perhaps an even bigger part in the crushing of Japan. There is no question that air power is vital to the future security of the nation.

These facts arouse searching questions among thoughtful Americans:

★

Q Now that we have achieved air supremacy, is it going to be easy to retain it in the future?

A No. We can lose our air edge unless new and better aircraft equipment is constantly being designed and produced. This requires a complex development cycle of many steps, all taking time, skill and effort.

•

Q What are the steps?

A Army and Navy outline requirements. The aircraft industry, applying the results of continuing research, designs prototypes. Army and Navy test and prove them. Industry makes further refinements. Then follows a production run in sufficient numbers to permit adequate testing by tactical units, with further refinements to follow. Only then is the equipment proven, ready for mass production in an emergency.

•

Q How much time does this involve?

A At least five years.

•

Q Does that mean that the first-line equipment with which we won air superiority was actually under development before the war began?

A Yes. As typical examples, the Hamilton Standard Hydromatic propeller was conceived in 1935, the Pratt & Whitney Double Wasp engine in 1937, the Vought Corsair fighter in 1938, the original Sikorsky helicopter in 1938.

Q How much of the aircraft job was done by the basic aircraft industry itself?

A All the designing and developing. Up to 1942, all the production of airframes and propellers and 98% of engines. Since then, over nine tenths of the airframes and about half of the propellers and engines. The rest were built by auxiliary producers.

•

Q How quickly did the auxiliary producers get into full production?

A Eighteen months to two years.

•

Q With our accumulated knowledge and experience, could we, in case of future emergency, shorten that development and production cycle?

A Possibly, but as performance goes up, it takes more engineering skill, more time, more money than ever.

•

Q What is the American aircraft industry doing to keep ahead?

A It is well along in the development of radically advanced equipment.

•

Q What are foreign countries doing?

A Exactly the same thing.

•

Q Who will command the air in 1950?

A The nation with the strongest and most technically competent aircraft industry, the most effective air force, the most efficient air line system, the most air-wise public.

★

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...AND SO DOES

LUBRI-*Caution!*

It pays to take caution! And that's particularly true where your car is concerned. If it joined the scrap heap, you'd be in the doghouse for sure.

Fortunately, it doesn't have to be scrapped. Because you can *keep* it rolling with LUBRI-caution. It's easy as 1-2-3:

1. **Have your car lubricated *regularly*.** Drive in where you can get reliable service and have your car lubricated *every 30 days*. You'll get lubrication plus free check-up of tires, battery, brakes and other parts. This nips serious trouble in the bud, helps prevent accidents. Remember—accidents due to neglect *doubled* last year!

2. **Insist upon *quality* lubricants.** That's the *only* kind you'll find where you get reliable service. But, if you're in doubt, you can be *really* sure by going where you get genuine Alemite Lubricants. These quality lubricants are specialized to do the right job . . . scientifically developed for every vital point on your car.

3. **ABOVE ALL—be sure the *right equipment* is used.** Even the finest lubricant can't prevent needless wear and bearing failures if it doesn't *reach* the part it's supposed to protect. Alemite Equipment assures positive lubrication by forcing lubricants into every friction point *under high pressure*. It is made by the *leader* in the lubricating equipment field—the same people who make the lubrication system on your car. So don't take chances. Ask your service man what kind of equipment he uses. If he says, "Alemite Power Equipment," you know he has the proper tools to provide LUBRI-caution *at its best!* Alemite, Chicago 14, Illinois.

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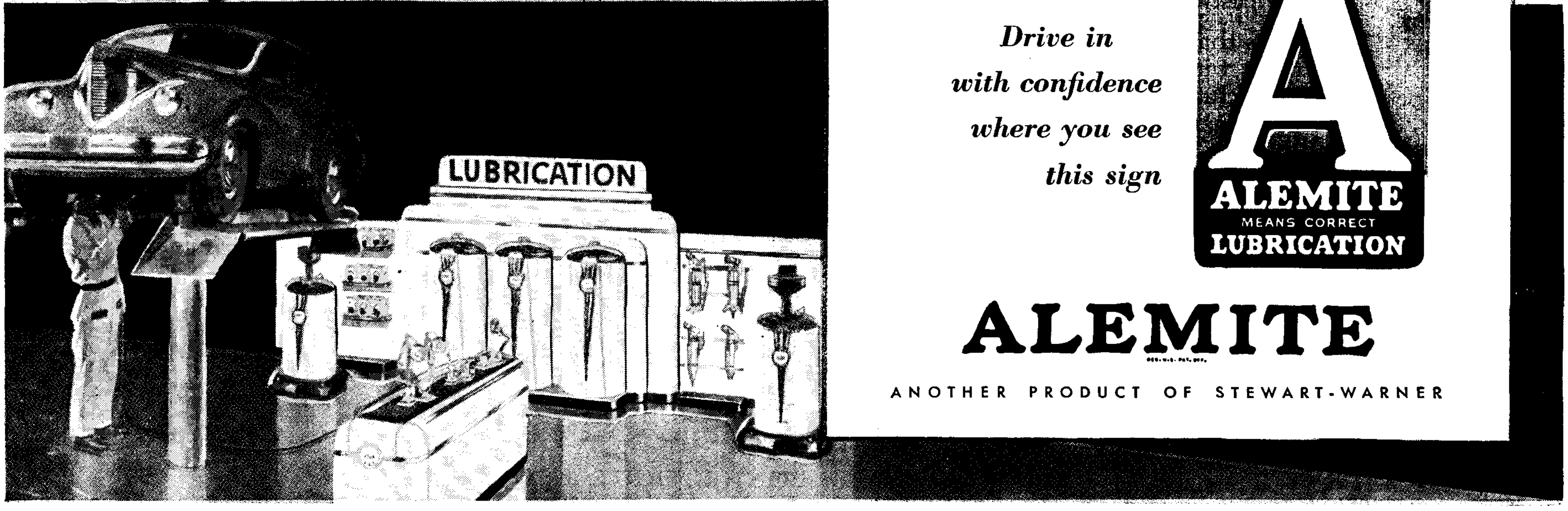
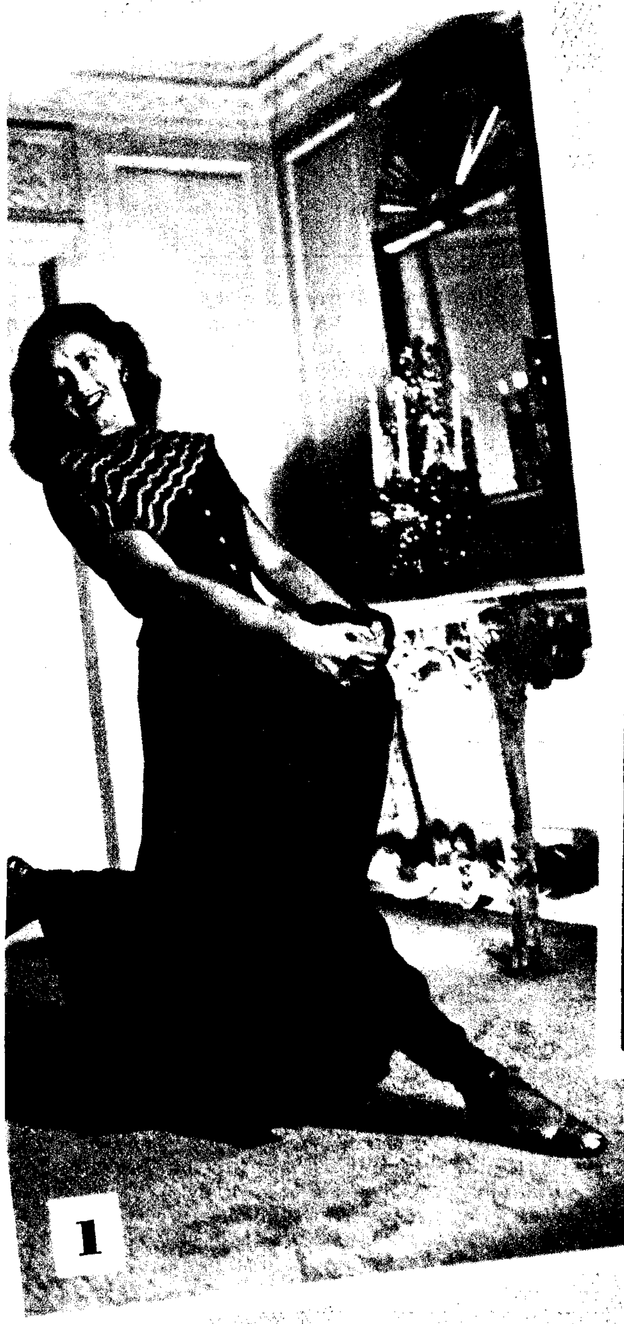


A Typical Installation of Alemite Power Lubricating Equipment

with a French Accent



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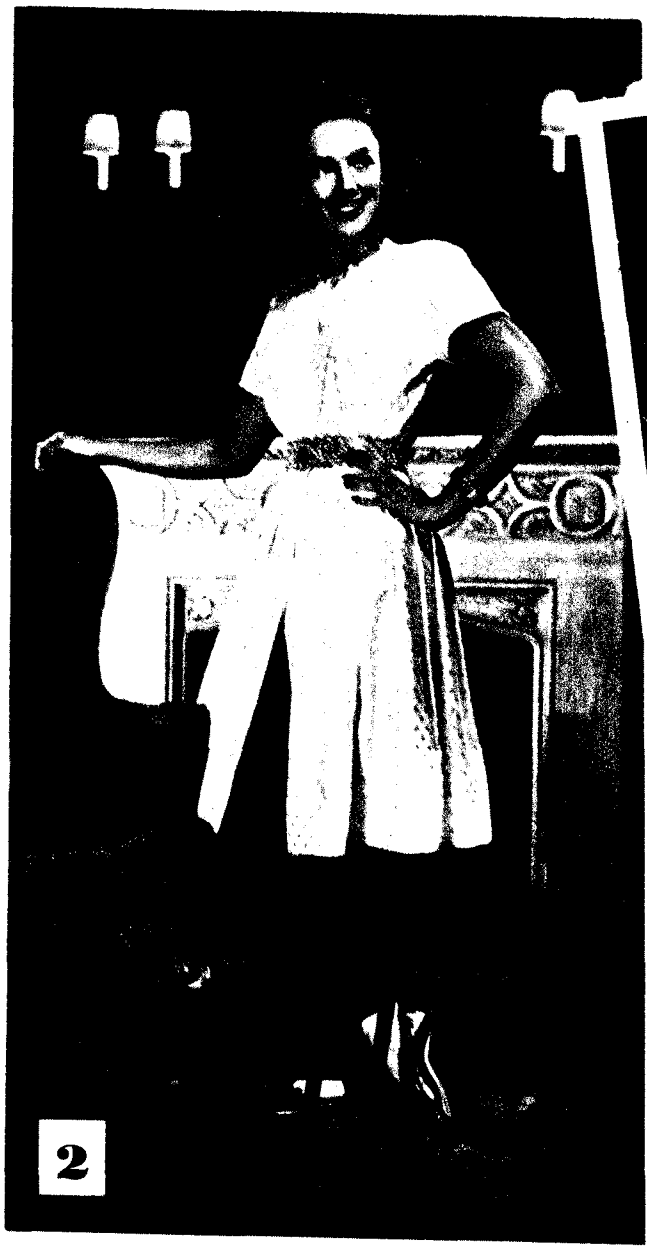

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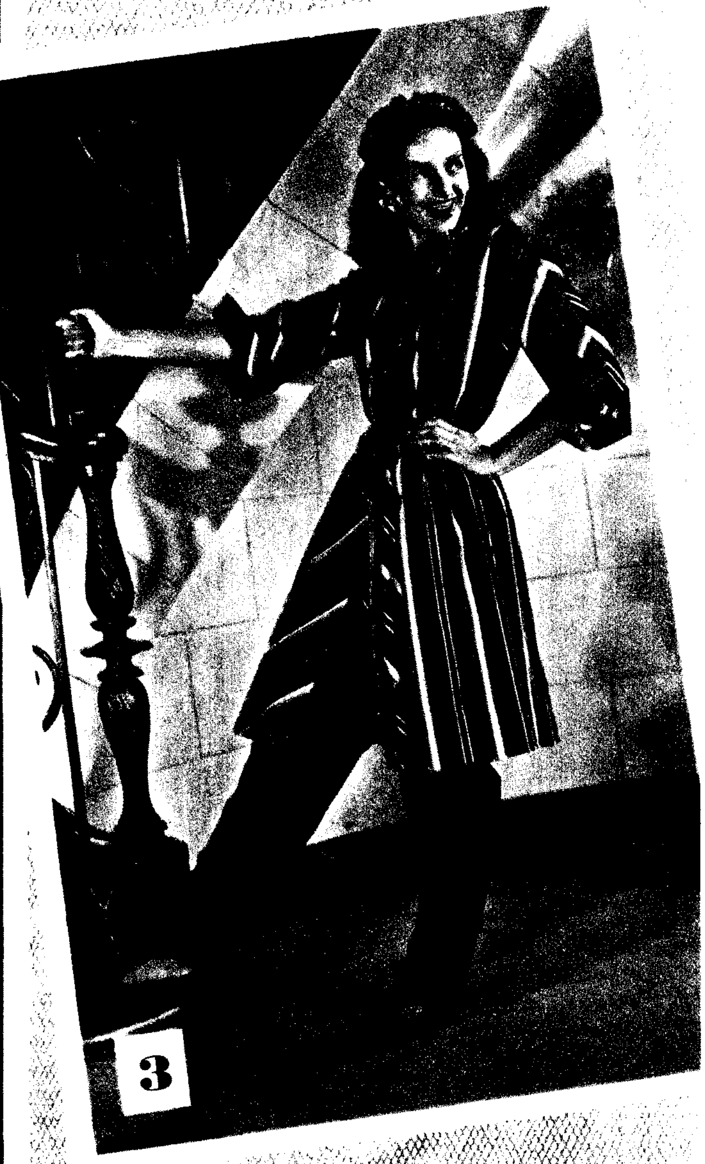


3

Jinx Falkenberg wears three Trigere costumes, inspired by the sheik coats and harem trousers of A Thousand and One Nights, and meant for dressing you up at home. 1. Jinx's favorite, blue crepe with gold-trimmed shoulder scarf. 2. Brocade coat with jeweled belt. 3. Striped taffeta, worn with velvet trousers. They can be evening coats or dressing gowns

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX

PAULINE TRIGERE, who designed the exotic costumes Jinx Falkenberg models here, is a designer with an idea. It's profitable idea that in four short years as boosted her business setup from two sewng machines in a borrowed loft to a hundred vorkers in her own chic quarters on West 7th Street, New York. Her idea is not to trive for something different. It's just to lesign something becoming. Thereby she ccomplishes both.

Take a typical Trigere dress: the plainest ossible bodice and the plainest possible kirt in the best possible material. Put it on, nd heads will turn your way. Vary it with lifferent hats, with belts, sashes, jewelry. It ecomes your best dress, and you will never veary of it.

"The whole trick is the cut and proporion from here to there," she says, gesturing from shoulder to waist on her own size fourteen person. "Women want broad but feminine shoulders and small waists. The cut of a dress can help a lot."

Pauline Trigere has applied this cut to day and evening dresses, to suits and coats, and is now noted for the simple costume that has distinction. Then she adds a besequined blouse to a suit, or twines a wicked-looking pin, in the form of an asp, into a bodice, to suggest you don't have to be subdued along with your distinction.

She fell for the idea, when someone suggested that she design clothes inspired by Columbia's movie, A Thousand and One Nights. Here, she figured, was more than an Arabian Nights' dream. Here was the ticket for the American girl. Costumes with the same shoulder broadening, waist belittling possibilities as her own clothes. The same simple cut (don't let exotic materials fool you). Plus extra drama. So she designed a group of clothes like those pictured here. They're comfortable and easy to move around in, too.

It was the American girl's love of action that first set Pauline Trigere on the road to success. Born in Paris, daughter of a French tailor, she came by clothes-making naturally. "When I was thirteen I was designing my own. They were very badly sewed, but they were exactly what I wanted." By the time she had learned to sew all right, she was working in the design room of one of the French *couturiers*.

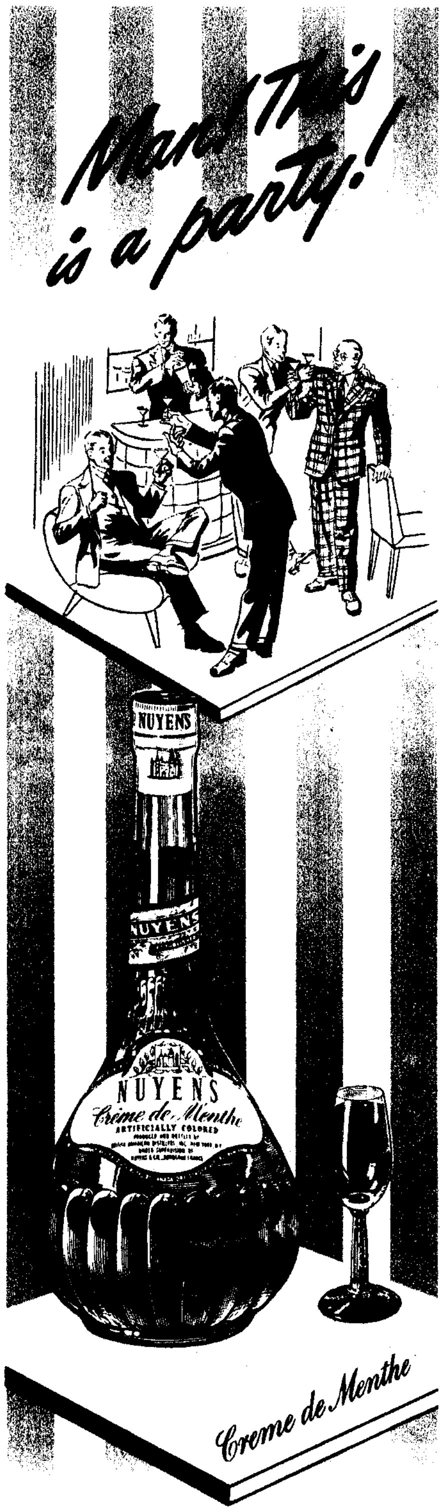
Then along came 1938, and threat of war. Pauline, having by now two children of her own, joined the trek to New York and safety for her family. She worked in a coat and suit house for a while, then briefly at Hattie Carnegie's, and finally set up her own wholesale design room in a loft.

"The store buyers came, but they didn't come back," Pauline says. "They said my clothes were too French. They were right. French clothes are nice, but they're too elaborate for America. They're made with a lot of seams and darts that take careful fitting.

"American women won't be bothered standing for fittings; and why should they when they've got marvelous ready-to-wear clothes in every shop? Also, they like their clothes to feel free and easy, so that they can move around in comfort."

Personally, Pauline likes comfort, too. Maybe that's how come she caught on so fast that her clothes are now best sellers in some of our best stores. They're simple and easy to wear and American. Like Pauline, they have a slight French accent. ★★★

BY RUTH CARSON



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Nuyens liqueurs are ideal in cocktails and tall drinks, too. Write for booklet, "Delightful Surprise by Nuyens" with unusual drink suggestions.

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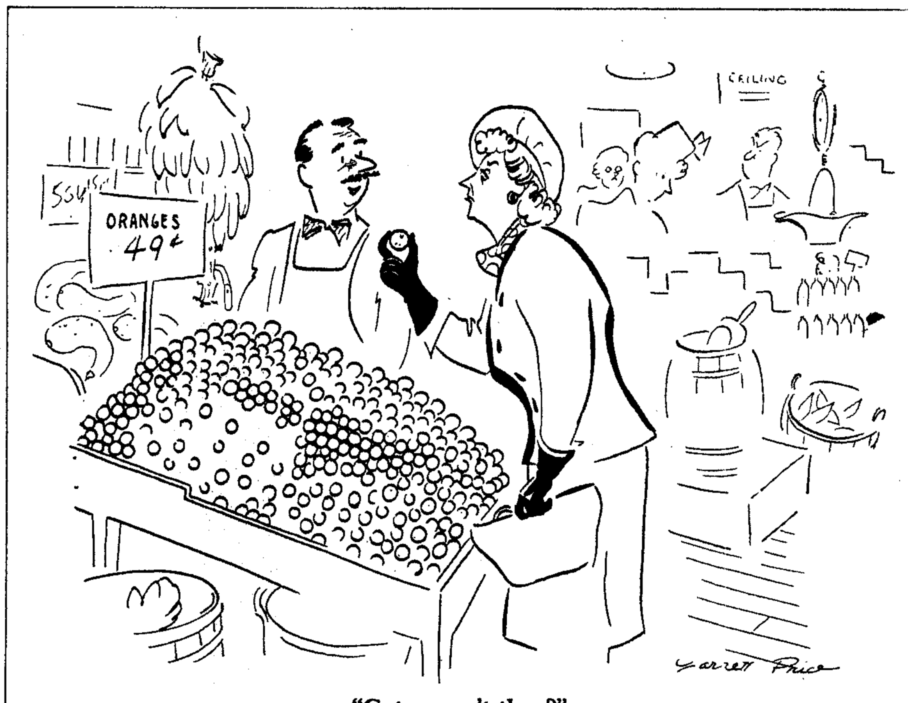


COLLIER'S "Cute, aren't they?" GARRETT PRICE

Triple Threat Man

Continued from page 21

normal working conditions, Lenny has tossed off Sonata for Clarinet and Piano, I Hate Music (Cycle of Five Kid Songs), Seven Anniversaries, and the liturgical Hashkivenu. This year, along with a crowded concert schedule, Bernstein has agreed to take Leopold Stokowski's place (while the latter is on leave of absence) as Music Director of New York's City Center.

A short two years ago in New York, Lenny was going through what he calls "Bernstein's Valley Forge." He played piano in a dance studio, copied music for pennies per page, and gave piano lessons, nominally for $2 an hour, but in cold reality, more often for $1. Likewise, but with considerably more cheek, he gave singing lessons. During this time he lived in an $8-a-week room, and often was four weeks behind with the rent. Then a $25-a-week bonanza came his way in the form of a job doing routine orchestrations for the Harms music-publishing house, and he caught up with his rent and his eating. Summers he spent at Stockbridge, Mass., continuing his studies of conducting under Serge Koussevitzky at the Tanglewood School. During the 1943 summer, Conductor Artur Rodzinski saw him, and offered 24-year-old Lenny the heretofore anonymous post of assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic.

With Lenny, the role ceased to be anonymous. In November Guest Conductor Bruno Walter became ill at the last moment, and Rodzinski was several states away. With no rehearsal, without a baton (because it makes him nervous) and in a gray sack suit, Lenny stepped up on the podium that afternoon. His success was instantaneous and delirious. Critics and musicians hailed him, the staid New York Times devoted an editorial to his "typically American adventure in success."

None of this makes any dent in the humorous detachment which Lenny turns on himself and many of the things he does. Recently he hurried, after one of his concerts in New York, to a posh musical gathering.

Praise from the Mighty

Guests swarmed about him as he came in, and Leopold Stokowski strolled up with them to ask pleasantly, "Well, *Maestro,* how did your concert go this evening?"

Lenny grinned, and replied, "Me, I know I'm a *maestro,* and the men who play with me sort of have to say I'm a *maestro.* But to have the *Maestro* call me *maestro,* that's really something!"

Lenny started out with the idea of being a concert pianist, and the piano still remains very much a part of his everyday life, although currently he is being persuaded to concentrate his fervor on composing and conducting. Whether in his own unpretentious apartment or at a friend's place, he seems uneasy unless he is sitting in front of a piano playing steadily as he visits, dictates a letter, tells a story or listens to one.

His memory is like a filing cabinet. Having heard or seen the score of a piece—just any piece—Bernstein unconsciously files it away, to be taken out a month or ten years later, intact. At a dinner party recently, Lenny and another guest discovered they were Gilbert and Sullivan fans. They started singing one score. One selection aroused another until by two o'clock next morning, Lenny had sung and played his way almost completely through the Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire without so much as glancing at a sheet of music.

The last time he'd seen these operettas was when, aged 15, he produced, directed, played the piano and Nanki Poo, and cleared $50 at a youngsters' performance of The Mikado.

Last spring Lenny wanted to go through the ancient Seder ritual of the Passover with his mother and father and younger brother who were down from Boston visiting him. A friend offered her large apartment but was very doubtful about the liturgy and its sequence. Entirely from memory, Lenny arranged the dining table in all its ceremonial details, coached his father and brother in their traditional responses, and then earnestly led the rest of the group through the two-hour service.

Lenny didn't discover music until he was ten. His Aunt Clara, who made wedding gowns, sent her battered old upright to the Bernstein attic in Boston to be stored. As Lenny describes it: "Two hours later I was upstairs making love to that piano!" From then on, he'd tear home from school, go directly to the piano and stay until bedtime, except when he was nagging his father for lessons. Somewhat later, Papa Bernstein—in the business of supplying beauty-shop equipment, and quite without any musical bent—gave in.

Lenny dug up one teacher, then another, felt he wasn't getting along fast enough, and, at 14, canvassed the field rather thoroughly for another. He finally selected Helen Coates, then assistant to Boston's Martin Gebhardt, and wrote her: "I have decided upon you as my teacher. What day may I come for my first lesson?"

Two lessons, and Miss Coates was convinced she had met a rare talent. Whereas other pupils took five or six lessons to acquire an arrangement, the eager young Lenny absorbed notes and style in one.

His sister Shirley, five years his junior, never remembers going to bed once all through her childhood when the piano wasn't working full blast, and that when Mamma and Papa Bernstein wanted peace and quiet, they simply put on their hats and left home. In time, Lenny taught Shirley to read music so she could do operas with him. They'd get scores from the public library or rent them, and after dinner each night sing their way through another opera, Shirley taking all women's parts and Lenny doing a the men's. Away ahead of Billy Rose, Lenn at fifteen put on a summer-camp version Carmen, doing Carmen himself in a wig an black satin evening dress.

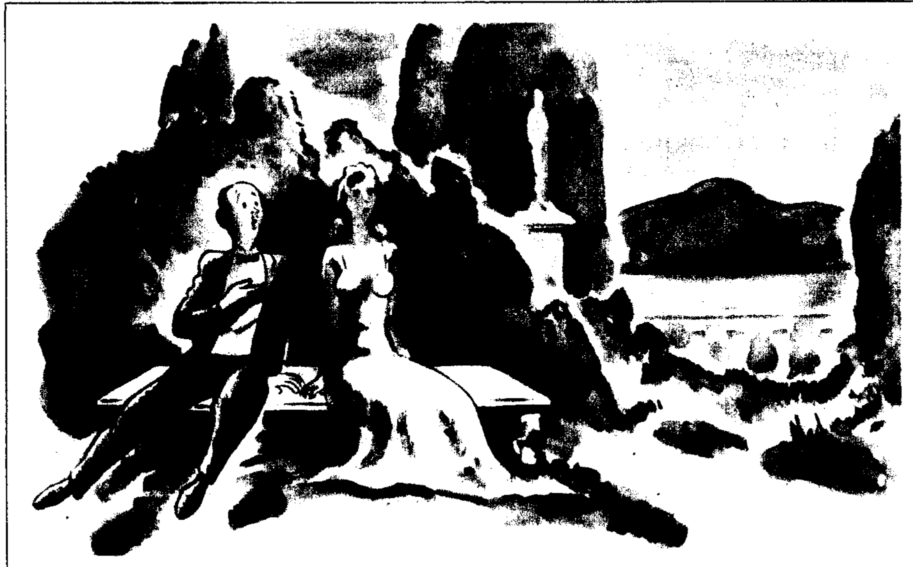
It wasn't until after a vacation cruise i the Caribbean, during which Lenny took th passengers by storm with his music and wa offered a whopping contract as entertaine that Papa Bernstein felt there might be some thing in this music business, and began t plan the education of a genius. From Bosto Latin School, Lenny went on to major i music at Harvard, write secret poetry, and g in for high jumping and swimming. Graduating with the class of '39, he spent the ne two years at the Curtis School of Music i Philadelphia studying conducting under Ma Reiner, who told colleagues then that he h a true genius in his class.

Today his is the most talked-about nam in music—being equally honored and equall feared. Toss his name into a conversatio and right away pianists declare he is an incandescent conductor and owes it to th world to stick to conducting alone; conductors shout about the glorious new rhythmic styles and techniques of his composition as they urge that henceforth he compos only; while composers are positive he shoul concentrate exclusively on piano playing.

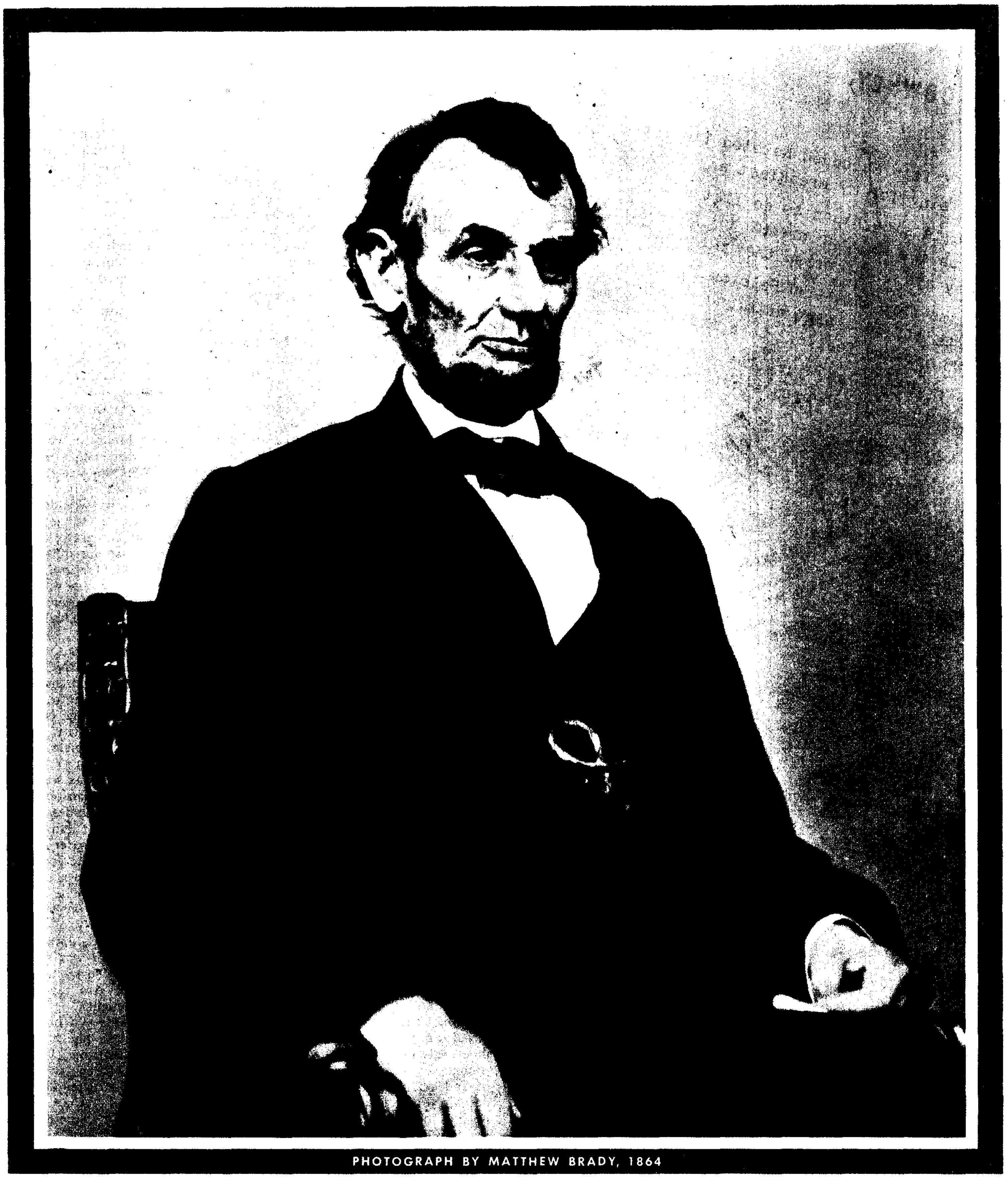
But friends laugh at this and say he ha only started: that he'll go on and write oper and movies, more musical comedies, mor ballets, more symphonies when he isn't bus conducting or playing the piano.

One friend sums it up fervently with "Lenny could be anything: a soapbox orato a sonneteer, a messiah! He just happened t pick music!"

THE END



COLLIER'S "Marry me and make me the richest man in the world" NED HILTON



PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTHEW BRADY, 1864

Original in the Collection of Oliver R. Barrett

"Hold still, Mr. President!"

The camera of Matthew Brady is set up in the White House.

"Hold still, if you please, Mr. President!"

The President holds still. But his thoughts are far away, this summer of 1864: thoughts darkened by tragedy yet lighted by a great faith. Thoughts that perhaps are already shaping the words that 81 years later will still be the finest expression of your duty and ours:

> **"Let us strive on to finish the work we are in . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."**

Mr. Brady recaps his lens. The image he has caught will remain cherished and unchanging through the ages . . .

• • •

Photography has greatly changed since Edward Anthony—founder of the firm you now know as Ansco—furnished Mr. Brady the materials for this picture.

But our principal reason for reproducing this photograph is to remind you of something that has *not* changed, nor ever will change, so long as men remain on this earth . . .

The nature of man's eternal striving for a free and peaceful world has not changed. The war has made that kind of world possible—but it is up to you to make it *certain.*

For *you* are America—and if America fails, there is no hope for the world. Resolve now to rededicate yourself to the great principles for which this country stands. Believe in them! Work for them! *Ansco, Binghamton, New York.* A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation.

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MORTON DOWNEY

Sure, and if it's Shredded Ralston I'm getting, I'll sing for my breakfast any time. Do these bite size biscuits go flat after you pour on the milk or cream? Not a bit! Crisp they are...and crisp they stay. Just let me have Shredded Ralston and the day starts off on a high note and stays there! No off-key feeling, come mid-morning. And the flavor — ah, just the thought of it makes *these* Irish eyes start smiling!

Morton Downey

MAKES BREAKFAST COUNT FOR MORE!

Here's whole wheat pressed into bite size biscuits to provide stay-with-you nourishment. Just a small serving helps keep you going strong all morning long. Try it!

Shredded Ralston

BITE SIZE WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS

Golden Monday

Continued from page 52

amusement. She looked so like the eternal little girl sitting there in the hammock, her slanted blue eyes absorbedly considering the candy she held.

The lollipop was on a foot-long stick—the Kandy Kitchen's latest fad for the younger set. Teeky began experimentally picking the edges off with her fingers, and licking her fingers. Then sliding more solidly into the matter, let herself back in the hammock, the lollipop firmly in her mouth, and the foot-long stick pointing into dreamy distances.

And then, with no warning, and for no reason except her recently acquired knack for disaster—the hammock flopped over and Teeky fell out.

Time, thought Margaret, wincing at the resounding thud, marches on! She went hurrying to the scene expecting to have to use first aid again.

"Are you hurt, Teeky?"

"I guess not," decided Teeky muffledly, from under the hammock. By some miracle she seemed not to have choked on the lollipop. She came shakenly to her feet, and then bristled like a fighting cock. "But I know somebody who would be, if I had a slingshot!" and glared at Cecil, who had unexpectedly appeared.

"Oh, shut up," she advised him crossly.

"You just fell out!" he told her delightedly.

"How'd you like to laugh while you spit teeth?" threatened Teeky.

Cecil whipped his hands up protectively to his face, although that didn't hide his amusement. Teeky sent him a blistering regard, and climbed haughtily back into the hammock. Only by some misjudgment of balance, she overshot the mark and went out on the other side.

"Well, little bundle of joy," she said sweetly, furiously, to Cecil, who had stopped short in amazement at this happening twice, "go ahead and laugh, why don't you?"

Cecil seemed to feel free to and Margaret could have, except that she was beginning to feel almost as cornered about Teeky's awkwardness as Teeky did herself. Teeky, however, was still keeping up a frontal attack. She started for Cecil sadly.

"I hate to see people hurt," she told him. "I don't like to see broken arms dangling limp. I don't like to see blood. But I feel coming over me," said Teeky, her teeth gritting under their braces, "an urge to commit INHUMAN CRUELTY!"

CECIL retreated hastily. He knew Teeky. He had not dubbed her, earlier in their growing up together, T.K., short for Tantrum Kid, for nothing. But he still howled, scooting mockingly backward out of Teeky's range as though he were on roller skates. Margaret looked on at the sortie pityingly. But in despair, too. She knew Teeky worked herself up into these rages to keep Cecil from knowing how sensitive she really was about her awkwardness.

"Poor pet," she comforted, as Teeky came back, her mouth quivering, the blue eyes beginning to brim.

"I was just lying in the hammock," she told her mother bitterly. "I'm so awkward!" And then, while the tears brimmed over, Teeky gave a broken little chortle of laughter.

She'll need that humor, thought Margaret; her humor and her fury as well, probably—*something* powerful to carry her through.

Teeky gave a rueful kick at the lollipop stick—the candy itself had cracked up completely—denounced the hammock as a death trap, and trailed her mother disconsolately back up to the side porch. There she established herself on a stone step, and mournfully picked up the baseball bat.

"Look how much the spruce has grown this year, Teeky." Margaret, stopping to run her fingers over the soft new green growth, tried to rally her.

But Teeky said, "Uh-huh," without looking. For Cecil, by the attraction of friction, was coming back.

"I didn't come over a while ago just to laugh at you, Teek," Cecil said. "I came to show you something."

For a second, torn between humiliation and curiosity, Teeky seemed to consider banging him over the head with the bat and then seeing what he had to show when he woke up. But curiosity prevailed. "What?" she asked ungraciously.

With great ceremony Cecil dug into his back pants pocket and produced a rabbit's foot, so *newly off a rabbit it still looked* damp. Margaret, glancing at it, felt her stomach tighten with distaste. But Teeky with the sure wholeness with which she had been scowling, whistled.

"Isn't it a beaut?" agreed Cecil loftily. "It's going to get me a homer in the game tomorrow, boy!"

At that Teeky raised her admiring little face to his infuriatingly superior one.

"I'd like to get a homer in that game tomorrow," said Teeky dreamily. "Just one homer, just one time. Please let me have your rabbit's foot, Cecil?" And she was positively lovely as she reached eagerly for the matted clot of fur and bone.

Her mother, wondering irritatedly why Teeky couldn't get that look reading Little Women, was about to cut the gesture short with a disgusted remark, when Cecil hauled the rabbit's foot back out of Teeky's covetous grasp with prompt scorn.

"What do you think I am?" he wanted to know scathingly.

Since he wouldn't give it to her, Teeky started out to get it. But Cecil skillfully eluded her grasp, keeping the charm tauntingly just out of her reach. The telephone rang and Margaret, who had gone outside to rest but by now was glad enough to go back in, went to answer it.

"Teeky," she called a minute later. "It's for you."

AN INCOMING call for Teeky was an event, and she nearly wore holes in the porch getting in to answer it. Margaret stood frankly listening, curious. Not only was the call itself a rarity, but the voice had been a boy's—a complete innovation. Also the boy had asked for Teeky very politely. That, after Cecil, was something.

"H'lo—" clarioned Teeky, breathlessly—then sat speechless. She sat on the edge of the desk chair in a kind of tight delight. She hooked her loafer heels over the chair rung. Her end of the conversation she carried on solely by her eyes beginning to shine, a warm rising color. The elegant politeness at the other end of the line seemed to be throwing her completely.

Then she said, in a voice Margaret did not recognize, it was so hallowed, "I'll ask my *mother." Teeky turned toward her mother* dazedly: "Am I going to the dancing-class party tonight?"

"Not that I'd heard of," said her mother, astonished. She had tried to interest Teeky in the dancing classes which most of the other children her age were attending, but Teeky had definitely opposed the idea. Until now.

Margaret came on into the library. "Who wants to know?"

"Morris Longstreet," gulped Teeky, and blushed.

Her mother regarded the blush thoughtfully. A little encouragement toward lightness and grace surely wouldn't hurt, she reflected, thinking back over Teeky's exploits of the last half hour—no matter what the motivating force. She consented heartily.

"Yes, Morris," relayed Teeky, again in that dulcet voice Margaret did not associate with her, "I'll be there." With that she hung up, and sat—as though she'd just been missed by a passing thunderbolt.

"When have you seen Morris lately?" wondered Margaret.

"Today. He was in the Kandy Kitchen—in the neatest brown coat his father's tailor made him. And oh, just the neatest manners." Then suddenly, in the full wonder of this that had come about, Teeky flung herself into her mother's arms exuberantly.

"What a special day!"

Margaret, smoothing the fair tumbled hair back from the flushed little face, had to smile. Every day was a special day for Teeky. But Teeky was going on blissfully. "Golden Monday," she paraphrased happily. "A ball club this morning, and tonight a party. Isn't e world full of intrusts?" she marveled.

And Margaret drew the little girl suddenly ose, in a sweep of gratitude for the privi-ge of seeing a child's broadening so nor-ally and joyously. But Teeky, at some oubled thought, pulled free. She looked up her mother quickly, searchingly:

"Mother, can I ask you something?"

"Of course, dear," encouraged Margaret ntly. "Anything."

Still Teeky hesitated. Then, in desperation, e plunged: "Mother, how do you let a boy rn you around?"

Margaret started. "What?"

"How do you let a boy turn you around?" peated Teeky earnestly. "Because I'll bet orris can dance. I'll bet he's a *good* dancer. might go straight pretty well," she explained xiously, "but I don't think I'd know how get turned around."

Margaret stooped to a sudden flick of lint n the carpet. It took a minute, before she uld show her face with any sober safeness. hen she straightened gravely.

"Let's put on some dance records and try . I'll be your partner."

For the next half hour they practiced a w elementary steps. Teeky was not very ood, either at turning around or going raight. She didn't even stand right. "Hold your tummy!" implored Margaret. "Don't ink about yourself. Just be a part of the usic, and your partner."

Teeky squared away to a really determined ffort to be light on her feet, and even when ecil came over to magnanimously—out of e assurance of the good-luck charm for imself—offer to pitch her a few, she seemed feel it was more vital to stay in and learn dance. And that, Margaret felt, was prog-ess. But Cecil was amazed.

"Learn to *dance?*"

"Anything funny about that?" Teeky anted to know coldly.

Cecil wasn't so sure.

"Are you going to the dancing-class party night, Cecil?" Margaret asked.

"Who, me?" scoffed Cecil. But since eeky wouldn't come play ball, he deposited imself comfortably on the davenport to ob-erve her struggles toward the idea. There as little repose in it, however, even for an bserver. The more she tried, the worse eeky got. Even Cecil began to get jittery.

"I can't do it." Abruptly Teeky flopped own beside him in discouragement.

"'Can't' is a quitter's word," taunted ecil.

Margaret herself was beginning to wonder. he knack of grace just didn't seem in the hild. But she kept on. "It'll come," she en-ouraged. "Now just watch a minute—" and he began over again. "See—step, step close; tep, step close."

Teeky sat up and watched, worriedly. Once, trying to follow operations, she jabbed distraught little elbow in Cecil's stomach, nd he jabbed back.

"Stop that, Cecil," rapped Teeky, on the erge of nervous prostration, or murder. "I on't feel right. I've got to concentrate."

"Well, you can't concentrate with your elbow in my stomach," objected Cecil. He made a move of clouting her one, and started home. But at the door he turned and looked back in irritation—as though Teeky's nerves weren't making things much fun for him, either.

The war of nerves took another turn when the telephone rang again. This time it was Morris Longstreet's mother calling to suggest that since they were coming past on the way to the dancing class anyway, they'd stop by and pick up Teeky. Teeky met this newest development with a mixture of thrilled excitement, distraction and fatigue.

As she started upstairs to deal with her wardrobe, Margaret stared at the way she moved. She was walking stiff-legged—like a farmer plowing a furrow; like a sailor riding a storm. Margaret asked her what was the matter and Teeky said with a kind of scattered pain that she was stiff from dancing practice. Margaret leaned a hopeless elbow on the radio.

"Which vegetables do you want?" The maid, Agatha, came to ask about dinner. "Spinach, Brussels sprouts or squash?"

"Which vegetables do you want?" Margaret relayed the question dispiritedly on to Clem, coming in just then. "Spinach, Brussels sprouts or squash?"

"Have 'em all," said Clem, recklessly. "What the hell. We only live once—thank God," he added, slinging his hat down with a gesture born of the day's weariness and disgust.

Margaret laughed, suddenly, and when Agatha, with an I-bear-it-all air, had departed for the kitchen, she crossed the room to him quickly.

"You've a nice voice," she told him, realizing, as she always did each time she heard it, that his voice seemed to make her spring alive inside again.

CLEM let her go, faintly surprised, and a little annoyed, at the irrelevance. "Handy thing, too," he said, of a voice. And then, to definitely block any social ideas his wife's rise of spirits might be breeding for the evening: "If you get me out of here tonight," he told her, dropping into his particular chair as though into solace, "you're going to have to blast. And if anyone wants to call," he added, "tell 'em nothing doing."

"Nobody will be calling," she assured him. "And nobody's going any place. Except Teeky," she remembered, uneasily.

Clem, in the act of opening up the evening paper, stopped warily. "What now?"

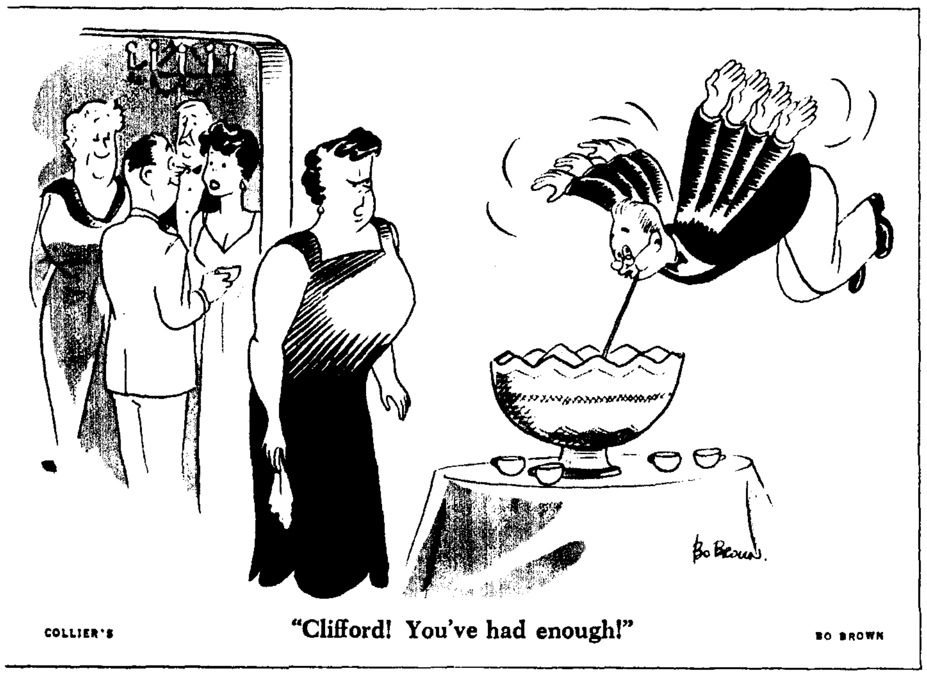
"She's going dancing."

Finding it was nothing more than his daughter's finally starting to pick up her feet, Clem said, "Well, good."

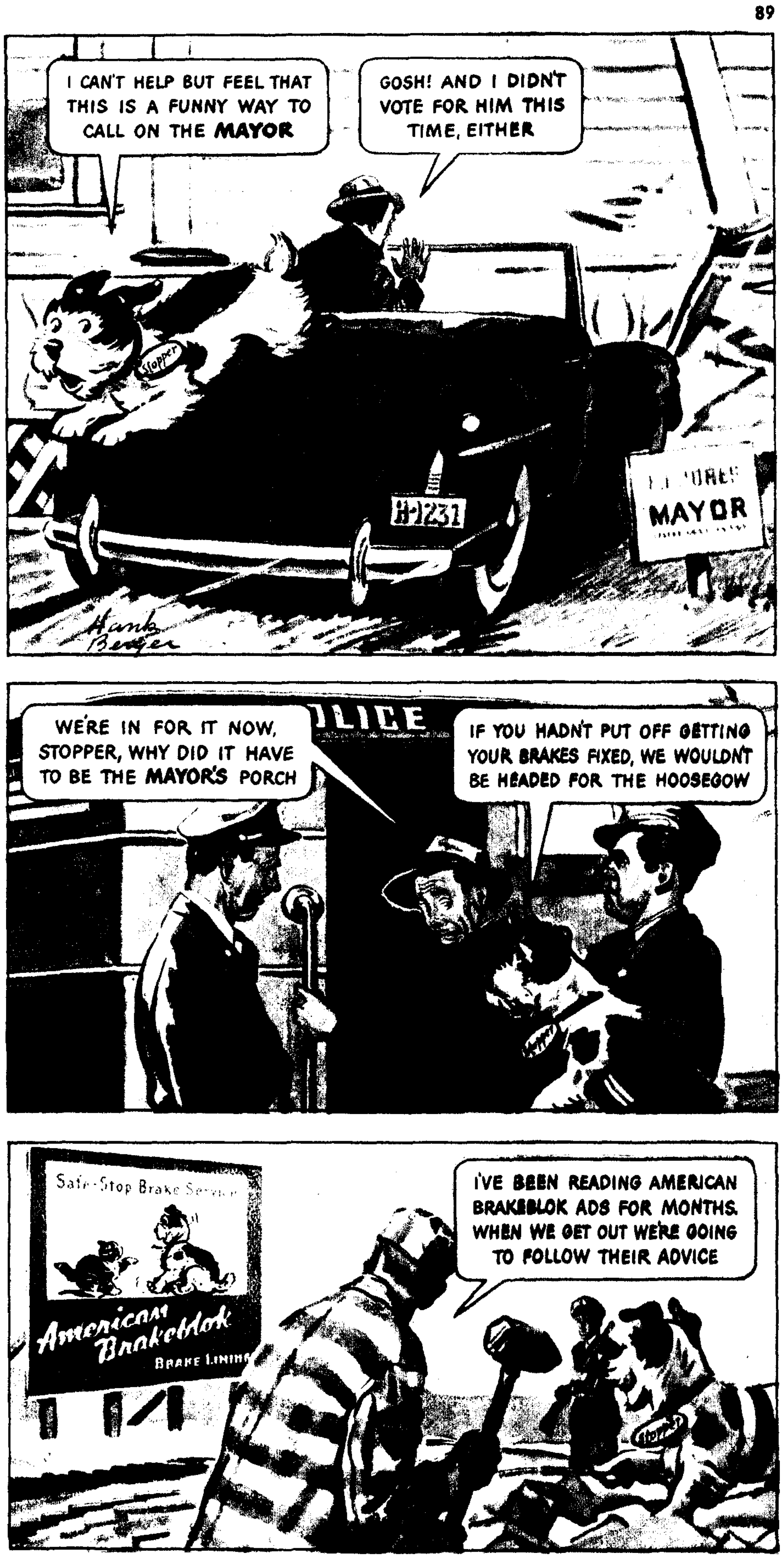
"No, it isn't," contradicted Margaret gloomily. "She can't dance." Clem grew suddenly exasperated.

"For the love of Mike! I've worried all day! I'm surely not going to come home and worry about *that!*"

Nevertheless, when Teeky came downstairs presently, looking bushed by the clothes problem, he came out from behind the



COLLIER'S "Clifford! You've had enough!" BO BROWN


I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL THAT THIS IS A FUNNY WAY TO CALL ON THE MAYOR
GOSH! AND I DIDN'T VOTE FOR HIM THIS TIME, EITHER
Stopper
H-1231
MAYOR
Hank Berger
LICE
WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW, STOPPER, WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE THE MAYOR'S PORCH
IF YOU HADN'T PUT OFF GETTING YOUR BRAKES FIXED, WE WOULDN'T BE HEADED FOR THE HOOSEGOW
Safe-Stop Brake Service
American Brakeblok
BRAKE LINING
I'VE BEEN READING AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK ADS FOR MONTHS. WHEN WE GET OUT WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THEIR ADVICE
Stopper

STOPPER SAYS— "There's a moral here, friend: If you can't stop — don't start. Look for the sign with my picture on it (with that *!/? cat). Then have your brakes relined with American Brakeblok Brake Lining. It's the best. Many leading automobile manufacturers use it in their new cars."

NAPA

Available from 38 NAPA Warehouses and Jobbers everywhere.

American Brakeblok

BRAKE LINING

AMERICAN Brake Shoe COMPANY

Dodger news to send her an interested regard.

"I hear you've got a big night coming up," he told her.

Margaret smiled a little. Clem might refuse to worry about Teeky's party, but he would play it up for her.

Teeky was agreeing with him distractedly. "I have."

"It's even in the paper," he assured her. "See—" he turned a page and pointed out the announcement in the society news. " 'For subdebs and their escorts,' it says."

Teeky came stiffly over and peered, amazed. "Am I a subdeb?"

Clem made a gesture which pooh-poohed any question about it. "I hear you've even *got an escort.*"

"Being escorted by somebody's father and mother, when it was their idea, isn't having an escort," denied Teeky. "That's like cutting a birthday cake that isn't yours."

Just the same she got the loveliest, warmest color, and Clem laughed, then, all teasing aside, sent a stern glance at her hands. "I hope you won't go to your first real party with your hands looking like that." They had talked and talked, but it never had impressed her. Until now—and Teeky doubled them under, as though to get them out of the way.

"And," Clem continued, pressing his advantage with a cut of sarcasm, "you can't go around with your fists clenched—not without starting fights." Then he grinned at her a little, because Teeky was getting a queer, uncomfortable look. "We only peck at you," he told her, "because we want you to be the slickest party-goer to come out of the Middle West since Daniel Boone went in."

AT THAT, and the warming of his eyes, Teeky chuckled with a kind of embarrassed pleasure and, opening up her hands, looked at them interestedly.

"I washed them this morning."

It was now six in the evening. "Just before dinner is always a good time, too," said her father dryly.

"Oh, they'll be washed!" she promised earnestly. "I'm going to scrub good, all over, for the party. And, Mother, would you fix a ribbon in my hair?"

"There's being so much fuss made over this affair," discovered Clem all at once, watching his daughter with amused fondness, "that I've not had any attention paid to *me* yet."

So Teeky leaned over his chair to kiss him, then lost her footing and bumped him on the nose with her hard young forehead. An agonized expression on her face, she went upstairs to her bath—and fell up three steps.

"You can see," groaned Margaret, "why she's not only thrilled and excited, but scared. I'm scared myself, Clem, for her."

Clem was feeling his nose gingerly. "By, heaven, I can't blame you. She's apt to hurt somebody."

But the whole risk of the evening was almost worth it to see her finally so sweet and pretty. Dressed and ready to go, Teeky came down the stairs and paused, on the bottom step. They both looked at her. Her mother smiled from the stairs behind, and her father took his pipe out of his mouth startled. Even Agatha, standing in the living-room doorway, was regarding her wit critical satisfaction. Teeky said abruptly nervously:

"I wish people wouldn't have all eyes o me!"

"We're just looking at you approvingly, Clem assured her. "You look *solid.*"

Teeky came on downstairs tensely. "How look won't do me any good if I can't dance.

"Oh, well," Clem's tone suggested he didn consider dancing important anyway, "if yo find you aren't doing so well, just grin a your partner, and everything will be fine."

And Teeky did have a heavenly smile whe *she was happy, so alight and alive. But Teek* was far from happy.

"What if I don't have a partner? What if stumble, and people laugh, like Cecil did thi afternoon? What if *Morris* laughs at me?

And with that, she savored full traged

"He won't," said Margaret promptly, wit more assurance than she felt. Her glance me Clem's sober one, baffledly. Usually as a family they could iron out almost anything together to everyone's mutual happiness. Bu this time, neither her coaching, nor Clem' bolstering, nor even Teeky's own trust touch of iron seemed likely to be going t carry her through.

It was a frivolous thing, perhaps, a firs dancing party. But it was more than that. I was a venture into new fields where other would be so much surer. While Margare stood vainly wracking her brain for som word of confidence, something that woul carry her through, the Longstreets' car cam rolling up the drive. Teeky clutched at he mother's arm and drew her into the library

"Mother," said Teeky strangely, "I fee kinda funny."

"How do you feel, dear?" Margaret wa alarmed. The child's hand had grown icy an the small face raised to hers was so draine of its color, the eyes so big and dark, tha Margaret was afraid Teeky might really b getting sick.

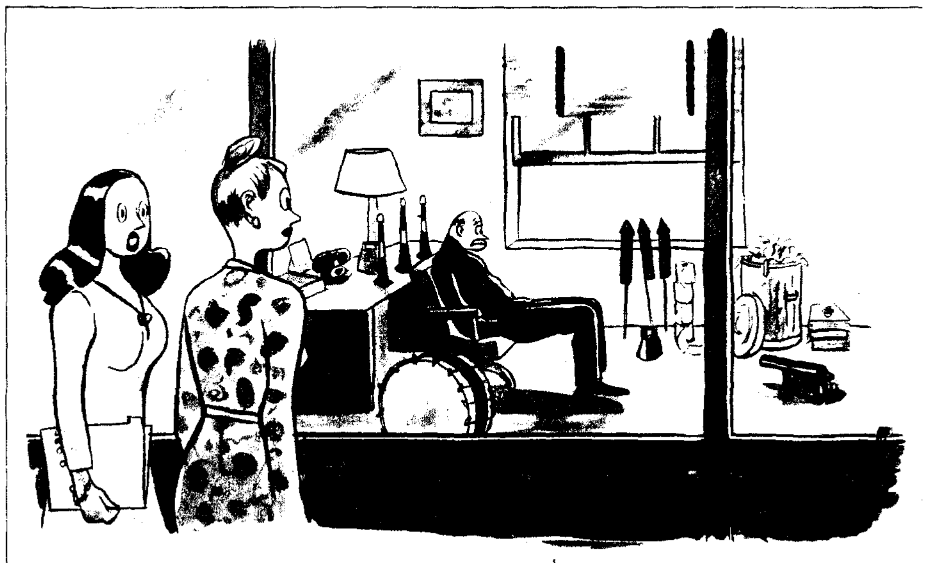
"I think I'm going to cry!" Teeky fairl wailed, her mouth suddenly threatening t spread with all the abandon of terror an misery.

"Why don't you?" Margaret was relieved "Then you'll feel better." She gave Teek her hanky, so she really could go to it. Bu Teeky couldn't, with Morris coming up on th porch.

Morris, Margaret had to acknowledge, wa growing into something of a charmer. N wonder Teeky had been impressed. He cam in done up in a blue coat and white flannels with nifty socks that diamond-patterne themselves into an expensive pair of brow oxfords looking used to a dance floor. Also as Teeky had mentioned, his manners wer neat.

He greeted Margaret, and then thrust hand at Clem. As Clem said afterward i was like having a board stuck at him; ther it was—if you wanted to bend it, that was u to you. Nevertheless, Morris knew how t shake hands. Then he greeted Teeky.

Teeky tried her father's suggestion an



"He waited months for V-J Day and was on his vacation when it happened"

COLLIER'S

CHARLES PEARSON

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14 Karat Gold point; larger ink capacity; "C-Flow" feed; telescope-precision quality and construction.

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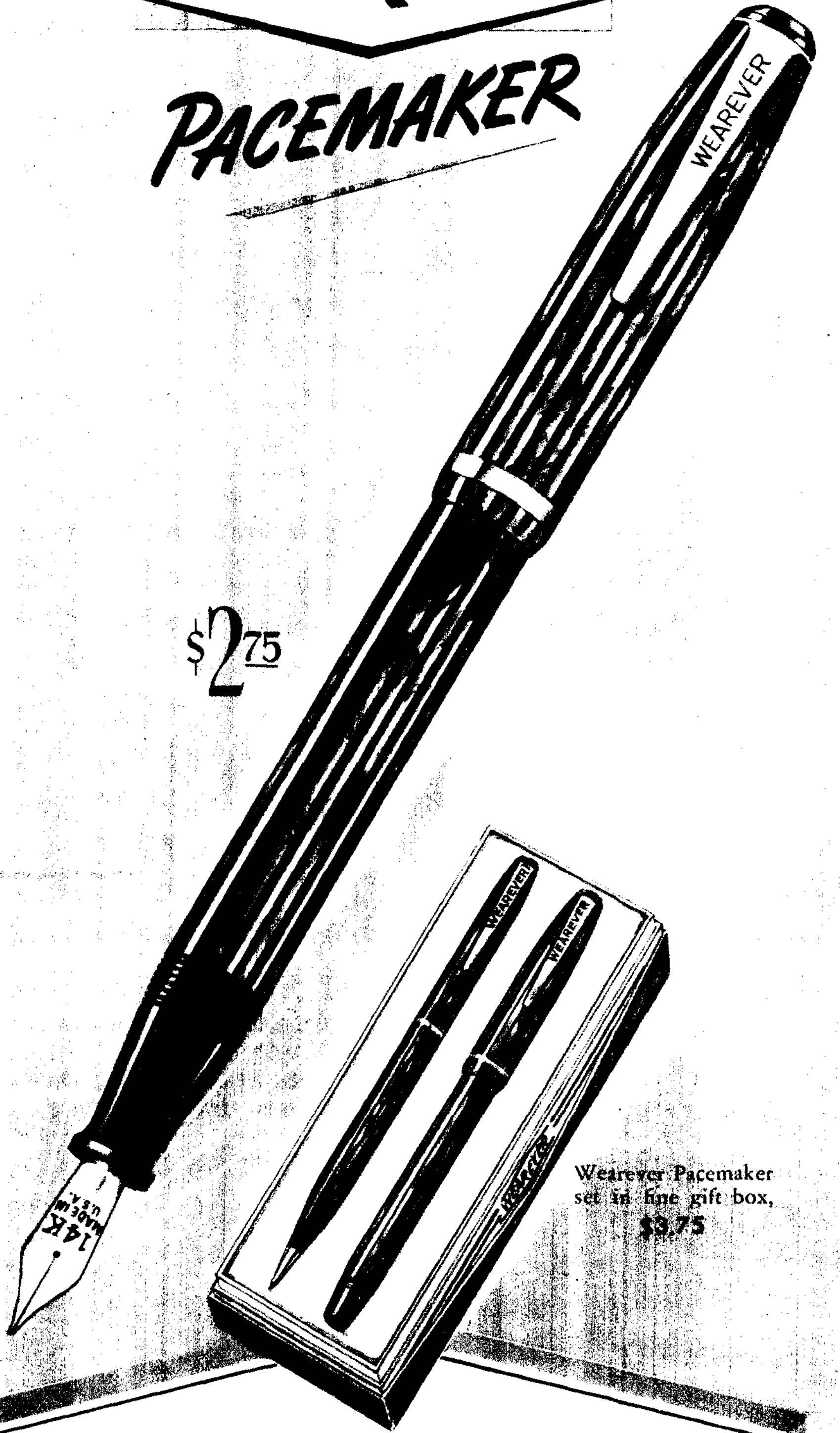
Other famous WEAREVER selections: DeLuxe Pen $1.00, set $1.90; Zenith Pen $1.95, set $2.75

F DS



"WEAREVER" LEADS

gave her partner a grin. It turned out to be a watery one that made her look not quite bright and showed all her braces. Then, with Morris looking at her out of the corner of his eyes—as though maybe she knew what she was doing but he didn't—Teeky, a strained expression on her face, pulled her shoulders up strangely and started off with him stiff-legged—under the illusion, Margaret supposed helplessly, that she was holding in her tummy! It was such a funny, endearing walk that Margaret could have laughed, and she could have cried.

"Oh, Clem," she worried, "I hope Teeky has a nice time."

The car was starting down the drive, and Teeky turned and looked back from the window. Margaret had an impression then of a smile so appealing it fairly wrung her heart. The sweet, woeful dependency of it stayed with her even as the car moved around a bend in the drive and out of sight.

Margaret might have loved Teeky more at some time than she did right then, but, if so, she couldn't remember when. She and Clem always were casual with her—but a love of the heart is a terrible and wonderful thing; so great a thing that you keep pushing it down until suddenly and unexpectedly you find it tearing your heart out even while it warms and softens you.

Margaret felt suddenly as fierce as a tiger backing its young. "Clem, what if Morris lets Teeky down at this party!"

"If Morris doesn't have any better judgment than that, then he isn't worth bothering about."

She could only turn and look at him, in amazement and a little envy. Oh, Clem, she thought, how straight your path lies.

Clem was growing impatient. "And stop fussing about this thing, will you? We've done everything we can for the kid, and the rest is up to her. If you have to worry," he suggested, "worry about something concrete. You've left all the upstairs lights on and the electricity bill is running up."

MARGARET laughed in spite of herself. And since one cannot go on feeling too deeply about the crises of life when one is made to laugh, that evening feeling began coming presently—the laxness through the body and mind.

"Evenings," Clem decided, "are what make the whole rest of the damned day worth while."

But the unspoken sharing of wondering how Teeky was getting along was so deep a part of their quiet enjoyment, that several hours later they both looked up as though they had been waiting for it, when they heard the sound of her step. There was no need to ask, although Margaret did anyway. Teeky came in radiant.

Oh, it was good, thought Margaret, to see things straighten out for a child when they'd been going wrong. To have been able to help out in little ways, like the hair bow, and saying how proud she was of Teeky's dancing—oh, it was good to have been able to do that!

"Well," said Margaret gladly, "how was it?"

"Fine." And quite unexpectedly Teeky was quite matter-of-fact with her mother about it.

"That's nice," said Margaret, a little uncertainly.

"Pretty late—" Clem still was playing up the big night for her.

"I know—" Teeky kissed him airily, and then they both sat quizzically watching her go upstairs—as though she could run easily up all the stairs in the world that night.

"Do you suppose," marveled Margaret, "that she's come out of this as casually as she's acting?"

"Of course not," said Clem quietly. "Don't you often act casually about things that are deeply important to you? The kid's growing up!"

Margaret turned back to him—turned with that quick warmth of surprise which seemed to grow all the time with each small revelation of wisdom. And yet, at the same time, there was an odd downward pull at her heart. . . .

When she went upstairs to say good night, Teeky was dancing in front of the mirror, her sunburned arms up over her head, her fingers delicately touching; twisting and turning and humming to herself. She was watching her reflection with a kind of pleased discovery.

She really is such an intrinsically sweet one, thought Margaret, and with what little encouragement she's blossomed out of her awkwardness!

Suddenly aware of her mother's presence, Teeky stopped and clambered into bed. Self-consciously, Margaret went on in and sat down beside her, feeling, almost, a sense of intrusion.

"Didn't stumble or anything, I take it?"

"Certainly not," said Teeky, coolly—as though, why should she?

There was a pause. Teeky lifted up her left heel, and then her right, to the interested discovery that she had danced a blister on both of them. Margaret tried again:

"Morris dance much with you?"

AT THAT Teeky sat up indignantly. "That Morris Longstreet nearly ruined my evening. Every time I'd start to dance with somebody else, Morris would come up and say, 'How about trying this one, Teeky?"

Margaret stared at her. "Well, for heaven's sake! You needn't feel so put upon about it. Morris isn't exactly what you'd call a social outcast. And you were impressed enough this afternoon," she reminded, "by his manners."

"Morris' manners," Teeky informed her mother, "are like a puppet's. They're carved into him." The statement came with such wholesome clarity that suddenly Margaret was without any more fear for her daughter. Teeky'll have a good time, she realized—always.

"Now Cecil," Teeky went on, all her natural warmth returning—returning as people come back to something that is rock bottom, that they can count on—"doesn't have many manners, but the ones he's got are good. Like bringing me his special rabbit's foot to carry." And there came that look again, alight and mysterious.

Margaret drew back from it in horror. "Teeky! Surely you didn't go around dancing with that awful rabbit's foot in your hand!"

The little girl looked up at her mother soberly. "How else do you suppose I was lucky enough to get these blisters?"

Her mother could think of several answers, but she only said inanely, "What will Cecil do about his homer tomorrow?"

"He'll make it—" the remark came with such a sweet rush of confidence that Margaret had no doubt it would. "A homer right over the rainbow!"

And Margaret, looking down at Teeky's fair head lifting high and proud—all interest in a homer of her own lost happily in his—said, a little strangely: "I thought Cecil wasn't going to the party."

"He did, though," said Teeky suddenly surprised herself. "He was there, waiting for me—" The surprise was coming to be a recurrent one with Teeky—known in the times when the storm between the two children let up enough to see through. It was the surprise of finding each time something good in their relationship, when good was not its attraction. And it was the surge of that surprise which had carried Teeky through this night's importance—not Margaret or Clem.

In a wave of something like homesickness, Margaret swept her daughter close and held her tight. But even as she felt the heaviness of Teeky all at once contentedly sleepy in her arms, there was again that odd downward sense, as though, even as she held the child, she was only reaching for her. . . .

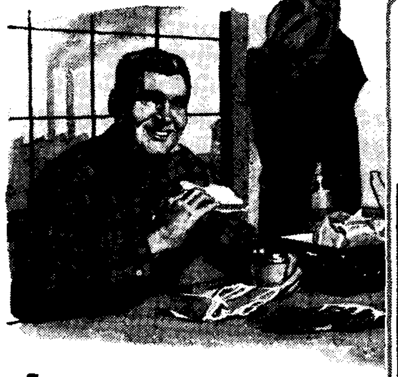
"Clem," she said slowly, when she went downstairs, "it's funny, isn't it, the way you work so hard at shaping and molding, then just about the time your work begins to show up, away the child goes."

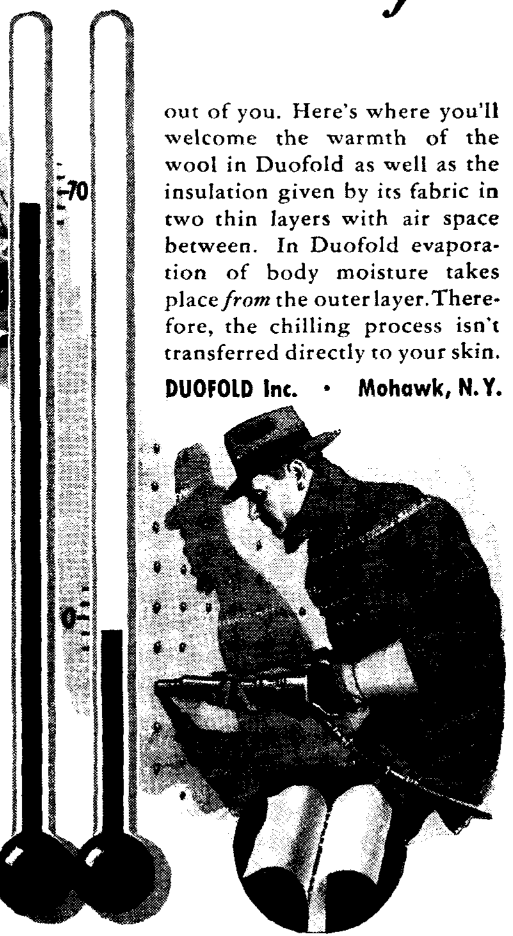
Clem smiled, more with his eyes than with his mouth. "Oh, well," he comforted, "let's build in ourselves. Enjoy her while we can, but know she's only bonus."

A breeze lifted, bringing in through the open window the breath of growth in the clear night air—the raw health of roots and the sweetness of spruce, with faintly an acid tang.

THE END

Unequalled INDOOR-OUTDOOR *comfort*





Time! Out of the cold outdoors and into the warm indoors for a hot lunch in comfort. And it *will be* comfort if you're wearing 2-layer Duofold. The layer that comes next to the skin is all cotton — soft, smooth, friendly. Duofold's outer layer contains wool and other fibres for warmth outdoors. But the wool never itches or irritates because it can't touch *you*.

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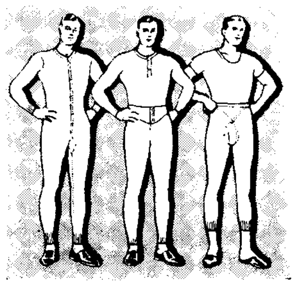

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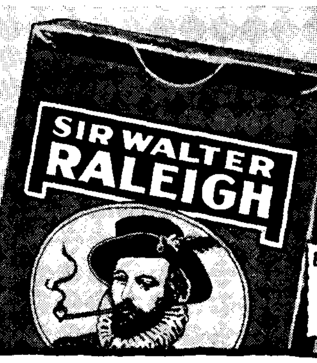

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Let fresh blood help nature carry off "fatigue acids"

● Cheer up—you can say "good-by" to tortured muscles following too much exercise! When you over-do, "fatigue acids" settle inside the muscles—often make them swell with pain. Here's what to do: Rub those tortured muscles with fast-acting Absorbine Jr. It stimulates local circulation and the fresh blood flowing through the muscles helps nature carry "fatigue acids" away. Then the swelling can subside. Your muscles "ease"—feel limber and relaxed. You'll feel like shouting for joy! Keep Absorbine Jr. handy. At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle.

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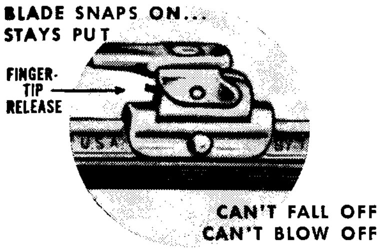

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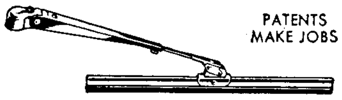
DON'T SHOOT YOUR GAS-PUMP MAN!

He's doing the best he can. Sure, he knows how dangerous it is for you to drive your car... in stormy weather... with your dull old windshield wipers that smear and smear. He'd gladly put on for you quickly a pair of keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Wiper Blades and Arms. He has them—Newest Models! But he forgets to remind you? Too busy? You can't shoot him for that!



After all, it's *your* car to protect. So *you* remind *him*. Get RAIN-MASTERS... patented features... original equipment on many makes of high grade cars and trucks... used in war—on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too...because ANCO RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner... last longer. May save you a costly smashup.

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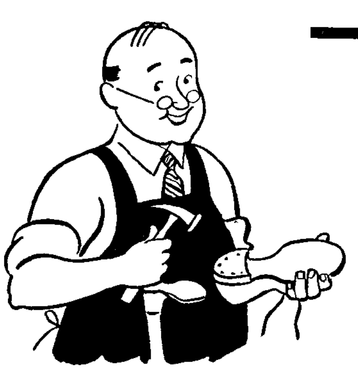

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..

"War or no war, a lotta folks still fall head over heels in love!

• • •

But when it comes to using your "head" over "heels"... wise folks ask for long-wearing Hood Suprex Rubber Heels.

• • •

In these days of shoe rationing, it's good to know that Hood Suprex Rubber Heels make your shoes wear longer. Look for the Hood Arrow."

LOOK FOR THIS ARROW

HOOD

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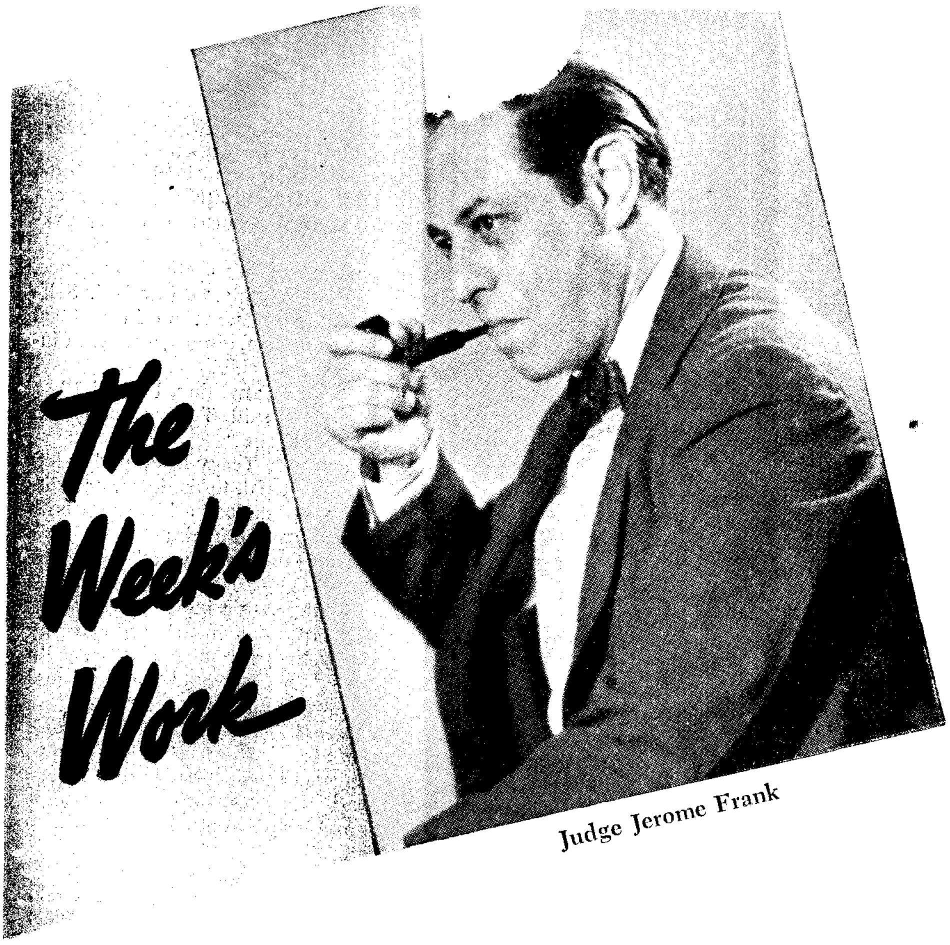
The Week's Work



Judge Jerome Frank

SUPPOSE you know someone who is such a thorough scoundrel that you think the world would be better off if that person were dead. You don't consider bumping the rascal off yourself, do you? You wait for the law to take its course.

In regard to Nazi criminals, the victorious United Nations are in worse case than you. Nobody doubts that Hitler and his henchmen did commit crimes. But what law can take its course against them? Who shall take responsibility for their punishment?

You, as an individual, may wait with confidence for the law to bring the private wrongdoer to justice, but on the world scale, there is no law, or at least no law heretofore has been invoked, to cover wrongdoing of such grandiose proportions.

Nevertheless, the United Nations, after considerable parleying, are going to take the responsibility of trying important political leaders on criminal charges, and in the article, War Crimes—Punishment for Today—Precedent for Tomorrow, p. 11, Judge Jerome Frank analyzes the legal and ethical aspects of these unprecedented trials.

Judge Frank, now a justice of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, 2d District (New York), has had long experience both in practicing law and in interpreting it to the lay public. He practiced for some twenty years in Chicago and New York. Then the Roosevelt Administration called him to government work, and from 1933 to 1941 he served in various capacities from general counsel of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, to head of the Securities and Exchange Commission. In 1941 he accepted the circuit judge appointment.

"I was skeptical about the war-crimes trials myself," Judge Frank says, "up to the time I read the report of Supreme Court Justice Jackson. It is not enough for us whose profession is the law that an action is morally justified. Moral feelings have to be translated into reasonable legal grounds, and in the case of these international crimes, it seemed hard to find a legal basis for action. But Justice Jackson has discovered a legal basis sufficient to satisfy the most conservative of us."

Judge Frank is a prolific author. Besides numerous magazine articles, he has written four books. His latest work, Fate and Freedom, was published recently by Simon & Schuster.

It is Judge Frank's conviction that the legal profession, and particularly the bench, is excessively esoteric.

"The citizen is entitled to know more about the laws under which he lives," the judge says, "and he is entitled to have these laws explained to him in language which he can understand."

THE term "propaganda" connotes to most of us the opposite of free speech. It suggests facts distorted to support false conclusions. Yet we, prime advocates of free speech, have learned in this war that enemy propaganda must be combated.

A major combatant in our anti-propaganda fight is Captain Ellis M. Zacharias, U.S.N., of whom author Bill Davidson writes in He Talked to Japan, p. 15. Davidson, who has just put on civilian clothes after four and a half years in the Army, contends that Captain Zacharias' talks to Japan are not propaganda in the odious sense. "We are obliged to open up the Japanese mind to accept facts," he says, "and this is a difficult process."

Davidson's uniforms are hanging in his closet, but his Army underwear is fast being consumed by his maid.

"The maid uses one pair of underpants, O.D., and half-shirt, cotton, suntan, as dust rags each week to keep my apartment clean," he says.

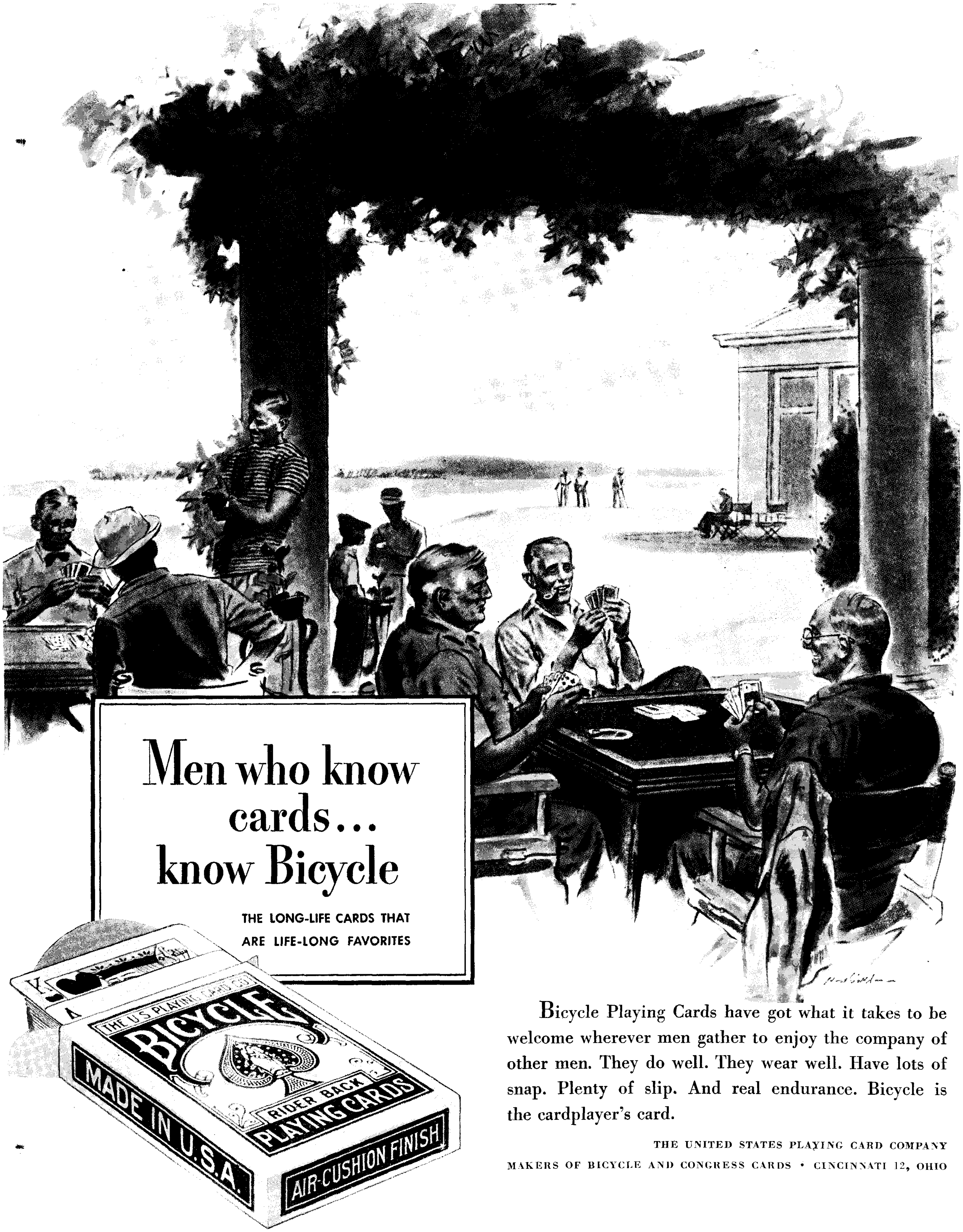
Alberta Hannum

ARNI

A FAVORITE Collier's fiction writer, Alberta Hannum, gives us another story this week, Golden Monday, p. 52.

A recent article of hers which you may remember, Little No Shirt, created so much interest among the readers, that she decided to expand it into a book. The book, a Viking Press publication, is called Spin a Silver Dollar, and it tells more about the appealing little Indian boy artist you met in Collier's.

A. P.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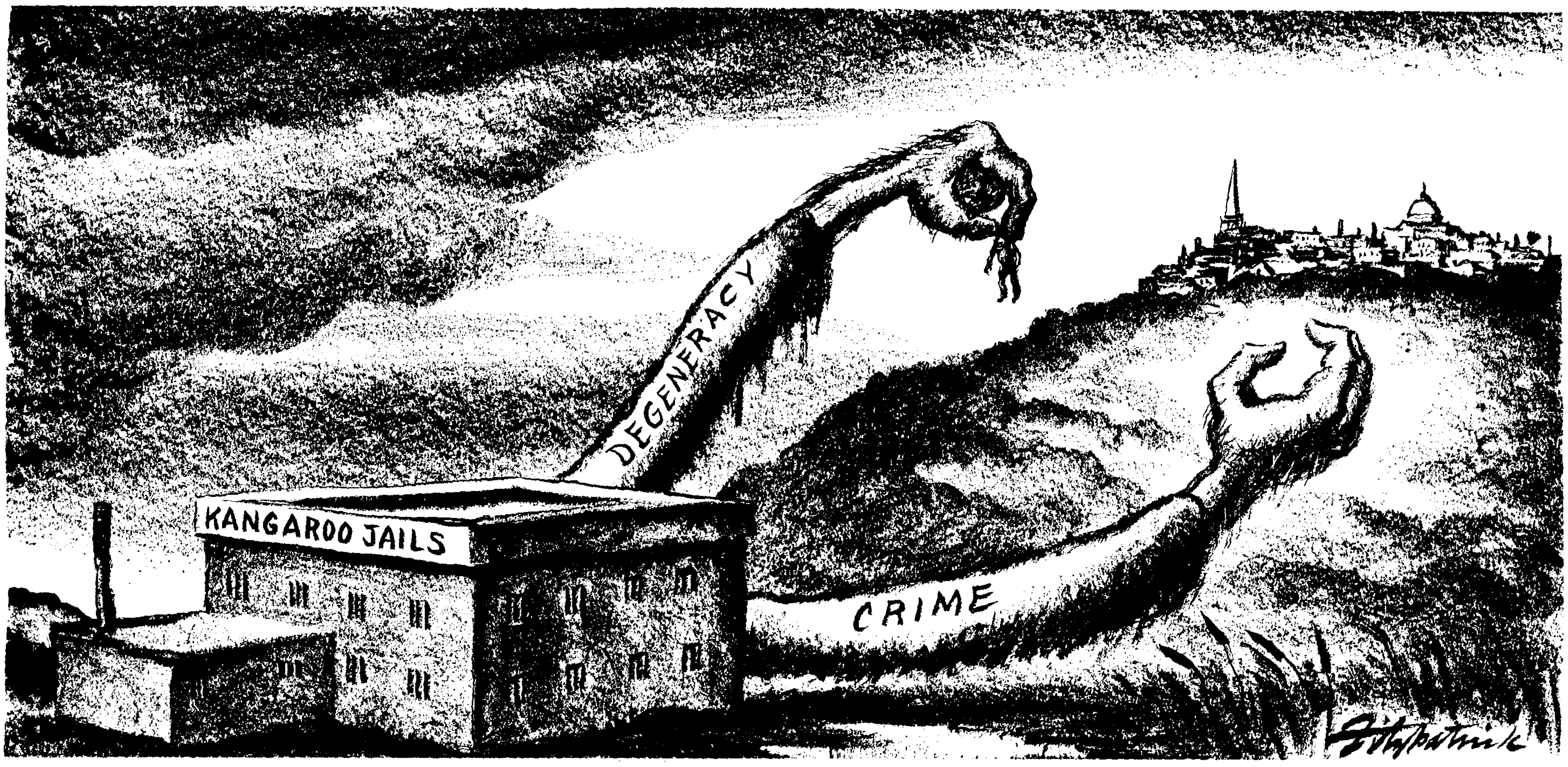


THE LOCAL JAIL "CANCER"

COLLIER'S a few issues ago printed a horrifying article by Vera Connolly, entitled Kangaroo Courts and dealing with some of the viler things that go on in many U.S county and city jails.

If you read the article, it's a safe bet you haven't forgotten it. In case you didn't read it, the gist of it was that many of our local jails are actually run by prisoners' "kangaroo courts"; that in most cases the lowest thugs, rascals and perverts control these courts; that children are often tossed into these hellholes; and that the Federal Bureau of Prisons has approved less than 500 of our upward of 3,000 local jails.

Congressman Louis C. Rabaut, of Michigan, calling our local jail system "a cancer upon the American system of government," has introduced a bill providing for prosecution of persons responsible for neglect and abuse of prisoners. A few states have taken action—Maryland, New Hampshire, New York, Virginia.

But as Miss Connolly pointed out, on the authority of the above-mentioned Federal Bureau of Prisons, only the citizens of each community can clean up their own jail and see that it stays reasonably civilized thereafter. It is pre-eminently a local problem.

The federal government can help, but not decisively. You can, for example, get the latest rating of your local jail by writing to James V. Bennett, Director, Bureau of Prisons, Department of Justice, Washington D C.

But only your own citizens can bludgeon the local politicos into making the jailhouse authorities bring the jail up to par, paying jail attendants worth-while salaries, keeping down official food and supply graft, wiping out the kangaroo courts and so on.

Are you, personally, doing anything about your local jail, if it happens to be one of the more than 2,500 jails which the federal Prison Bureau regards as institutions that would have disgraced the England of Charles Dickens' time, let alone the United States of our time?

GREAT DAY FOR THE NAVY

OCTOBER 27, 1945, will be the 24th Navy Day—and easily the most glorious Navy Day yet celebrated. On December 7, 1941, our recent enemies, the Japanese, dealt us the most disastrous defeat ever yet sustained by American arms. The Navy took the brunt of that frightful blow, with eight battleships put temporarily out of the running (two permanently), and various smaller ships variously hurt. For desperate months thereafter, we were a minor sea power in the Pacific. The Japs proceeded to demonstrate the vital importance of sea power by running hog-wild all over the Southwest Pacific—Singapore, the Dutch East Indies, New Guinea, the Solomons and so on—to say nothing of a mercifully frustrated attempt to take Dutch Harbor, and a long occupation of Attu and Kiska in the outer Aleutians.

The story of the United States Navy's resurrection from the Pearl Harbor holocaust need not be recounted in detail here. Our Navy came out of World War II with the greatest aggregation of sea and air power ever assembled under one flag—23 battleships, and everything that goes with such a giant nucleus, on the water, under the water and in the skies above the water.

For decades to come, the names of our Navy commanders will ring like deep bells across the landscape of our history—King, Nimitz, Mitscher, Kinkaid, Halsey, Spruance, McCain—even as the deeds of their dauntless men in the Solomons, Carolines, Marshalls, Marianas, off Okinawa, and in many another fierce entanglement, must inspire Americans for generations hence.

There is glory enough and to spare for all the services in World War II. But on Navy Day, 1945, and we hope on many a Navy Day thereafter, all of us will do well to pause for a moment in the day's occupation and devoutly thank God for the United States Navy.

NURSE-TEACHER-ADVISER

FOR a lot of nurses returning from war service—war veterans as truly as the men who did the fighting—there need be no unemployment problem. The public health nursing field is open to many of these women and is begging for them to walk in.

About three times the prewar number of public health nurses will be needed in this country in the years immediately ahead. That works out to 69,000 persons, working for visiting nurse associations, industrial health services, county or city or state health departments, boards of education or federal agencies such as the U.S. Public Health Service, the Children's Bureau or the Office of Indian Affairs.

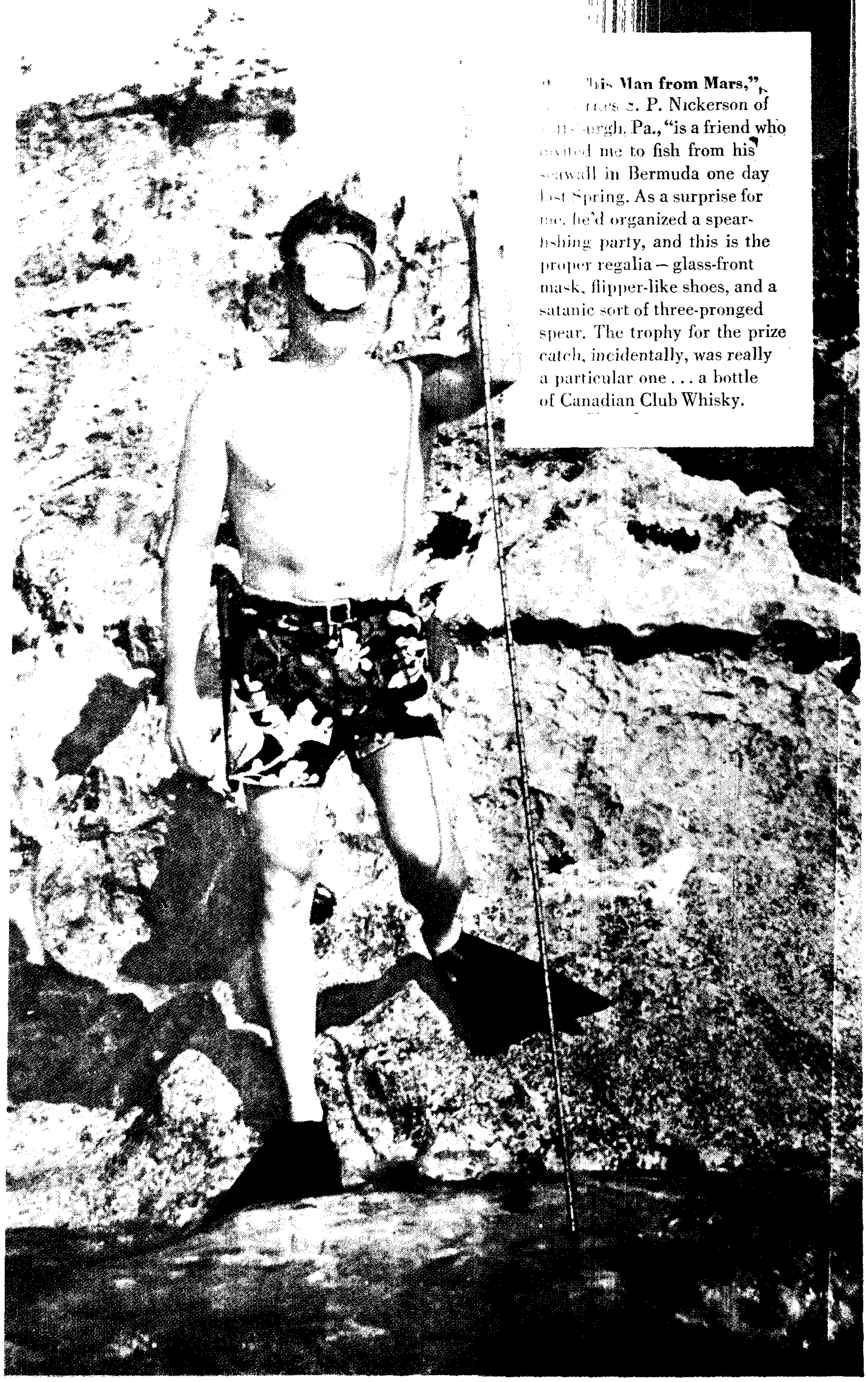
Salaries run from around $1,200 to $7,500 a year. Working time, vacation and sick-leave arrangements generally are good. Almost nowhere is there any objection to a public health nurse being married. You can pick your own place to live and work—in a big city, small town or rural area, in this country or some other.

To become a public health nurse, you have to be a graduate of an accredited school of nursing, and go through a postgraduate study program in public health nursing. This latter can often be taken care of while you are on the job.

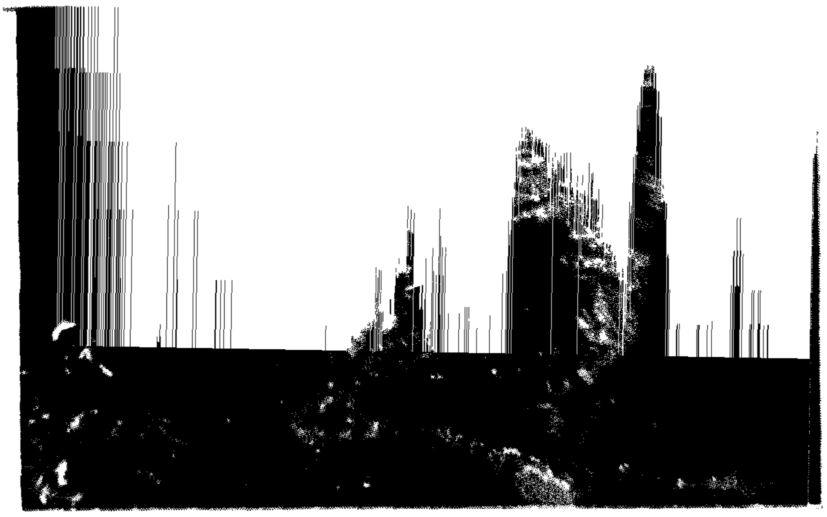
As a public health nurse, you are something more than just a nurse. You are, to quote an authority on the subject, "nurse, health teacher, adviser and sympathetic friend" to your clientele, whatever it may be.

If interested—and we imagine a lot of nurse-veterans will be—write for further information to National Organization for Public Health Nursing 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

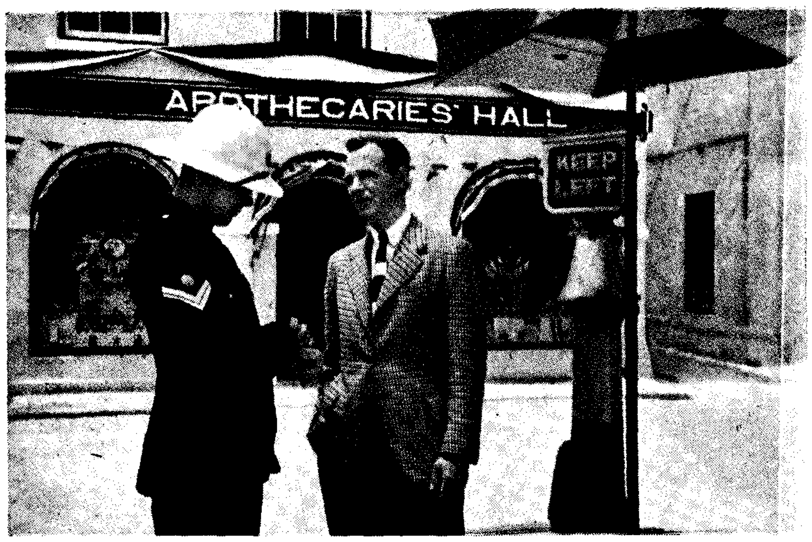
MUDA



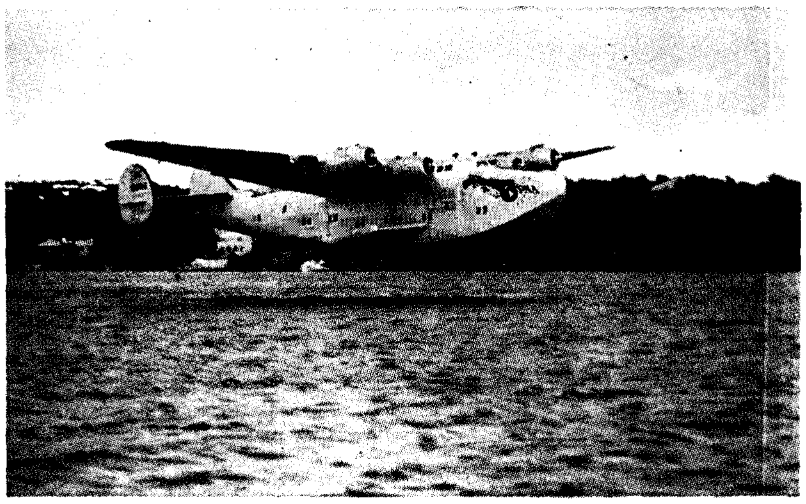
“This Man from Mars,” writes [illegible]. P. Nickerson of [illegible]urgh, Pa., “is a friend who invited me to fish from his seawall in Bermuda one day last Spring. As a surprise for me, he'd organized a spear-fishing party, and this is the proper regalia — glass-front mask, flipper-like shoes, and a satanic sort of three-pronged spear. The trophy for the prize catch, incidentally, was really a particular one . . . a bottle of Canadian Club Whisky.



2 **“First time in,** I speared a beauty and sewed up that bottle of Canadian Club—beginner's luck, I guess. But mostly I spent my time walking the ocean floor . . . for Father Neptune puts on a gorgeous display beneath these turquoise waters.



3 **“But for me,** Bermuda's greatest thrill is still her Old World-liness — a world of ‘Righto’ and shillings, of left-of-the-road traffic, of bicycle bells and hoofbeats rarely interrupted by the roar of a motor. In Bermuda, you really relax.



4 **“And that's** an easier-to-enjoy thrill than ever before . . . thanks to the great Pan American Clippers that seem to land and take off in endless procession . . . for today Bermuda is the aerial stepping-stone to Europe.

5 **“Just 5½ hours** from New York, yet it's a completely different world . . . As different, you might say, as the flavor of Canadian Club—which certainly enjoys all the esteem here that it does at home!”

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth — often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon — yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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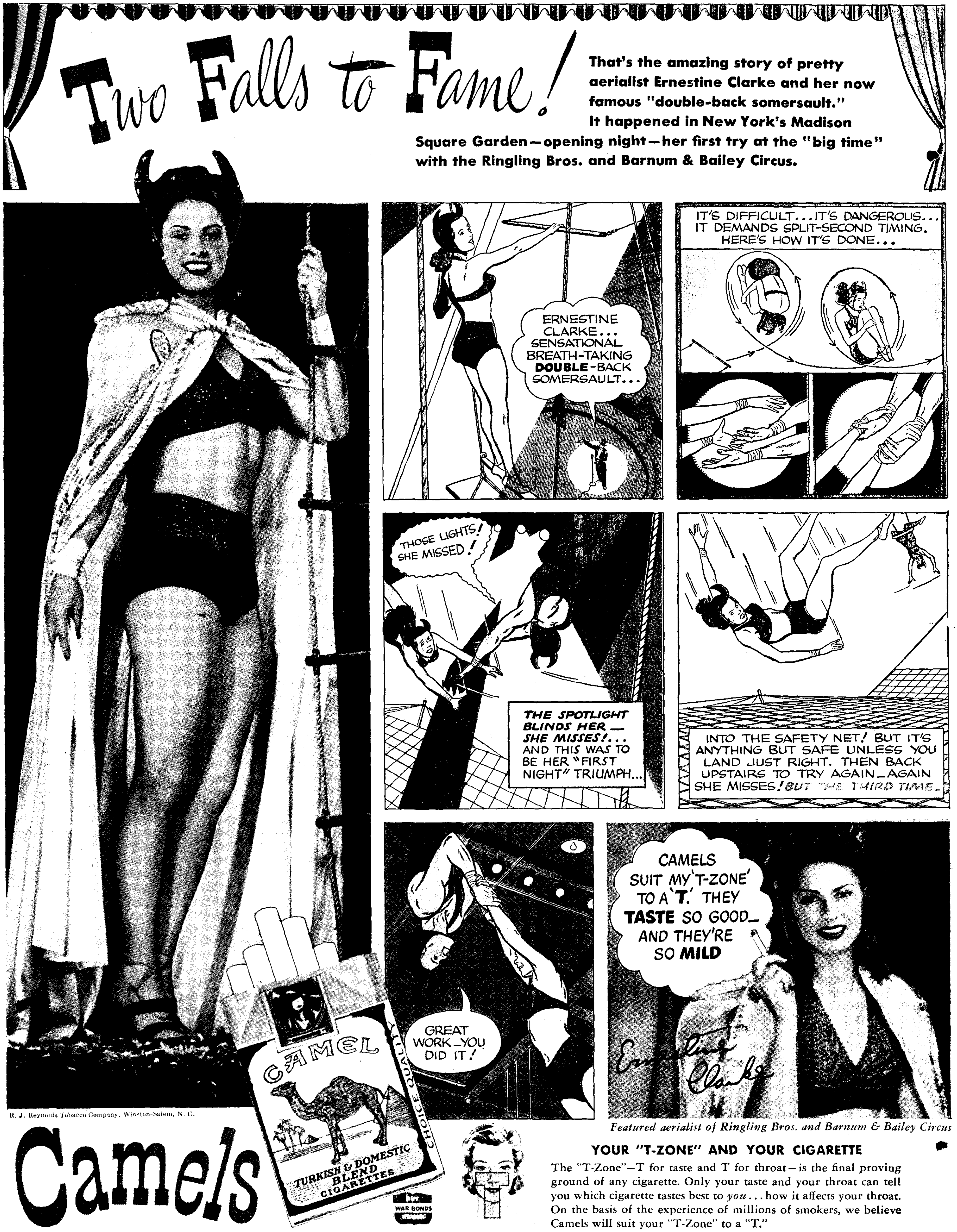

Two Falls to Fame!

That's the amazing story of pretty aerialist Ernestine Clarke and her now famous "double-back somersault." It happened in New York's Madison Square Garden—opening night—her first try at the "big time" with the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus.

IT'S DIFFICULT... IT'S DANGEROUS... IT DEMANDS SPLIT-SECOND TIMING. HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE...
ERNESTINE CLARKE... SENSATIONAL BREATH-TAKING DOUBLE-BACK SOMERSAULT...
THOSE LIGHTS! SHE MISSED!
THE SPOTLIGHT BLINDS HER — SHE MISSES!... AND THIS WAS TO BE HER "FIRST NIGHT" TRIUMPH...
INTO THE SAFETY NET! BUT IT'S ANYTHING BUT SAFE UNLESS YOU LAND JUST RIGHT. THEN BACK UPSTAIRS TO TRY AGAIN—AGAIN SHE MISSES! BUT THE THIRD TIME—
GREAT WORK—YOU DID IT!
CAMELS SUIT MY 'T-ZONE' TO A 'T.' THEY TASTE SO GOOD— AND THEY'RE SO MILD
Ernestine Clarke
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
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The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is the final proving ground of any cigarette. Only your taste and your throat can tell you which cigarette tastes best to *you*... how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."